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MEMORIAM: JAMES V. FORRESTAL, AMERICAN PATRIOT

JOHNS HOPKINS FLUNKS ANTI-COMMUNISM TEST

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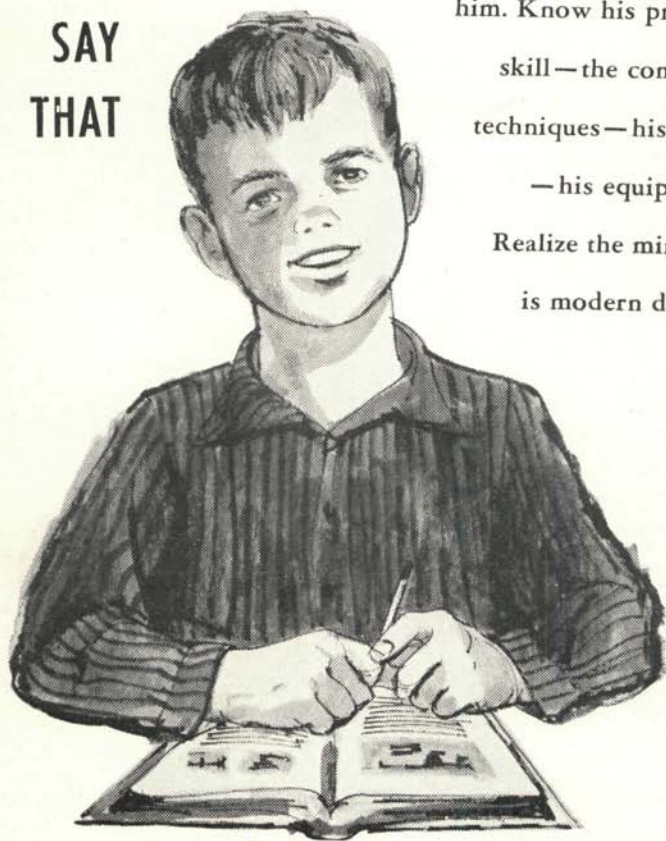
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TO BEAR WITNESS TO THE TRUTH
JUNE 1959 VOLUME LXXXVIII NO. 425

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Johns Hopkins Flunks Test. <i>Harold Lord Varney</i>	5
In Memoriam: James V. Forrestal. <i>Hilary Grey</i>	12
Gerhart Eisler. <i>Robert C. McMann</i>	16
Ten Billion Dollar Gift. <i>Wright Patman</i>	23
The Bachelor. <i>K. C. Tessendorf</i>	25
Rendezvous With Venus. <i>Zygmunt Litynski</i>	30
IN THE MERCURY'S OPINION. <i>Russell Maguire</i>	33
New York's International Airport. <i>Jack Hankins</i>	34
The Alaska Highway. <i>Howard E. Jackson</i>	39
The Truffle. <i>Dorothy E. Trivison</i>	44
A Guide to Red Reading. <i>Fulton Lewis, III</i>	48
Is Conquest of Space God's Will? <i>Joyce Jones</i>	54
Horus, the Friendly Falcon. <i>Arline Thomas</i>	60
Javits Would Silence Court Critics. . . . <i>John Lines</i>	64
Berlin Looks to the Future. <i>Ann C. Haeseler</i>	67
Red Lawyers—A Real Shocker. <i>E. Van Keele</i>	71
Nikola Tesla <i>Morrison Colladay</i>	73
Alias Comrade Jack Esselwein. <i>Pat Walsh</i>	83
The Truth About the Liars Club. <i>Nino LoBello</i>	87
Credit Unions—Avenue to Socialism. . . <i>Politicus</i>	94
Spotlight on Performance. <i>William H. Allen</i>	97
Circuit Riders Check Celler. <i>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</i>	99
American Invasion of Switzerland. <i>Irene F. Day</i>	102
Motel Madness. <i>Myrna Smith</i>	108
Why Hate Cops? <i>Francis O'Mabony</i>	112
The Words of Jesus Christ.	117
The Amazing Ionosphere. <i>O. A. Battista</i>	118
See It In St. Louis. <i>Ed McNamara</i>	121
Pity the Childless Couple. <i>Roslyn South</i>	125
The Hanford Collection. <i>Ted Van Arsdol</i>	127
TV—Intruder in Our House. <i>Barbara Agee</i>	129
The NEA Is Wrong. <i>Greenville News</i>	131
Grade—Satisfactory. <i>Jeanne Lodge</i>	133
The Bible and Mental Health. <i>David Calderwood</i>	135
Drink the Ocean. <i>Charles H. Coleman</i>	139
Live Your Faith Or Lose It! <i>John F. C. Green</i>	143
A Horrific Story. <i>Brad Lee</i>	148
January—June 1959 Index.	155

Mercury Memos • 3 Americana • 47 Wit's End • 147
Mercury Forum • 153 Bookshelf • 148
DO YOU KNOW • 65 THIS IS WHAT THEY SAID • 145

Eleven large oil companies and some others, for a long period of time, have flooded our market with tremendous quantities of foreign oil. Finally, the United States Government set a monthly limit for imports of oil.

7,200 domestic tax-paying producers will have a little better chance in the future, although the imports of foreign oil are still enormous. Domestic producers are discouraged.

In case of trouble, all foreign oil will be shut off. Our country will then be denied the surplus production reserves which we should have ready for an emergency.

The depletion allowance was granted by Congress to encourage *domestic production*. Congress should make no change in it. It should eliminate depletion allowance entirely on all foreign drilling.

The military and civilian safety of these United States requires strong domestic independent oil producers!



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Mercury Memos

In the month of June, it is appropriate that the AMERICAN MERCURY pays tribute to a patriotic Father and Son team. The Father, Fulton Lewis, Jr., reveals a plan to dispose of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. The Son, Fulton Lewis, III, from Jamestown, N. Y. where he is News Director for Station WJOG, proposes a plan for letting our uninformed children know who are the left of center authors on our library shelves.

A native New Yorker, Ann Haeseler has traveled to Europe 15 times. Her most rewarding trip was going as the first American woman sent to postwar Berlin to teach German teenagers. An interpreter during WWII with the OSS, Miss Haeseler was able to learn the Germans' reactions to Russian liberation of their capital.

Hilary Grey was born in India in 1918. Educated at Westminster School, London, and Pembroke College, Oxford. An officer of the Royal Navy, he was wounded off the Anzio beachhead in 1944 and subsequently invalided from the service. He has since emigrated to Canada.

In addition to being the "working wife-mother-homemaker" she describes, Myrna Smith presides over 25,000 Federated Democratic Women of Ohio. She has traveled in every state except the two newest ones and has put down her random thoughts on that newest version of the Wayside Inn, the motel.

A New Yorker gone west, Howard Jackson, now freelance writing from Seattle, Washington, tells of his recent trek to our 49th state. His description of the 1,523 mile automobile journey should dissuade those of you still polishing the old family car. Jackson has written over 2,000 articles, published in more than 200 different magazines, good mileage in any state.

A graduate of Vanderbilt University, where she studied creative writing, Joyce Jones now keeps house, holds several chairmanships and is a director of the Salvation Army. Writing and a weekly bridge game are her favorite indulgences.

From Fallon, Nevada, a note from Jack Hankins explains: although "... I can develop an interest in almost any subject, I usually prefer those of a scientific nature ... especially aviation, research, outdoors and government bureaus." He has taken on all four in writing about New York's International Airport.

A native of Tarentum in Pennsylvania's steel country, Irene Day now lives in Naples. A childhood excursion down the Allegheny River on a paddlewheeler was the beginning of her career as a "confirmed traveler." She has since lived in Morocco, Argentina, Uruguay, France and Switzerland. When not freelancing, Miss Day is compiling a Moroccan cook book.

Yale, class of '26, Robert Cruise McManus has written for the *New York Sun*, *Time*, and *Newsweek*. As associate editor of *Farm Journal*, he broke the story of communism in rural America with his article, "Communist Beachhead in Agriculture." After a stint as war correspondent in the Far East, he joined the staff of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee in 1952. There he helped organize and write the report on the Institute of Pacific Relations. Mr. McManus was also chief author of the Committee's Report on Interlocking Subversion in Government Departments.

Dorothy Trivisono, too, has served a newspaper apprenticeship—with UP and as feature writer for the Rockport, N. Y. *Union-Sun Journal*. Having previously composed for radio stations and weeklies, "That Delicious Trifle—the Truffle" is her first magazine appearance.

Under the pseudonym of Francis O'Mahony, a former New York City policeman analyzes the debilitating clash between the police department and law-abiding citizens who distrust their uniformed representatives. Born in Brooklyn and educated in NY schools, O'Mahony has observed this undeclared war from the best possible vantage point: his own beat.

36TH YEAR

A M E R I C A N

MERCURY

JUNE 1959



JOHNS HOPKINS PLUNGE ANTI-COMMUNISM TEST

by Harold Lord Varney

JOHNS HOPKINS is a university which was born with a lofty ideal but which seems to have lost itself in the pursuit of expediency.

The superb physical plant is there—an imposing pile of masonry on a dominating Baltimore hillside, once the “Homewood” estate of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. A faculty of earnest, dedicated men endeavors tirelessly to sustain the great Hopkins tradition. But something is tragically missing in the modern Johns Hopkins. The extent of the university’s slide into mediocrity may be seen in the fact that the presidential chair which was once graced by Daniel Coit Gilman is now occupied by Milton Eisenhower.

Gilman’s ideal was inspirational. He defined the task of the new university when it was launched in 1876:

It should prepare for the service of society a class of students who will

be wise, thoughtful, progressive guides in whatever department of work or thought they may be engaged.

The founders of Johns Hopkins visualized an intellectual elite, trained in the graduate classes at Baltimore, who would supply science, engineering and government with an imaginative leadership suitable for an America on the eve of its era of greatness.

Today, even the most admiring Johns Hopkins fan would admit that his university has fallen far short of this idealized goal.

Not that the Hopkins record has been all disappointing. In some categories, the university has been very near the top in academic achievement. Science is a conspicuous instance. Hopkins is pre-eminent in the fields of medicine and hygiene. The great names of Welch and Osler are inseparably connected with Johns Hopkins. Its

engineering school has made distinguished contributions in applied physics: its laboratories are tied in closely with the Government's missiles program. Its department of geography is probably the nation's best.

But it is in its attempt to supply education for statesmanship that Hopkins has probably scored its worst failure. In close propinquity to Washington, and the Government offices, the Hopkins administration has long aspired to be a sort of West Point for future Federal officeholders. Pursuing this ambition, the university was so ill-advised in 1930 as to become the host to the Walter Hines Page School of International Relations, founded as a memorial to Wilson's controversial Ambassador to Great Britain. It was hoped that the School would become an outstanding research center in the problems of international relations.

From the beginning, the Page School was a mistake. It opened its doors in 1930 with insufficient funds (the promised endowment of \$1,000,000 had shrunk to only \$300,000). A strenuous fund-raising campaign, headed by such reassuring names as Owen D. Young, chairman of the General Electric Co., and Senator George L. Radcliffe, bogged down during the depression. The first director of the School, Ambassador John Van Antwerp MacMurray, threw in the sponge in 1936, after seven unhappy

years. Had the Johns Hopkins administration possessed any genuine understanding of world realities, it would have proceeded to liquidate the School at that point. Instead, it went on to commit a blunder which was destined to bring more discredit upon the Hopkins name than any other single act.

AT THE TIME, the President of Johns Hopkins was Isaiah Bowman, a man of curious and inexplicable enthusiasms. Bowman had shown his naïveté, politics-wise, in 1932, when he became one of the professors who joined George S. Counts and the other later "Frontier Thinkers" in issuing the American Historical Society call for a new social order. This document became the rallying point for all the noisy crowd of Left-Wing teachers who got control of American public school education during the Thirties. Johns Hopkins did not hesitate to import Bowman from the University of Minnesota, to assume its presidency, after this fearful educational blunder.

In 1938, President Bowman nominated as director of the Page School, in MacMurray's place, the incongruous figure of Owen Lattimore.

Even scholastically, Lattimore was a manifest misfit. Spottily educated, he became a Hopkins department head bereft even of an A.B. degree. He was not even a high school graduate. He had been a fur

trader in Outer Mongolia, and had attracted attention as a writer about Gobi Desert peoples. He had become the editor of *Pacific Affairs*, the official organ of the Institute of Pacific Relations, and in the tolerant atmosphere of the Institute in the mid-thirties, he had begun to weave the wide web of Communist and pro-Communist connections which were later revealed, in remorseless detail, in his examination before the Internal Security Sub-committee of the United States Senate.

Probably President Bowman lived in too rarified an atmosphere to hear the rumors of Lattimore sympathy with Communism which were in circulation among the informed as far back as 1938. He appointed him director of Page. Later, his admiration for Lattimore had mounted to such heights that he visited President Roosevelt in 1941, after Chiang Kai-shek had asked for an American adviser, and recommended Lattimore for the appointment. With such sponsorship, Lattimore got the job.

At the Page School, Owen Lattimore lost little time in transforming the institution into an Asian research center. He then surrounded himself with a group of Chinese fellows, most of whom subsequently threw off their "democratic" masks and became functionaries of Red China. He ground out a steady stream of books, couched in Aesopian language, which at-

tempted to soften up the American public for a future Communist China.

An impression of Lattimore at this time was given by George Barmine, former Soviet intelligence officer, in his testimony before the Senate Sub-committee: "Lattimore is the smoothest propagandist among them all, precisely because he gives the appearance of being objective, realistic and factual."

APPARENTLY, Lattimore's devious political activities aroused the admiration, rather than the concern of President Bowman for, in 1946, he wrote to incoming President Harry S. Truman urging him to appoint Lattimore to an adviser's post in the State Department—a recommendation which Truman wisely ignored.

Emboldened by his Johns Hopkins support, Lattimore became increasingly more reckless in his Communist relationships. In 1945, on the eve of the *Amerasia* raids in Washington, Lattimore entertained two who were later to be arrested and charged with turning over State Department documents to the Communist *Amerasia* publishers. (Lattimore himself was a board member of *Amerasia* for four years.)

These guests were John S. Service and Andrew Roth. To the same lawn party at his home, Lattimore had invited two Hopkins professors, Malcolm C. Moos and George

F. Carter. Carter, a good American, was later to reveal that a mysterious pile of documents had been seen scattered on the Lattimore bed during this visit of the *Amerasia* pro-Communists.

The Hines School bubble finally burst in 1950 when fearless Senator Joseph McCarthy brought out into the open the whole evil tale of Lattimore's pro-Communist activities.

This is no place to tell the tangled story of Owen Lattimore. What is relevant, however, is the reaction of Johns Hopkins and its faculty to the revelation that a man close to the secret Communist apparatus was the head of a Hopkins affiliated school. It would be supposed that the Hopkins dons would have greeted such news with indignation and horror. No such reaction occurred.

PROBABLY THE MOST influential man on the Johns Hopkins campus, University Provost Stewart Macauley, rallied to Lattimore's defense and drafted a letter to President Detlev W. Bronk, who had replaced Bowman in 1948, requesting that he demand a hearing for Lattimore in the university name. Bronk, by no means a Bowman, sidestepped this loaded suggestion.

A group of Hopkins professors and students constituted themselves a Lattimore defense team. Mrs. Eleanor Lattimore describes this group in her husband's shrill *Ordeal by Slander* as follows:

The fighting spirit and fast accurate research of the Hopkins team, headed by George Kahin and including Dave Wilson, Martin Ring and Dick Schraml, with help from John De Francis, Ruth Bean and Natalie Gurney, was a demonstration of loyalty that any university professor in America would envy.

Later, when Lattimore was indicted by the Washington Grand Jury for perjury, a committee of Hopkins professors, headed by George Boas, professor of philosophy, attempted to raise a defense fund for Lattimore among the Hopkins professors. The effort was disappointing: the professors proved to be more generous with their sympathy than with their money.

Professor Boas was not satisfied with this undertaking. In 1953, he circulated a letter among American scholars throughout the country, asking them to send in tributes to Lattimore's scholarship. If we may judge by the replies, the recipients were carefully selected from among the Left-Wing group of professors who would see nothing morally wrong in a pro-Soviet bias. Names made familiar to American readers in other exposes of pro-Chinese Communist activities, stud the testimonial book which Professor Boas later published. They include John K. Fairbank, Nathaniel Peffer, H. H. Fisher, Harold Vinacke, Derk Bodde, Mortimer Graves, L. Car-

rington Goodrich, and other like-minded collegians.

Throughout the three years of the Lattimore controversy, and even during the period of his examination by the Senate Internal Security subcommittee, when Lattimore's carefully contrived defenses collapsed before the merciless inquisition of Senators Ferguson, Jenner and Smith and Committee Counsel Robert Morris, the atmosphere on the Johns Hopkins campus was predominantly pro-Lattimore. That there was any deep-rooted recognition among the Hopkins faculty members of the moral issues presented by this case was not indicated. Most remained discreetly silent. None spoke up.

The tone of neutrality on a pro-Communist professor went beyond the faculty and pervaded the Board of Trustees. Instead of taking punitive action when the Internal Security Subcommittee officially declared Lattimore, on the face of the evidence, to be "a conscious articulate instrument of the Soviet conspiracy," the Trustees granted him a leave of absence on full pay, while he was under indictment. When the controversy was over, Lattimore was restored to active duty, although meanwhile the Page School had been abolished. And he is there today, an officially listed lecturer on the Johns Hopkins faculty, presently teaching undergraduates and training teachers.

The unanimity of the Trustees in the Lattimore case was more apparent than real, however. The issue of Lattimoreism came to a sharp decision point at one of the Trustee meetings after his indictment.

Donaldson Brown, then a Trustee, aroused by the revelations of the Internal Security Subcommittee hearings, offered a motion dropping Lattimore from the faculty. There seemed little opposition to Brown's motion among the other Trustees. But there was no follow-up. Perhaps there is no connection, but, after this episode, both Brown and Jacob France resigned from the Board.

THIS PAMPERING POLICY toward Lattimore is all the more inexplicable since there are no overt Left Wingers among the Trustees. All are conservative-minded, business and professional men, mostly from Baltimore, who would be horrified if accused of pro-Communist sentiments. The fact remains, however, that like their business prototypes elsewhere, they have preferred to coddle a pro-Communist rather than subject themselves to the discomfort and billingsgate of a courageous stand.

It is this moral palsy of the conservative which, throughout the American scene, is opening doors of opportunity to subversion. Johns Hopkins is merely following a trend.

The strange affinity of Johns Hopkins VIP's for Owen Lattimore is in marked contrast to the experience of George F. Carter. It will be recalled that Carter was a guest in the Lattimore home when the *Amerasia* clique were being entertained and that he felt it his duty, as an American, to let Government officials know what he saw there. From that moment, Carter, a brilliant geographer, was a marked man on the Hopkins campus. Lattimore frothed at him as "an informer." At the time of the episode, Carter was administrative head of the Bowman School of Geography at the university. He was shot out of this position by the dissolution of the School.

Carter is still at Johns Hopkins as a professor but he has had a rough time. His experience is a painful reminder to non-radical professors of what can happen to them if they stick out their necks on the Communist issue.

On the other hand, Paul Linebarger, former G2 officer with the anti-Chiang Kai-shek "Vinegar" Joe Stilwell, who wrote a letter disclaiming any knowledge of Lattimore's bias, has had a flourishing career at Hopkins since the controversy. He is now Professor of Asiatic Politics in the School for Advanced International Studies there, thus in a position to influence Hopkins student and faculty attitudes on the issue of recognition of Red China.

Wrote Linebarger, in his testi-

monial, "If Lattimore is a master spy . . . General Marshall is a traitor and Elmer Davis a rascal."

ANOTHER post-Lattimore brilliant career at Hopkins has been that of Malcolm C. Moos, professor of Political Science. Moos was present with Carter, at the *Amerasia* picnic at the Lattimore home. Unlike Carter, he furnished a letter to the Tydings Committee which helped Lattimore. Moos has gone on to become a power in Maryland Republican politics and is now, presumably with Milton Eisenhower's recommendation, a ghost-writer of White House speeches.

Although the Walter Hines Page School has now disappeared, and Hopkinsites would like to forget it, the university now maintains a successor institution—the School for Advanced International Studies, located in Washington. It is the Hopkins ambition to make this School an ex-officio training center for future State Department personnel. Launched in 1943 with the active interest of Christian A. Herter, now Undersecretary of State, the School has already become a steppingstone to State Department preference. Its dominating figure is Paul H. Nitze, head of the Foreign Service Educational Foundation, which finances the School. Nitze, a former Dillon-Reed partner, was director of the State Department Policy planning staff under Truman and Acheson.

With John J. McCloy, Philip W. Thayer, Winfield W. Riefler, William C. Johnstone, Jr., George C. McGhee and other Acheson era notables on its board, the School is fast becoming a behind-the-scenes power for the muddy international-mindedness which has palsied State Department policy under both Truman and Eisenhower.

It is only fair to point out that there has been some improvement in the Johns Hopkins atmosphere. Henry E. Siegert, front for numerous Communist-organized causes, and Broadus Mitchell, active Socialist, have both been separated from the Hopkins faculty. Lattimore has apparently been put under wraps, although peeps are heard from him, from time to time.

But other survivors from the Bowman years are still important on the campus. Ernest F. Penrose, close Lattimore friend and frequent letter-writer to the *New York Times* advocating Red China recognition, is still a professor of geography and international relations. Fritz Machlup, scoffer at anti-Communist investigating committees and self-avowed supporter of the right of Communists to teach, is a professor of political economy. Even though Presidents Bronk and Eisenhower have paid lip-service to anti-Communism, neither have shown the character to make a resolute cleanup of the pro-Communism which still lurks at Johns Hopkins.

JOHNS HOPKINS, under Eisenhower, has shown a disposition to seek and accept the intellectually corrupting money of the Ford Foundation. An application, originally made under the Bronk regime, reached fruition this year in the receipt of \$750,000 from the Ford Foundation for the setting up of a department of "social relations." As chairman of the department, Hopkins has imported James S. Coleman from the University of Chicago. Coleman's record of enthusiasm for Left-Wing ideas is depressing, to say the least.

The sin of Johns Hopkins is not conscious pro-Communism. It is the sin which permeates most of our magnificently endowed universities today—the sin of half-heartedness. It is the sin of seeking the easy and the painless way out of unpleasant controversial situations involving Communism. We have seen this fatal moral flaw in the policies of Harvard, Columbia and Princeton. Johns Hopkins, in its handling of the testing Lattimore situation, showed the same dismal breakdown of character.

The American university is the training ground for future American political leadership. When it trains its graduates to effect the inglorious Laodiceanism which we have witnessed at Johns Hopkins in the last two decades, it is not an exaggeration to say that it repudiates the moral foundations of the American people.

IN MEMORIAM:
James V. Forrestal,
AMERICAN PATRIOT

by Hilary Grey

ON MAY 22, 1949, James V. Forrestal, former Defense Secretary, fell or was pushed to his death from a 16th story window of Bethesda Naval Hospital. The official verdict was "suicide" but President Truman came, unwittingly perhaps, nearer to the truth when he declared that Forrestal was "a victim of the Cold War." For, like Senator Joseph McCarthy eight years later, Forrestal was hounded to a premature death because of his anti-Communist views.

This brief review of Forrestal's fight, which culminated—after intense smear and persecution in death, from what was virtually a prisoner's cell, must serve as a very unworthy testimonial until the complete story is told, revealing Forrestal for what he was: a martyr fighting single-handed against treason on an unparalleled scale, and dying a hero's death for the America he loved.

Forrestal had been president of the Baruch-influenced Wall Street international banking house of Dillon, Read and Co., and on the

strength of this qualification was apparently deemed safe for important positions in the Roosevelt and Truman Governments, including that of Defense Secretary. But James V. Forrestal was an honest man, who had become increasingly aware of the Zionist-Communist tie-up and its friends in the Governments in which he served. As long ago as 1944 he had written to a friend:

I find that whenever any American suggests that we act in accordance with the needs of our own security he is apt to be called a fascist or imperialist, while if Uncle Joe suggests that he needs the Baltic Provinces, half of Poland, all of Bessarabia and access to the Mediterranean, all hands agree that he is a fine, frank, candid and generally delightful fellow who is very easy to deal with because he is so explicit in what he wants. (*Life Magazine*, October 15, 1951.)

Then, in early 1945, as Navy Secretary and a member of the inner War Cabinet, Forrestal had laid before Roosevelt a plan based largely

on psychological warfare for the early ending of the war with Japan *without* the use of the Atom Bomb and *without* Soviet intervention.

Fleet Admiral William D. Leahy confirmed the part played by "the scientists and others." On page 441 of Fleet Admiral William D. Leahy's book, *I Was There*, we quote Admiral Leahy's exact words, as follows:

It is my opinion that the use of this barbarous weapon at Hiroshima and Nagasaki was of no material assistance in our war against Japan. The Japanese were already defeated and ready to surrender because of the effective sea blockade and the successful bombing with conventional weapons.

It was my reaction that the scientists and others wanted to make this test because of the vast sums that had been spent on the project. Truman knew that; and so did the other people involved. 'Bomb' is the wrong word to use for this new weapon. It is not a bomb. It is not an explosive. It is a poisonous thing that kills people by its deadly radioactive reaction, more than by the explosive force it develops. (See Oct. 1958 issue of AMERICAN MERCURY "*The International Scientists*," page 35.)

SINCE JAPAN had begun to emit peace feelers as early as the winter of 1944, Forrestal's brilliant plan had an excellent chance of success and could even have brought about "unconditional surrender" without

further bloodshed to either side. It would have prevented the terrible stain to American honor and the untold bitterness engendered by the Atom Bomb *and the virtual handing over of China to International Communism as a reward for a phony Soviet participation of exactly one week!* In an article in *Look* Magazine, issue dated May 23, 1950, Admiral Ellis M. Zacharias, Deputy Director of the Office of United States Intelligence in World War II, refers to the consequences of the rejection of the Forrestal plan as:

developments of immense historical significance that are likely to affect all of us for the rest of our lives and even the lives of succeeding generations.

The *Catholic Mirror* (U.S.A.), July, 1950, issue, also commenting on the plan's rejection, bluntly asks the question:

Does not there remain the real question—the horrible question; was there treachery in Washington itself—treachery that was fully determined to prolong the war until the full harvest of the treachery of Yalta could be reaped by Stalin . . .?

It is now known that the U.S. Government actually planned that the *Soviet Union should occupy Japan*, but this diabolical plot was thwarted by General Douglas MacArthur flying in and taking over (revealed in a broadcast in Chicago on August 2, 1953, by Frank Kirk-

patrick of Milwaukee). After the war, Forrestal tried to discover why his plan had been rejected and why, if the A Bomb had to be dropped six months *after* the Japanese had indicated their desire to surrender, the two cities with the largest Christian population, but of no real military importance in themselves, were chosen as targets. These questions were dangerous enough but James Forrestal did not stop there. His posthumously published Diaries, *The Forrestal Diaries*, published by Viking Press, U.S.A., in 1951, were to throw much further light on the international conspiracy.

His Diary entry for December 27, 1945, for instance, carries the deadly remark of British Prime Minister Chamberlain that "*America and the world Jews had forced England into the war.*" (And Forrestal had been told this by Joseph P. Kennedy, former American Ambassador to Britain.) In mid-July, 1946, Forrestal recorded that Rear Admiral E. W. Stone (American Chief of the Allied Control Commission for Italy) had told him that "the general opinion was that Ben Cohen was the influence on Byrnes' staff which advocated surrendering everything to Russia." (Byrnes was Truman's Secretary of State. Ben Cohen, original Roosevelt brainstruster, at a meeting of the United Nations Political Committee in Paris in January, 1952, called for "a United Nations legion

as the basis of an international armed force" (London *Daily Telegraph*, January 3, 1952.)

But the bell could be heard tolling for James Forrestal when he strongly opposed the Truman Administration's backing for the Zionist aggression on Arab Palestine. The powerful Bernard M. Baruch, behind the scenes Dictator of the U.S. for over 40 years, warned Forrestal at a luncheon on February 3, 1948 "not to be active in this particular matter" (i.e. anti-Zionism) as he "was already identified, to a degree that was not in (his) own interests, with opposition to the United Nations policy on Palestine." (Page 364 of *The Forrestal Diaries*.) Forrestal prophetically warned that the entire Arab-Moslem world of 450 millions would be alienated from the U.S.A. as a result. The London paper, *Labour Israel*, issue dated June 3, 1949, even recorded Forrestal as having openly complained to the White House that "Jews were endangering the security of the United States."

AT ONCE A GIGANTIC smear campaign of extreme viciousness was launched against Forrestal, particularly by Walter Winchell and Drew Pearson. It was freely suggested that he was mentally deranged, and he was in consequence locked up in Bethesda Naval Hospital in a room on the 16th floor. Page 554 of the *Forrestal Diaries* indicates that hospitalization by psy-

chiatrist, Wm. E. Menninger, was indicated. (Louis Johnson brought Dr. Menninger into this case.)

Communists and Left-Wingers throughout the world made—and continue to make—great propaganda use of the fact that “the American Defense Minister had to be locked up because he was seeing Communists under the bed and was insane.”

Forrestal's elder brother, Henry Forrestal, visited Bethesda Naval Hospital and *implored the authorities not to leave his brother “cooped up” on the 16th floor*. No notice was taken of this. He also approached authorities in Washington in an unsuccessful effort to secure his brother's release. Now James Forrestal was a lapsed Catholic and, on being incarcerated in the Hospital and perhaps with some foreboding of what was in store for him, sent for his old friend, Monsignor Maurice S. Sheehy, now of Catholic University, Washington. Five times Monsignor Sheehy endeavored to see Forrestal. Each time he was refused admittance.

Meanwhile Henry Forrestal left for Washington on May 22 in a final effort to secure his brother's release but it was too late. Forrestal was found dead at 2 a.m., Sunday,

May 22, after a drop from the 16th floor window on the same day.

In connection with *The Forrestal Diaries*, page 555, Father Sheehy said that Forrestal went into a small diet kitchen on the same floor, *which he had been encouraged to use, and fell to his death from its unguarded window*. (italics ours).

Father Sheehy declared, on Forrestal's death, “Had I been allowed to see my friend, Jim Forrestal, receive him back in the Church, and put his mind at ease with the oldest and most reliable medicine known to mankind, he would be alive today. *His blood is on the heads of those who kept me from seeing him.*” (AMERICAN MERCURY, December, 1950) Forrestal's poignant last words to his Wall Street friend, Robert Lovett, later Defense Secretary, “They're (the Soviet Union) going to catch us unprepared, Bob,” show us that his only concern even at the close of his life was for his beloved country.

The suicide verdict was not readily believed, so Hospital authorities announced that Forrestal had been threatening to take his life by throwing himself out the window. What powerful interests kept James V. Forrestal on the 16th floor if there was a possibility of suicide?

On March 8, 1959, Rt. Rev. Msgr. Maurice S. Sheehy wrote MERCURY and stated in part: “Significant are the scratches on the side of the window and the fact that a bathrobe cord was knotted around his neck.”

Gerhart Eisler:

MOSCOW'S VOICE IN BERLIN

by Robert Cruise McManus

His maxim: No mercy for the enemy

MR. STRIPLING. *Mr. Gerhart Eisler, take the stand.*

MR. EISLER. *I am not going to take the stand.*

• • •

THE CHAIRMAN. *Mr. Eisler, will you raise your right hand?*

MR. EISLER. *No.*

• • •

THE CHAIRMAN. *Sit down, Mr. Eisler.*

Mr. Eisler, you are here before the Committee on Un-American Activities in response to a subpoena served on you January 25, 1947. . . .

The Committee considers the Communist Party of the United States to be a subversive organization, and the testimony or activities of any individual connected with the Communist Party of the United States is considered to be the purview of this committee's authority.

There has been considerable testimony before the Special Committee on Un-American Activities, and this committee, its successor, which link you with the activities of the Communist Party. . . .

Now, Mr. Eisler, you will be sworn in. Raise your right hand.

MR. EISLER. *No.*

THE CHAIRMAN. *Mr. Eisler, in the first place, you want to remember that you are a guest of this Nation.*

MR. EISLER. *I am not treated as a guest. . . . I am a political prisoner in the United States.*

THE CHAIRMAN. *Just a minute. Will you please be sworn in?*

MR. EISLER. *You will not swear me in before you hear a few remarks.*

THE CHAIRMAN. *No; there will be no remarks.*

• • •

MR. EISLER. *Then there will be no hearing with me.*

THE CHAIRMAN. *I said that I would permit you to have your statement when the committee was through asking questions . . . But first you have to be sworn.*

MR. EISLER. *That is where you are mistaken. I have to do nothing. A political prisoner has to do nothing."*

THAT'S A REVEALING little glimpse of Gerhart Eisler, alias Hans Berger, alias Julius Eisman, alias Samuel Liptzen, alias Edwards, alias Brown, alias Gerhart, who is presently propaganda boss of the East German Communist Government. He has been in the news lately, as the Berlin crisis heats up. Last May, he was on hand when Walter Ulbricht, First Secretary of East Germany's Communist Party, was interviewed by William Randolph Hearst, Jr., Bob Considine and Frank Conniff. In a *New York Times* interview with Ulbricht in November, Eisler "brought himself into the conversation several times." In January, the Associated Press reported that he issued a warning, "that the air corridors to West Berlin might be blocked if the Allies refused to bow to East German controls."

It may be expected that Eisler will remain in the news, for he speaks Moscow's voice as authoritatively, perhaps, as any non-Russian European. For a whole generation he has been Moscow's man—confidence man, finger man, hangman—in Europe, in North America and in the Far East. They are calling him "professor" in East Berlin these days, though it is not specified just what he is professor of. Perjury, perhaps, or assassination—he once publicly advocated the hanging of Dr. George N. Shuster, president of New York's Hunter College. On the basis of the record quoted here,

he certainly is qualified to hold the chair of Total Effrontery in any Red Academy in the world.

Here is his description, as given by his sister, Ruth Fischer, a few minutes after he defied the House Committee on Un-American Activities in the passage quoted.

"I consider Eisler the perfect terrorist type, most dangerous for the people of both America and Germany. The fact that this man is my brother has only given me a deeper insight in the technique of Stalin's NKVD and the terror system it imposes on the peoples of Europe. In a totalitarian party, all human relations are deteriorated; a man . . . is conditioned to hand over to the GPU his child, his sister, his closest friend.

"Since I learned that Eisler was in this country, I have been exposing him. He has used the sympathy of the American people for the suffering and tortured victims of Nazism to mask his dirty work. I consider him particularly dangerous for the German workers, whom he now pretends to love so much . . .

"In the inner circles of the Comintern, it is well known that Eisler has denounced to the GPU many Nazi refugees living in Moscow. He is particularly responsible for the death of the German Communist, Hugo Eberlein, the leader of Eisler's own caucuses, and of Nikolai Bukharin, the great Russian theorist, his one-time friend and protector.

"Eisler's presence in Germany will help to build up another Nazi system, which will differ from the old one only by the fact that the Fuehrer's name will be Stalin. . . .

"Women from Germany, Communist women, were taken from a labor camp in Russia and transferred, in 1940, under the pact with Hitler, to the Gestapo, were given over and have been for five years in the famous camp at Ravensbruck, which was a woman's hell, and which is now under investigation and indictment in Germany. The GPU transferred these girls directly into the hands of the Gestapo. In all these terrorist activities, Eisler had a leading hand."

MISS FISCHER's prediction about East Germany's future was made in 1947. Its accuracy was underlined by the East German riots of 1953. The refugees, the people who "vote with their feet," bring us testimony to support it every day of the year. So she becomes a credible witness. It is to her that we turn for the early details of her brother's story. Let's go back to that House witness stand in 1947.

"MISS FISCHER, I was a member of the Communist Party of Germany until 1926. . . .

"I must say that I was in the beginning responsible for the activities of Gerhart Eisler because he entered the party at the same time I did. He lived in Vienna until 1920,

"I went to Berlin in September 1919, and my brother, Gerhart, followed me in 1920. He entered the Austrian Communist Party after his return from the front in November, 1918.

. . .

"In Berlin, where I was very active in the Communist organization, Gerhart became immediately an organizer and propagandizer in the German Communist Party. At that time, our relationship was friendly, not only from the point of view of family relations, but we are very close in age and have grown up together, but we were also of the same political ideas.

"This personal and political friendship lasted until 1923, when we had a very deep conflict about the policy of the German Communist Party, the year of the occupation of the Ruhr region by the French Army in 1923.

"From that moment our political relationships were broken and I was expelled from the German Communist Party in 1926, because of my opposition to Stalin and to the Comintern and to the Politburo.

"My relationship with Gerhart became more and more hostile, to the point where I am forced to testify against him today.

. . .

"Eisler had been in disgrace during 1928, 1929 and 1930, and everybody of the Communist Party in Berlin expected his expulsion from the Communist Party of Germany.

because of his rebellion against Stalin at this time. Then he was sent to a mission into China, with the GPU delegation, to purge rebellious Chinese Communists. At that time, Eisler's mission was not a very high one. In China, he was one of a group of men sent there to carry out orders. In these Chinese purges he behaved so cruelly and carried out the orders so well, that the report about him in Berlin said that he was really the hangman of the rebellious Chinese Communists, who were sentenced by the decisions of Moscow.

. . .

"He was trained in the carrying out of terrorist orders. He became another man. He was transformed. He was conditioned by his participation in GPU activities in China."

. . .

THE EVIDENCE now begins accumulating from other sources. Hede Massing, who was once Eisler's wife, has written in her autobiography, *This Deception*, that one of Eisler's favorite maxims was: "No mercy for the enemy." William Odell Nowell, who was a student at the Lenin School for revolution in Moscow in 1931, met Eisler at the school. Richard Sorge, whose Soviet spy ring turned the whole course of history, had business with Gerhart Eisler in the Far East.

In his famous confession, Sorge says he worked with "Gerhart" (an Eisler alias) "in my Comintern

days. . . ." In the Far East, Gerhart passed Comintern policy along to the Chinese Communists "and also acted as an intermediary between the Chinese Communist Party and the Comintern."

Nowell told the House Committee that, in Moscow, Eisler worked "on American problems with the American Mission of the Communist International."

In June of 1933, Ruth Fischer saw Gerhart once again. This time, the meeting was in the apartment of another brother, Hans, a Communist composer, who ultimately became a protégé of Eleanor Roosevelt. Said Miss Fischer:

"When I came home one evening as a surprise Gerhart was there, just arrived from Moscow, and wished to speak to me, something we hadn't done for at least six or seven years. He was on his first trip to the United States directly dispatched from Moscow to take over Communist affairs in this country. . . . He said: 'I am going for the Comintern to the United States and I will change the policy of the Communist party there completely and entirely.' . . . We tried to make up and couldn't."

Nowell met him in Detroit in 1933. And Louis Budenz, from his post as labor editor of the *Daily Worker*, watched this foreign visitor, Mr. Edwards," change the policy of the Communist Party "completely and entirely," during the middle 1930's.

THOSE WERE THE YEARS when Hal Ware was grooming Alger Hiss, John Abt, Nathan Witt and others for the Red underground in Washington. They were the years when Ware, Mother Bloor, Lem Harris, Rob Hall and others were tunneling into the National Farmers Union, until they were able to announce in *The Communist* that the "progressives" had seized the Union's control. Those were the years of the Red-sparked sitdown strikes, which reached such terrifying heights that this question was asked on the United States Senate floor: "Is there a government in the United States?"

Those were the years of the Red-founded Workers Alliance, which locked Federal Relief officials in their own offices. They were the years when the Communist Party set up an interlocking directorate in the National Labor Relations Board, the staff of the Senate "Civil Liberties" Committee, and the CIO.

And Gerhart Eisler, Comintern "rep," was the spider at the center of the web.

He was "Mr. Edwards," in those days, or "Mr. Brown." When he travelled back to Europe—to the Spanish Revolution, or the "Trojan Horse" Congress of the Comintern—he was "Samuel Liptzen."

The "Liptzen" affair is a story in itself. According to the documents put in the record after Eisler refused to take the witness stand,

there was such a person as Samuel Liptzen, who had run for the New York State Assembly on the Communist ticket. A passport had been issued in his name, but Communist passports are party property, to be used for espionage, subversion, propaganda or courier puposes, by any party member, anywhere, any time. The Liptzen document was obtained by Leon Josephson, identified as a Communist. Eisler's photograph was attached thereto, which explains how he became "Samuel Liptzen" when he went abroad.

World Tourists, Inc., took care of his trips. This was the "cover shop" operated by the notorious Kremlin agent, Jacob Golos. On June 17, 1935, Golos wrote to Intourist Soviet travel agents in Paris, introducing Samuel Liptzen as "a good friend of mine who will ask you to arrange a trip for him to the Soviet Union. Will you kindly use your influence to secure the best accommodations for him?"

In June, 1941, Eisler returned to the United States, accompanied by a "fiancée", whose name he gave as Brunhilda Rotstein. He said he wanted to remain here for only eight days, en route to Mexico. He was examined, under oath, by a board of special inquiry at Ellis Island.

Here is a passage from the hearing record:

"Q. Are you now, or have you ever been a member of any Communist organization?—A. No.

"Q. Were you ever sympathetic to the Communist cause?—A. No."

The immigration service refused to authorize his stay in the United States, but since it was physically impossible to ship him back to Europe during wartime, he remained here anyway. That was when he became "Hans Berger," a writer who transmitted vital Kremlin propaganda directives through the American Communist press. In many of them, he referred to the United States as "our" country, or to the President as "our President."

In the *Daily Worker* for March 29, 1943, "Hans Berger" asked: "How long are *we* going to tolerate the reactionary forces in the State Department and their emissaries—to stand for their success in undoing the work of liberation by *our* soldiers?"

In the *Daily Worker* for March 8, 1945, he flung himself with typical Eislerian ferocity against Dr. Shuster, the Hunter College president. Dr. Shuster had exposed the Soviet plan for Communist enslavement of Germany.

"These lies are particularly brazen from an American educator," foamed "Berger." "If a German Nazi parades as a Communist, he should be unmasked and hanged. But when reactionaries of all kinds parade as Catholics to save their skins and propose to save 'Catholic Germany' against Bolshevism, they should be unmasked and hanged, too. . . . And all of this is directly

connected with Dr. George Shuster, a well-known Catholic, who also comes forward with the same ideas."

Eisler, himself, was finally unmasked by the House Committee. Among other things, it was shown that during his stay in the United States, he had been receiving monthly checks for \$150 from the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, "a well-known Communist front organization." He also used the offices of the Committee to make contacts with "important Communist Party functionaries."

AS A RESULT of his defiance of the Committee quoted at the opening of this article, he was found guilty of contempt of Congress. In August, 1947, he was found guilty of passport fraud.

Both of these convictions carried jail sentences, but by this time the Comintern had dire need of his terrorist talents in East Germany. While he was free on bail, awaiting appeal, the Comintern's American front apparatus opened up, with demands that he be allowed to go to Germany immediately. The Civil Rights Congress, the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, the Friends of the German American, and the German American Labor Council formed an Eisler Defense Committee. New York's radio station WOR put him on the air.

On May 6, 1949, he jumped bail

and headed for Germany on the steamship, *Batory*, which is owned and operated by the Communist government of Poland.

On February 8, 1950, he issued a propaganda release from Germany, which "appealed to 1,300 German scientists working on secret atom projects in the United States to 'break their bonds and return to Germany.'"

TODAY, HE SITS in East Berlin, stirring the Communist cauldron.

Among the many lessons to be learned from the Eisler story, one in particular relates to the front apparatus, and our methods of handling it. We have become satisfied with listing various groups as front organizations, and then letting it go at that. This is not enough to persuade many non-Communists. We should spend more time telling the American people what fronts *do*, as well as what they *are*.

This is what the Civil Rights Congress *did*: It issued a pamphlet, "What's Behind the Eisler Case," under the sponsorship of 30 persons, including Thomas Mann, Carey McWilliams, Clifford Odets, Dorothy Parker, Prof. John P. Peters, Bishop Walter Mitchell, Bish-

op Arthur W. Moulton, and Prof. Kirtley F. Mather, who is still a member of the Harvard University faculty. The pamphlet contained these words:

"There are two legal charges against Gerhart Eisler: that he is a dangerous enemy alien, and that he is in contempt of Congress. Both charges are false.

"Why then did the Thomas-Rankin Committee seize on this lone Communist?"

The contempt of Congress was utterly blatant, as proven by the passages from the hearing record quoted at the beginning of this article. And the pamphlet itself convicted him of perjury, when it openly identified him as a "lone Communist." Eisler, under oath, had sworn that he had "never been a member of any Communist organization."

The writers, the bishops and the "educators" who signed this pamphlet, therefore, are themselves guilty of having circulated naked lies.

That is what Communist fronts do. They put the Kremlin's lies into the stream of American public opinion. That is what they must be exposed for doing, if we intend to conduct an effective fight against them.

Both Sides

In our April 1959 issue, the article, "Why Build the Atom-Powered Bomber?" was presented as one person's opinion. Intelligent, well-informed people in our government believe that we should pursue the development of nuclear-propelled aircraft as well as nuclear-propelled missiles. We are planning to run an article on this subject shortly.

GOVERNMENT'S \$10,000,000,000 GIFT TO PRIVATE BANKS

by Wright Patman

LAST YEAR the Government of the United States made a free gift of slightly more than \$10 billion worth of U.S. Government securities to the private commercial banks of this country.

This will be a surprising statement to some people. If the Government gave away \$10 billion under most of the methods of gift-giving, the country would hear a great deal about it, and we would normally debate such a matter in this Chamber at considerable length.

The statement is, however, in no sense a surprise to people versed in the banking system. *This sort of thing has happened many times before.* Indeed, the amount of the gift of last year is well known in banking circles.

Now, of course, using the term "gift" may seem to exaggerate the matter, because the methods by which \$10.4 billion of interest-bear-

ing securities were transferred from the Treasury of the United States into the vaults of the private banks are slightly complex. If this were not so, then, of course, the general public would already know about the matter; and we could expect that a great number of people would be considerably exercised about it. But the term "gift" is literally correct.

The Government of the United States gave away these bonds and other interest-bearing securities just as surely as if a convoy of trucks had hauled them from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing directly to the vaults of the private banks.

The more exact amount of this gift is \$10,410 million. It was made in several lots between November 27, 1957, and November 26, 1958. *The source of my figure is the Federal Reserve Bulletin for January 1959, page 33.* This is an official pub-

lication of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, and it is available to all Members as well as to the general public. By reference to page 33, one may see that at the end of November 1957, all commercial banks in the United States held \$56,910 million in U.S. Government obligations. A year later, at the end of November 1958, these banks held \$67,320 million of Government securities. Thus the commercial banks increased their holdings of these obligations by \$10,410 million within the 12-month period.

BEFORE coming to the mechanics of how the Government put this \$10.4 billion of Government securities into the hands of the banks, let me point out how the gift was distributed among the banks.

First, all classes of commercial banks shared to some extent in this gift. These include the New York and Chicago banks, the Reserve city banks, and the country banks. But *72 per cent of these securities went to only 2 per cent of all the banks in the country. And consider this—\$23 billion went to only 18 New York City banks.*

Now, how did the commercial banks of the country acquire this \$10.4 billion of Government securities?

In a nutshell, they created the money with which to buy them. They created new money in this amount on the credit of the United States, which cost them not one penny.

The potential money-creating ability of the whole banking system is \$32 for each dollar's worth of gold—\$4 created by the Federal Reserve plus \$28 created on these \$4 by the private commercial banks.

In considering how the commercial banks create money today, we must keep in mind that most of the money in use is in the form of bank deposits. This is what is sometimes called check-book money.

Each time a commercial bank makes a loan or invests in a security, it 'creates' money.

I have never been able to see any reason for allowing the private banks to create money on the credit of the United States to purchase interest-bearing obligations of the United States.

The \$10.4 billion gift to the private banks last year was, for example, about the same as the total Federal deficit expected in the present fiscal year.

(Excerpts from Speech, delivered in the House of Representatives, *Congressional Record* February 19, 1959, Page A-1275)

For other facts regarding our dishonest and unconstitutional money system read MERCURY's book *Money Made Mysterious*—only 50¢.

the happy life lasts just so long

THE BACHELOR:

by K. C. Tessendorf

I READ a great deal in the press these days about the woeful state of American family patterns; of the destructive impact upon our moral fabric of soaring divorce rates, juvenile delinquency, of the half-educated state of our youngsters, the pros and cons of child psychology.

Self appointed experts warn of the increasingly decadent position of the American male in the marriage contract, and the resultant ascendancy of the female with its attendant host of problems. Some fear the emergence of a matriarchy, while conversely, others worry about the American woman squandering her independence.

Quite possibly, this makes for the furrowed brow, the anxious eye with tic, in certain serious and re-

sponsible quarters. But not with me.

With the barest suggestion of a sigh, I turn to the sports page, flip the records on the machine, open another can of beer. Why? Because I'm a bachelor, and all these gloomy portents have about as much interest, or relationship to me, as news of another earthquake in Outer Mongolia.

This carefree approach to the good life is being followed by a select company of the wiser young graybeards of today. Why should we get involved; why rattle dice with inscrutable fate? Why get married? Really, there are few evils in the world today which may be attributed exclusively to bachelorhood.

The unmarried set occupies, quite comfortably, a noticeable niche in the American scene. True, their numbers are not preponderant; but without searching very far among friends and acquaintances, one can always find a bachelor.

What manner of man is he? Is he a creature steeped in negativism, timidity, procrastination? Or is he hewing to a carefully prescribed and documented male philosophy of happiness?

HOWEVER, at this point, perhaps a definition of the prime requirements of his cherished status is in order.

I don't believe the term should be prescribed until one has safely passed his thirtieth milestone undefiled by the whiplash of responsibility, or the harness of domesticity. Even then, it is dependent upon—from the bachelor viewpoint—the perceptivity of his intelligence. The degree of his awareness may be determined by the manner in which he himself speaks and thinks of his marital status. Assurance is, I believe, the hallmark of the genuine bachelor. Since choice is the important factor here, we are, of course, not speaking of recluses or other social aborigines which may happen to be of the male sex and celibate.

As a bachelor, I delight in my blessings, and they are truly numerous. I am slave only to the necessities of myself. What I shall eat,

drink, think; where, when, and with whom, I shall spend the golden hours of my days, are my whimsical concern alone. I enjoy long hours of regular sleep, undisturbed by the infant's early morning cry, or by troubled dreams of domestic instability. I have all the standard accouterments of mature celibacy; the shaggy, but comfortably lived-in apartment, an etching or two of note, Hi-Fi record player with stacks of mood music, the latest from Francoise Sagan, a liberally stocked liquor cabinet. In an age of credit-psychosis, I am solvent, or at least am hobbled to nothing more serious than payments on a snappy new sports car, or the demands of an ever-expanding wardrobe. If you see a man driving a rakish, low-slung convertible, who's neither bald nor grey, odds are heavy he's a bachelor. Chances are I'm laying something by for next year's vacation in Europe or Hawaii, on the happy cruise ship to exotic shores.

Selfish? Perhaps, but then a person successful in anything always has his detractors.

Additionally, the bachelor holds a unique, and pleasantly secure status in the social order. A drone in the hive of life, he expends little, yet is rewarded in abundance. Most of his friends have long since married, and are confined, passively or otherwise, to the normal strictures of that state. But not he; genial fellow that he typically is, he finds himself

the sought-after prize of hostesses planning parties, for he is a fund of salty wisdom, a man of colorful but indeterminate experience; pleasantly mysterious, charmingly dangerous. He can be counted upon to melt the snowy reserve of the displaced maiden aunt, to titillate the untried sensibilities of the young. Admired by some, envied by others, he is the valued, ever welcome guest at all manner of social festivities.

I know this all to be true, as I have had my share in this useful service. Yet, because of my single state, and since I am judged to be normally inept in such matters, I am not expected to reciprocate in kind. Should I do so, the broadest possible indulgence is given my efforts.

Be the *hors d'oeuvres* soggy, the refreshments a bit tepid; if curlcues of dust snuggle under the end tables, the greatest consideration is shown. After all, it is a truism that bachelors inhabit pig sties. The most feeble attempts at sanitation are noted with surprised acclamations. I might remark, that, upon occasion, female guests to my establishment have volunteered, without undue urging on my part, to wash three weeks' accumulation of dirty dishes; and have resolutely turned the other cheek (and their noses) to the furry bacilli rampant upon the untreated egg yolk smear of a week or two previous. Little is expected of us in such mundane material matters.

We are even in an advantageous position on the job. The boss often regards us with respect. Beyond the yearning kinship which many married men have toward their happier fellows, his marriage, if he is a self-made man, has probably been wracked by the demands of a constantly upwardly-revised social environment. He feels it is a wise man who waits until he is "set" in his profession before marrying, if marry he must.

Being a free agent, unhampered by the millstone of filial responsibilities, owing justification and bread only to self, the bachelor maintains the choicest of bargaining positions for his future. Should he deem it to his better interest, he can move to Timbuku tomorrow. And finally, if there is anyone in a posture to exercise the revered, but largely unused, prerogative of telling the petty office tyrant succinctly where to go, it is he.

In a world of delicately balanced social shibboleths, our stock remains high. Much higher, it is noted, than that of our feminine counterparts. Think of the words "bachelor" and "spinster" in turn, and savor the vastly different flavoring. In the popular mind; he wouldn't—but she couldn't. Or, at the very best, "She couldn't find anyone good enough for *her*." With him, it was a privilege politely declined; with her a duty unfulfilled. Just another example of the Double Standard, interwoven in our social fabric.

Actually, the unmarried male basks in the sunshine of friendly compassion; his friend's wives regard him as a prodigal still possible of redemption. "Ken just hasn't met the *right* girl yet" they say, guileless in their dogma that the marriage halter frames the vision of paradise. They are certain he suffers from the torture of loneliness, the languor of boredom and drear monotony. He is a green tree without visible fruit. He is the poorbox in the narthex of life's cathedral into which they piously cast their widow's mites of wisdom and encouragement. In addition to exercising their insatiable maternal instincts by feeding him good, home-cooked meals, with a superfluity of green salads to preserve him physically against the ravages of sardine tins, boiled eggs, cold corned beef, and undercooked TV dinners, they will—without being asked—search untiringly for a soul mate worthy of his kind attentions. What they dredge up is often of a bizarre character; amazing and amusing by turn. Raw-boned harpies; pathetic infants with the breath of winter upon them; weak, silent types; the socially halt, lame, and blind. But occasionally there is a morsel to be savored; it represents a field problem in logistics, diplomacy, and sagacious judgment, that is all.

As a matter of fact, the perceptive bachelor really wallows in the blessings of kind fortune. If he is at all presentable, he finds that whereas

in his twenties he had perhaps to scratch rather vigorously for his quota of feminine delights, it now comes to him quite effortlessly, and in abundance. There is something about a mature, unmarried man, which sets the female tooth charmingly on edge. He represents a challenge not to be denied by his predatory opposites. Of course, all women are predatory; it is adherence to this principle that is the enabling clause to bachelorhood itself. These do not look upon the bachelor with pity. Indeed, they are plotting his downfall. Noting, to their chagrin, that he possesses a degree of security and self sufficiency (some say conceit) that is disturbing, they determine to level him to their common denominator of restless yearning and frustration. Yes, the world is full of sin; but these cunning connivings often come to naught. The bachelor, being as we have seen, of a parasitical and exploitative nature, can, and usually does, handle these situations with a suavity and aplomb befitting his advancing years.

THE APPLES of Eden lovingly consumed, the average bachelor at length must face the funereal consequences. To be the hale and hearty, psychologically supreme celibate of, say 75, is beyond the reach of most of us. We are not made of stern enough stuff. Somewhere, usually in the mid-forties, hair thins, the waistline expands alarmingly; we

lose our teeth. Our attractiveness to the opposite sex is in a stage of accelerating decay.

Our friends are by this time preoccupied with marriage plans of their off-spring, and in their eyes we begin to have the mustiness of museum pieces. In short, we find ourselves no longer salable in the marketplace of romance. We have crossed a nearly imperceptible divide, and the way ahead is shrouded in loneliness. No true bachelor ever wants to cross this melancholy watershed alone. No, we must be at last ground fine in the millstones of marriage; shriven, even as our unfortunate friends of 20 or more years before. Actually, it is a question of timing: to extract the optimum of the blessings of celibacy, and yet to haggle the best bargain in a marriage. It is unfortunate that these latter years must of sad necessity present some preoccupation with finding, and then being captured by, the appropriate woman.

However, with his impressive credentials of long experience, his chances are better than fair for plucking a rose in October.

THE SEASONED bachelor is likely to make a most agreeable husband. As he has had plenty of experience in refereeing the intramural battles of his married friends, he is prudent in the knowledge that one's good counsels, kept to one's self, avail much. He realizes that being an attentive listener is the pacifist's approach to marital bliss. He knows that when the distaff side refers idealistically to marriage as a 50-50 proposition, the figures she really has in mind—be she truly meek and lowly of heart—are 60-40, in her favor. Well, after 40, it doesn't seem to matter so much; better to be sleek slave, than ragged rebel.

And so they pass—one by one—on to the harsher realities. The pipes are stilled; the hour of reckoning at hand. Farewell, Happy Warriors!

Bunche Choice Protested

American-minded Harvard alumni affiliated with the Veritas Committee have protested the proposed election of Ralph J. Bunche as a Harvard Overseer. The *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* of Jan. 17, 1959, reported the selection of Bunche by a nominating committee for the Overseer election in March, those elected to be named during June commencement.

The Veritas group protest points out that it will be unfortunate if the first Negro to attain the honor of a Harvard Overseership is a man of Bunche's clouded Leftist background. In 1935, Bunche, then a teacher at Howard University, took a leading part in a conference called by the National Negro Congress, a Communist front. At this conference, Manning Johnson, then a Negro Communist Party leader, declares he was introduced to him as "Comrade" Bunche. From 1935 to 1950, Bunche's name appeared on the masthead of *Science and Society*, a Communist Party magazine, as "contributing editor".

IN A MATTER of only a few weeks time man may attempt to establish his first contact with the planet Venus—the morning star of the poets, the evening star of the lovers, and the headache of the astronomers.

The chances of immediate success may be slim, but even if there is failure the date of the probe is likely to be a memorable one in the history of space conquest. For Venus, of all the heavenly bodies we know about, is the one most similar to our Earth. This alone predetermines that, if there is a place to go in the solar system, Venus should be explored first.

In June of this year, the Earth and Venus will draw to the most favorable position for the launching of a Venus-bound vehicle. To seize the opportunity, the Air Force is getting ready with an Atlas-Able and a Thor-Able missile. As we are told, one probe may go past the planet and the other may be aimed at swinging a satellite around Venus. The highly space-minded Russians may also be tempted to try their luck.

If for some technical reason, the launchings will have to be postponed, or if they end in smoke, we shall have to wait until January 1961 for an equally propitious planetary alignment.

It would be a thrilling experience one of these evenings to watch the "Lady of Heavens" of the Chaldeans, Greeks and Romans, gleam-

RENDEZVOUS WITH VENUS

**A 250 Million Mile Journey Across
Frontiers of Three Worlds**

by Zygmunt Litynski

ing silvery-white among the clouds, and to think that at that very moment, indistinguishable in the distance, a man-made asteroid may travel along our line of vision, carrying our message to the beautiful star. But our sentimental illusions will hardly conform to the facts—even if, some June evening, the missile is launched from Cape Canaveral. There will be nothing traveling in space along our fanciful line of vision. The rocket will be aimed due East, although Venus will then be shining low over the Western horizon.

There are a few simple facts about the solar system and the present-day missile technique which explain this apparent puzzle.

Of the seven major "objects" revolving around the sun, Venus is said to be our nearest neighbor. This is not always true. There are

long periods when Mars or even the uninteresting, piping-hot Mercury become our closest companions, while Venus sails to some remote part of the solar system.

What is true is that of all the other planetary orbits, Venus is the closest to ours. But as Venus—nearer to the sun than we are—moves faster along its circular path than we do along ours, it is only occasionally that the two planets meet in proximity, and soon thereafter sluggish Earth is overtaken and left behind by its elusive playmate. This is perhaps the reason that Venus has always been associated with the ideal of love.

ACTUALLY, our fleeting rendezvous in space occurs only once in every 584 days, and even then Venus is still 26 million miles away from us—100 times farther than is the moon. Discouraging as this may sound, it cannot be considered as too great an obstacle. Proof of this are the artificial satellites which have covered enormous distances and are still going strong.

If only we could launch a vehicle which, instead of flying aimlessly in circles, would move straight ahead, it could reach the planet in two weeks.

The trouble is that at present we simply have not sufficient propulsion power for such a direct shot from one planetary orbit to another. What we can do is to project an object to an altitude of slightly over

one million miles, where its initial velocity of about seven miles per second will dwindle to nearly zero. Even at its closest, Venus is still 25 million miles away.

The situation would be hopeless, except for a strange phenomenon which occurs before the velocity of the vehicle is completely exhausted. At an altitude of about one million miles, when the vehicle still moves at one or two miles per second, the gravitational pull of the Earth becomes so small that it is no longer able to counterbalance the gravitational pull of the sun. Thus the man-made object ceases to belong to the realm of humans: from our familiar earthly coordinate system it slips into the unexplored coordinate system of the sun.

At the same instant, all of our earthly measurements lose for the vehicle their former meaning, and have to be replaced by solar readings. But as the Earth, from which the object has been projected, itself moves across space at 18.5 miles per second, this velocity which the vehicle retains has to be added to its residual launching velocity. Instead of moving at one or two miles per second in respect to the earth, the vehicle, liberated now from all earthly connections, orbits at some 20 miles per second in respect to the sun. It becomes a planet.

While at present this is all we can do, it is quite a lot. For, by properly aiming the rocket and by scrupulously adjusting the thrust, we

can predetermine the size and the shape of our vehicle's future solar orbit. And by so doing we can make this orbit cross the orbit of Venus. Then, it will remain only a problem of careful timing to have the vehicle meet Venus at the spatial crossroads.

IF THIS IS ACHIEVED, the weird phenomenon of changing of coordinates occurs once more: the vehicle which has ceased to belong to the world of humans, withdraws now also from solar sovereignty and becomes part of Venus' own estate. Its orbital velocity respective to the sun is cancelled out, and is replaced with a new value—its velocity in respect to the planet of which it has become a moon.

With our present knowledge, propulsion power and hardware, the crossing of our vehicle's and Venus' orbits can be preestablished. It is situated at a certain point in space, 250 million miles of orbital flight away from the earthly launching site, and it will be reached by Venus at the beginning of November this year. As it will take our vehicle 145 days to cover this distance, the launching must be effected eastwards by mid June, when Venus will be approaching the Earth from the West.

The reason that the chances of success are at present very slim, indeed, is that the slightest fault in launching will bring the projectile

hundreds of thousands or even millions of miles off the target. When in the near future man will be able to pilot the space vehicle and correct in flight the errors of thrust and aiming, the journey to Venus may become the classical space adventure.

What man will find over there is another story. Astronomers who feel at home talking about stars thousands of light years away, when asked about Venus either go into contradictory and unsubstantiated conjectures or swiftly change the subject. We are told that the planet is one immense stormy ocean, or one immense pool of oil, or one immense gloomy desert swept by eternal tornadoes. Or we are told to mind our own business.

The truth is that all that is really known about Venus is that its size, density, general physical composition, temperature and gravity are about the same as those of our Earth. We also know that it is permanently covered by an impenetrable mantle of clouds, the top layer of which is composed mainly of carbon dioxide.

Apart from this, today, on the eve of the space age, we can only quote the wise astrologer, Firmicus, who more than 15 centuries ago predicted that Venus would bring to humans the most happy era in all history, "when culture and intelligence will lead to concord and delight."

IN THE MERCURY'S OPINION

The Answer to Our Problems!

By Russell Maguire

MAN, IN HIS CONQUEST of the Eternal, first discovers the Universe; then he discovers God, and then he discovers himself. When man listens and does some deep, quiet thinking, he begins to understand what the Galilean meant—"The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

We have been milked and led into the Pharisees' "Valley of Death." They have planned the world's economic chaos and disintegration. Their Welfare State is a fraud and illusion. The Master said, "If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch." Survival demands we get on the High Land of Eternal Light and Truth.

Jesus the Christ is the Great Enlightener. God provides a limitless reservoir of Knowledge. Eternal and Infallible Wisdom is ours if we humbly and diligently seek it. If we accept the true Bread of Life we can have universal joy and thanksgiving. It will lead to the abundant Life Eternal.

We have tried everything else, including Satan's program of: (1)

Something for nothing, and (2) It's too late and you can do nothing about it. We have been guilty of Sins of Commission. Of greater importance, we are guilty of many Sins of Omission. All of the Master's parables dealt with the latter.

Let's live the Abundant Life. The King of Kings showed us the road. "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life."

It is late, but not too late, to try a renaissance directed by God. There is only one place for each to start and that is with himself. There has always been a handful of lifters with millions of leaners who absolutely depend upon them. We need fiery preachers like Henry Ward Beecher, one of the truly great preachers of the Christian gospel, who said, "I preach twice on Sunday and I have 600 laymen who preach every day of the week." That explains the enormous influence that he and the militant Christian laymen of his church exercised.

A great world harvest awaits those who will answer "the call."

NEW YORK'S INTER

By Jack Hankins

THERE ARE 655 acres of it. One building, with its adjacent wing buildings, is 11 city blocks long. There is a 220 acre, beautifully-landscaped park and a plaza with fountains and reflecting pools. There is an 11-story control tower, the tallest in the world, and parking space for 6,000 cars. Mercury-vapor lights keep the entire area as bright as day throughout the night. Such is Terminal City, the aircraft control and passenger service area of New York's vast International Airport. Not only is this one of the world's great airports, but it is also a showplace of our nation and of many other nations as well.

International Airport had its beginning back in 1942. Then the City of New York began making an airport out of an area in Queens County that had been Idlewild Golf Course, marshes, and the waters of Jamaica Bay. This area was filled, utilities were installed and six runways, two hangars, and a small administration building were constructed. Lest this seem a casual task let it be noted that the cost of this work came to \$60 million.

Then, in 1947, in return for an annual rental, the city leased this area to The Port of New York Authority to develop and to operate. The Authority is an agency of both the State of New York and the State of New Jersey which operates land, sea, and air commerce facilities in the intermingled, densely-populated port area lying in both states.

In 1948, after building connecting taxiways and activating four runways, the Authority officially opened the airport.

But this was one of the simpler tasks, for the improvements to come were many and costly. An 11-story control tower, the world's tallest, was built. Hangars were erected. Three of them were the largest in the world of their type. A hangar costing \$3,000,000 was occupied by Lockheed Aircraft Service International. Another, a \$6 million structure, was the United Air Lines hangar.

An operations building costing over \$1 million was constructed for the control activities of the Civil Aeronautics Administration. Built



NATIONAL AIRPORT

America's Aerial Gateway to the World

also, at a cost of \$5 million, was a Federal Building. This houses the regional offices of the Civil Aeronautics Administration and other federal agencies. Several industrial buildings were constructed. An 80-acre, five-building cargo center was brought into being to expedite the heavy air cargo movement through the airport. In fact, these and other improvements made by the Port Authority up to 1958 exceeded \$175 million in cost. The airport itself has expanded from a planned 1,100 acres to a huge 4,900 acres.

THE CROWNING achievement is still being built. This is the \$150 million Terminal City, the central aircraft control and passenger service area of this vast airport.

The predominant structure of this 655 acre oval-shaped area is the International Arrival Building and its adjacent Airline Wing Buildings. Three stories high, it extends, with the Wing Buildings, a distance of 11 city blocks. All incoming overseas flights in the New York metropolitan area are handled here, as well as overseas de-

partures of foreign-flag airlines.

In this building are housed the government agencies, through which a person entering this country must go. Health and immigration officials are here to take care of these legal aspects of the incoming passenger.

Here, also, are customs officials working in streamlined, efficient areas. The passenger takes his luggage to any of 32 super-market-type counters in each of the customs areas. It is examined here, and if there are duties to be paid, they are paid here. The process takes only about half the time that it ordinarily would. Also, from a second-floor lounge, people coming to meet the visitor can watch him go through customs through a glass wall overlooking the customs inspection area.

But there are more than the needed government facilities in the International Arrival Building. There is a barber shop, book store, waiting rooms, and other passenger-serving facilities.

The third floor of the International Arrival Building is taken up

by the Golden Door Restaurant. It has capacity for 450 guests and has a menu printed in six languages. Through its glass walls, diners can see the activities at the airport, International Park of Terminal City, and the New York City skyline. There is also a 4,000-foot-long observation deck on top of the Arrival Building and Wing Buildings.

In front of and a little to one side of the arched concourse of the Arrival Building is the 150-foot control tower, from the 10th floor of which the visitor can get a bird's-eye view of the airport and an even better look at the New York City skyline.

In Liberty Plaza and adjacent to the tower is the Fountain of Liberty. Sixty feet high at its highest point, it is produced by streams from more than 900 nozzles. Also it is lighted—by more than 300 lights. Its varied and beautiful effects are produced on a six-minute cycle. It is located in the center of a pool that measures 200-feet in diameter.

Liberty Plaza extends for 1000 feet, and in it are reflecting pools and other, smaller fountains. At its end is the \$7,000,000 central heating and refrigeration plant. And it too, is a thing of beauty, the building having won an architectural prize locally. Also, despite its functional role, it is beautiful inside. The pipes on view through a glass wall are painted in various colors,

for example, green pipes for chilled water, blue for cool water, and red for hot water.

But back to the Wing Buildings, which are adjacent to and connected with the Arrival Building. It is here that Terminal City accents most strongly its international character, for located in these buildings are 14 individual departure areas operated by foreign-flag airlines. Each area has a decor and arrangement distinctively its own.

LARGEST OF THESE areas is that of the British Overseas Airways Corporation (BOAC). Its frontage is 200 feet entirely in glass. It is luxuriously furnished. The waiting room furniture is upholstered in Scotch leather. The area has many passenger conveniences, even a nursery. Also it has pilots and crews quarters and a television circuit to brief pilots on weather.

Air France of course has its departure area. Along one whole wall in its area is a map showing its routes throughout the world and the cities served by this, the world's largest airline network. Its furnishings and decorations are also illustrative of the world-wide character of its business. It has two lounges for passengers.

Scandinavian Airlines System (SAS) has an attractive departure area. The check-in center is spacious and airy, with one whole wall the glass facade overlooking the

new grounds of International Airport. The mezzanine lounge carries out the functional simplicity of Scandinavian design.

The KLM-Royal Dutch Airlines' area features Dutch and American art, three-level halls and lounges. The overall color scheme is silver-gray and blue, with accents of yellow and red.

El Al Israel has an example of an unusual type of art in its area. The technique is called "Sgraffito" and was developed during the Renaissance. Several different colored layers of plaster are put on a wall, and the picture is painted by scratching through the plaster to the particular color needed. Five layers of plaster were used, and twenty shades and hues were developed in the mural, which covers one wall of this departure area.

Sabena, the Belgian airline, makes use of Belgian and Belgian Congo materials in its portion of the West Wing Building. Alitalia, the Italian airline, uses Italian materials and the handiwork of Italian artisans.

There is Lufthansa German Airlines, Swissair, Aerolineas Argentinas, fourteen foreign airlines in all, with distinctive departure areas, most depicting something significant about the airline and the country of which it is a part. For other airlines and itinerants, there is a consolidated service.

These departure areas are modern and convenient. The passenger

departing International Airport on one of these airlines goes to its departure area, buys his ticket, and his baggage is swiftly taken care of by modern means. When his flight is called, he walks down one of four closed arcades to his plane.

AROUND THE OVAL area of Terminal City and a part of it are projected or building spectacular terminals of five major United States-flag airlines.

Trans World Airlines' proposed terminal is a vaulted thin shell concrete and glass structure which resembles a huge bird in flight. It will have an indoor sky-lighted garden area and every possible passenger facility. Through all-glass walls, TWA passengers and their friends can watch the many interesting activities at this great airport.

The front of the main building of the American Airlines \$15 million terminal will be curved slightly to conform to the entrance roadway. A distinctive feature of this terminal is the method used for boarding planes. When a plane is nosed into the lounge area, covered, soundproof bridges will extend out and fit snugly against the doorways of the plane. When the plane is ready to depart, the bridges are retracted, though the bridge going to the forward door can remain in place even after the engines are started so that late passengers can get aboard.

The proposed United Air Lines

terminal will have a facade of glass panels and aluminum frames. It will be the largest passenger-handling facility operated by this airline. A 25-foot-wide overhang will run the length of this 691-foot long building to give protection from the weather.

Pan American World Airways \$15 million terminal will attract attention by its shape and unique roof. It is oval. Entrance to it will be made through a "curtain of air" instead of through a door which must be opened. A cantilever roof extends over the airplanes to protect passengers boarding them from the weather.

BELIEVED TO BE the largest terminal building ever to serve a single airline, the Eastern Air Lines three-story terminal is of glass and steel construction. There will be no stairways for passengers, only ramps. Baggage trucks will go through tunnels separate from pedestrian traffic. The arriving passenger claims his baggage at the front of the building and thus will have only a few feet to walk to ground transportation.

All of the airlines terminals will be luxuriously furnished with lounges, restaurants, and many other conveniences for passengers arriving at, or departing from this great airport.

That this is a great airport statistics prove. 1958 saw a considerable increase over those of

1957: 170,845 plane movements, 5,180,000 passengers of whom 1,798,862 were overseas travellers. Also in 1957 45,049,000 pounds of air mail were handled plus 161,201,000 pounds of air cargo. More than 150,000 animals arrive and depart yearly.

Each month more than 17 million gallons of aviation fuel are put into planes here. Thirty-nine airlines representing 25 nations are certificated to use International Airport.

If these figures fail to convince, it may be remembered that more than 18,000 people work at this great airport and are paid yearly a sum in excess of \$108 million.

A 320-room hotel near the entrance to the airport was completed last summer. In 1958, the ASPCA dedicated an Animalport for the care of animal travellers. And the future promises to be even greater. A major part of Terminal City is yet to be completed. Several multimillion dollar hangars are being built.

By 1965, it is expected, more than 11,000,000 passengers will use International Airport annually. Some 3,300,000 of these will be overseas passengers. Employment is expected to increase to 22,000 with a payroll of \$175 million yearly. Thus Terminal City will become even more a showcase of our nation and the other nations whose airlines use the facilities of New York's great International Airport.

IS THE ALASKA HIGHWAY FOR YOU?

It's 1,523 miles of gravelly
chuck-holes and fabulous fishing.

by Howard E. Jackson

IS IT REALLY worth driving to Alaska?" Charley Allen wanted to know when I had finished telling him about a ten day trip I'd made over the Alaska Highway to the new, 49th State. Charley is an old friend. He is an artist and teacher; his wife, a doctor. They had already crossed the country from Yonkers, New York to my home in Seattle, Washington. The Allens are well-traveled, with a sincere desire to learn about the people and places visited. Their hobby is picture taking. I had to evaluate "the Alaska Highway" in terms of their tastes, the esthetic experience they might derive from it, and the kind of photographs they wanted.

The answer to Charley had to be qualified. Frankly, The Alaska Highway is not a trip everyone would like. It is a long, hard drive, over gravel road often filled with chuck holes, and when cars pass by

the air is choked with dust. There is a certain feeling of adventure, about going over the old Al-Can highway, but since some 7,000 people now do it annually it can hardly be classified as a pioneer venture. The scenery is beautiful for many hundreds of miles, but there are long, monotonous stretches over flat country, with dust-covered, match-stick trunk trees lining the roadway and obliterating any view. The more spectacular scenery—mountains and glaciers—is found at the end of the Highway in Alaska itself.

After considering these things, the Allens decided they would not drive, but would fly to the 49th State. For *them*, that was a wise decision.

Others wouldn't miss the drive for anything. I recall one family I met way up on the Highway, fishing for northern pike in the shad-

ows of a bridge across the Yukon River. A teacher, his wife, and three children. They were having a wonderful time. Their hobby was fishing, they explained . . . and showed me a long, wooden box fixed to the right side of the truck, built to hold five rods, all assembled, ready to fish the moment they noticed a likely spot whether it be lake, stream or river along the Highway. To them, the trip was worth a million dollars.

I went over the Alaska Highway, one August, with 19 other men, in an 11 trailer caravan. A few of the men were very bored. The majority, with me among them, agreed that the trek was worth taking just to have done it. One fellow rated the journey as the adventure of his life!

All but one of the men disposed of the cars and trailers in Alaska, and flew "home." That one fellow drove back only because he wanted to bring back his trailer. Some of his friends could have ridden with him but even those who most liked the trip up didn't think it was worthwhile to drive back down the long, dusty Highway.

The answer to Charley Allen's question depends not so much upon the Highway as it does upon the people driving to the 49th State.

"What is it like?" is actually asked me more often than "is it worth it?" The majority of these people think in terms of the road itself, whether

their cars and trailers can take it, availability of gas and oil, and accommodations. Some have in mind places to see, fishing, and prices. By telling them what it is like, they can decide its worth.

The road? They mean the road in summer, when the majority of people use the Highway. It is like any gravel road, back in the States, only wider. It is possible to go 50 miles an hour most of the way but 35 is more sensible. Best driving months are during the summer and early fall. Some Alaskans prefer to drive during the winter, when chuck holes are filled with packed snow, and the snow-packed road is like pavement. Springtime driving is the worst because of mud and washouts.

Most folks do not realize that the upper 200 odd miles of the two main access routes to the Alaska Highway—above Edmonton, Alberta, and Prince George, British Columbia—are far rougher roads than the Highway itself. The Alaska portion of the Highway is all paved from Tok Junction to Fairbanks.

Since the highway is 1,523 miles long, from Dawson Creek, the "Milepost Zero," to Fairbanks, with about 200 miles paved, but with a like number of miles unpaved on the access routes, the traveler drives some 1,500 miles over hard-dirt graveled roads between the U. S. border and Fairbanks, Alaska. Some car damage is almost bound

to happen. In our caravan we had 11 late-model sedans and station wagons, pulling light travel trailers. We had many pitted windshields, 11 blowouts, and two of the cars hit piles of rocks that broke their manifold pipes.

NO ONE TRAILER, like no one car, had any great damage, but damage to various units included front windows cracked, bent axles, broken springs, hitch tongues twisted from thrown rocks, loosened wheel wells, brake and other lines under trailers torn loose by flying rocks hurled rearward by front wheels, plumbing jarred loose, hinged trailer jacks became unclamped and dragged, side and rear panels became loose . . . plus one trailer that lost its lower rear panel, and went on down the roadway dragging its insulation behind it.

Gas is available all along the Highway. You won't run out if when your tank's still one-third full, you stop at the next pump.

Accommodations are adequate. Lodges, roadhouses, hotels, cabins are strung out every 25 to 50 miles. Some have parking areas with electric plug-ins and toilet-bath facilities for trailers. For campers, there are dozens of free campgrounds complete with cooking shelters, water and outhouses. Cafes on the Highway are usually run in conjunction with the lodges and roadhouses.

Things to see—other than the scenery—are few. The scenery can-

not be overlooked, however. At Fort Nelson, the road winds through the most northerly extension of the Rocky Mountain range, climbing to the highest point on the route at Summit Lake, Mile 392, where the elevation is 4,156 feet. There are the views at Muncho Lake in the Canadian Rockies, Teslin Lake near Whitehorse and the north side of the great St. Elias range. Teslin Lake, at Mile 804, bears the Indian word for "long," and winds for 85 miles between snow-scarred cliffs.

Most "places" to see center around Whitehorse, Capital of the Yukon. Visitors can see the Indian burial ground north of the city. Some of the graves are covered by small houses, in which dishes, tobacco, pipes and other items are often placed in the belief that the spirits might return. Near Whitehorse, too is Miles Canyon on the Yukon River. All worth seeing—but the Whitehorse that Robert Service knew is a growing "mid-western" town. Its legendary history, associated with the feverish days of the Klondike gold rush and the "Trail of '98," lives in places made famous by stories and poems. I will remember it mostly for its "Shooting of Dan McGrew," and its nearby Lake LaBerge, scene of "The Cremation of Sam McGee."

Forty miles south of Haines Junction, at the end of Dezadeash Lake, on the banks of the Klukshu River is a little, unspoiled

Indian village. Here you can see the natives catching salmon in wooden traps, cleaning them, drying them on fish racks and storing them in caches to keep them safe from animals.

At Mile 1083 the Highway skirts Destruction Bay, famous for the number of boats wrecked there during the gold rush days. The Million-Dollar Mile, Mile 1454, is so called because it was surfaced with the tailings from the fabulous gold strikes on Tenderfoot Creek.

But other than such widely scattered places there are few tourist attractions on the Highway. There are side trips, by White Pass and Yukon Railway to Skagway, Alaska, and by road to Haines, Alaska, and up to the famous Klondike placer mining fields at Dawson, Yukon Territory.

Wildlife is a separate "see" category. You would think you would see much of it. I saw but few small animals, and only one big game animal—a moose, newly killed by a car on the Highway just outside of Dawson Creek!

The fishing is good early and late season. During the heavy-travel months roadside fishing is poor, off-road spots better, and fly-in lakes best. At Alligator Lake, 30 air miles from Whitehorse, five of us caught grayling and lake trout on every cast, got sore arms from pulling them in, and tossing them back out again. We caught and released over 150 fish within a few hours.

Prices? Gas and oil comes higher than "at home," but the Imperial gallon is one-fifth larger than the United States gallon. Reasonable prices are charged for food, and average, U. S. prices for lodging. That is, all along the Canadian part of the Highway. Once you cross over into Alaska, starting right at Tok junction, everything is more expensive . . . approximately a third more than at home. Alaska is a fabulous place—but you'd better take a fat wallet with you if you want to see it on a full stomach.

ALTHOUGH no travel magazine likes to mention such things, the food or the water in British Columbia and along the Highway into Yukon Territory gives some people severe diarrhea. Four of the men in our group had it. We were all healthy. On the trip we ate in different trailers, when we did eat in our mobile units. But we all ate in the same cafes and drank the same water in the restaurants. The only common denominator for our sickness was food and water obtained from public places. I think this matter should be mentioned, for I have heard of others who have had the same trouble north of the border. When it lasts two long days and nights, some wild cherry, or wild berry extract, which they use on the Indians, would be helpful. A bottle of either, or Coca Cola syrup, in a suitcase might save a tourist from an unpleasant experience. And, it

might put his mind at ease—if he should become violently sick, as I did, where the nearest doctor was 150 miles away!

Is it worth it, in dollars and cents, to drive the Highway? It costs approximately \$175 for two, one way, to make the average eight day trip, counting gas, oil, food and shelter from the U. S. border to Alaska. Car or trailer damage would be extra. It costs \$150 for two to fly from Seattle to Anchorage. It is done in a day. There are no extras. Which means, at least three people would need to drive in one car to break even compared with air fare for three. Assuming no major car damages, four or more people in one car could make the trip for less than plane fare for four.

These figures discount time as money. If a person's time is worth anything it would throw out the

figures, since there is a differential of seven days' travel time between these two ways of getting to Alaska.

WE TOOK ten days over the Highway, in order to fish en route. Truck drivers driving day and night can make the trip in half that time. But the average is eight days. A person who wants to see very much of Alaska, and has three weeks or less, should think twice about driving. Unless, of course, he just *wants* to drive the Highway.

There are many factors to think about when you consider whether or not the Alaska Highway is for you. You need not drive both ways. You can ship your car back by boat from Seward, or Skagway. One day I was talking about this with a friend who, after pondering a bit, exclaimed: "Maybe I, too, should go by boat or airplane."

Crook's Tour

In the past our efforts to arouse people have been called every name in the book. But today, there is no doubt. The visit of **Mikoyan** should have been ample proof. He had the run of the country with legislators and others fawning over him. They think they can gain favors he will never be in a position to grant. He is not his own boss. But the disgusting spectacle of this man being wined and dined in the best places, taken for rides along our coast line, and meeting with the President and others instead of being rebuffed must have **given the Hungarian Christian Slaves and those from other countries heart attacks**. Many of them still do not know our allegiance seems to be with their butchers.

The newspapers carried the story that on his way home his plane **just happened** to have trouble in the vicinity of an air force base that had been erected purposely in case of a **sneak attack from Russia**. He was there for two days, sleeping in officers quarters, and getting all the information needed, evidently by sight.—AMERICAN PUBLIC RELATIONS FORUM, INC., Burbank, California—Bulletin No. 76, January and February 1959.

a cousin of the mushroom that enhances any meal

That Delicious Trifle

THE TRUFFLE

by Dorothy E. Trivisono

ONE DAY last fall a retired American farmer, on his first trip through the countryside of southwestern France, came upon a strange sight. He quickly motioned the driver to stop. And, as the two watched, a group of wizened-faced peasants, each preceded by a pig on a leash, scurried across the road.

A surprised expression crossed the old man's face. "You mean to tell me," he said, "that over here you gotta walk your hogs?"

Such a *faux pas* is not uncommon. To a Frenchman, however, it is inexcusable. For, as every Frenchman knows, these pigs are not walking. They are hunting. And what they find is the most elusive food known to man—a subterranean treasure hailed by gourmets the world over as the *pièce de résistance* of any meal—the truffle.

Truffle rhymes with ruffle and can be most simply described as mushrooms since they are tuber-like fruits of certain fungi pro-

duced beneath the soil. These delicacies cannot be grown by man and rarely can he find them without the aid of a keen-nosed animal.

Although there are many kinds of truffles, food lovers prefer the black species of Italy and France.

Of these aromatic fungi, one well-known American epicure says, "A small quantity transforms an entire dish. Minced in an omelette, in the stuffing of a fowl, in meat, fish or sauces, they raise a workman-like product to a work of art."

There is hardly a food less appetizing in appearance to come by. Irregular in shape, truffles are a black warted rind with centers of a solid mass of brownish spores.

In France, peasants and pigs begin their strange harvest by visiting areas where truffles appeared the previous year. The search, however, may prove disappointing. For truffles are a temperamental growth and there is no guarantee they will

appear twice in the same spot.

The diligent peasant also looks for cracks in well-drained calcareous clay soil—a good indication that the coy fungi are close by. Still another clue is a swarm of yellow flies sometimes found hovering over a truffle bed.

It is usually the truffle's odor that reveals its hiding place. Once the pig picks up the scent—humans rarely detect this—she squeals with delight.

THE TRAINING of these hunting pigs begins early in life. As babies, they are given their first truffle and the one in the litter who shows promise of developing a gourmet's taste is picked for the job. Each time she finds a "truffle"—as the French call it—she is rewarded with a piece of food. Occasionally, she receives a tiny sampling of the precious treasure as a bonus and incentive to keep her nose to the ground.

In Italy, the dog is king of the hunt. In fact many of them go to school to learn the correct way of sniffing out a truffle. Their headmaster is Battista Monchiero, better known as "Professor Barot," whose canine college is the only one of its kind in the world. Here, on a hilltop in the ruins of a fourteenth century castle overlooking the village of Roddi, the 80-year-old man carries on a job originated by his grandfather and perpetuated by his father.

The professor begins a lesson by teaching the dog to retrieve a toy. Each time the animal obeys, he receives a small piece of bread. Then a bit of truffle is substituted for the toy and, again, the reward is food. Finally, the fungus is buried in the ground—first near the surface and gradually a foot below where truffles often grow. Thus, the dog learns that finding a truffle and being fed are synonymous.

A few of these educated hounds have been brought to the United States. But their findings indicate that, at this time, we offer no competition to the European market.

"Truffles have been unearthed in 21 states and the District of Columbia," says our greatest truffle hunter, Dr. Helen M. Gilkey of Oregon State College. "But I believe this country is rich in species, not in abundance."

The eminent botanist, who has devoted 45 years to the study of the mysterious fungus, points out that only the white truffle has been found here. The European treasures, however, have a wide color range: white, buff, pink, brown and black.

"Although the first specimens were discovered in the United States before 1880," Dr. Gilkey said, "rarely have they been obtained in sufficient abundance to be eaten. Since they are important for study, I think we have not yet reached the stage when they should be collected for any other purpose."

Even if truffles reach this stage of abundance, it is doubtful that any one of them ever will find its way to Dr. Gilkey's table. She loathes their taste.

To Paul A. Urbani of Trenton, N. J., however, the proof of the truffle is in the eating. And he speaks with no little authority.

Known as the "truffle king," he reigns over an Italian domain that dates back more than 200 years. Since 1750, when the business was started by Paul I (the present Paul is the fifth of that name), the Urbanis of Umbria have been harvesting truffles.

Today they rank first in worldwide production and distribution, their total output of more than \$1,000,000 being due largely to the super salesmanship of the "king."

Urbani has been known to travel 100 miles to sell a 4-ounce can of truffles. And, in a year, he and his wife drive 30,000 miles going from chef to chef and store to store.

If Urbani ever runs out of selling ideas, he can always quote that famous eighteenth century gourmet, Brillat-Savarin, who believed truffles encouraged love by making women more tender and men more amorous.

But it is doubtful that the Jerseyite needs any merchandising pointers. "Paul's selling methods are so persuasive," a friend says, "that he once sold a tin of this delicacy to the operator of an American hamburger stand."

There is a chance, however, that the U. S. may not always have to depend on imports. A step toward this goal was taken about 20 years ago by the Department of Agriculture when they adopted a truffle raising idea practiced in Europe.

Although there is no known method of cultivating the truffle in the sense that it is grown under controlled conditions throughout its life history, foreign truffle bearing regions occasionally are extended and conserved by planting oaks and inoculating the soil with pieces of truffle or soil from fertile areas.

The USDA followed this procedure with imported French oak seedlings. But the incubation period requires from five to ten years and, before any results were noted, the project became a war casualty.

"We had about 50 of these young trees," said pathologist E. B. Lambert. "But, during World War II, they were somewhat neglected and none survived."

"Because of the pressure of other work, we never renewed our interest. But a serious attempt to establish the fungus in the U. S. probably would be successful."

FOOD LOVERS hope so. And one gourmet is optimistic.

"While many scientists are looking upward into space, still others," he reasons, "may someday delve into the mysteries of the earth and discover the secret of the elusive truffle."

A M E R I C A N A

A WASHINGTON, D. C., costume shop reported that since Fidel Castro's revolution in Cuba the demand for false beards has risen 500 per cent.

WHEN WEST WILDWOOD, N. J., officials found they had a surplus of \$35,127 in the town treasury, they hired a consultant to suggest ways of spending the money.

A NEW YORK BUSINESSMAN didn't like the shiftless attitude his son seemed to be developing. He decided to place him on a farm as a hired hand for the summer, to try to draw out a willingness to work.

A few weeks after the young man went to the farm his father called on the farmer to see how his offspring was doing. "Well, let me put it this way," sighed the farmer. "If that boy had one more hand, he'd need a third pocket to put it in."

HERMAN W. KLPSKSA went to Baltimore court to change his name—to John W. Klpsksa.

A GROUP OF PHOENIX, ARIZONA, ministers collected money among themselves for a gift in recognition of a devoted church worker. They bought her a bottle of perfume—My Sin.

A YOUNG TEXAN was telling his Mexican friend how he happened to come to Mexico.

"One pay-day they gave me my deductions instead of my salary, and I got across the border with 'em."

IN FORT DODGE, IOWA, Radio Station KVFD mailed out 1000 pre-election postcards asking voters to list their ballot choices as a straw vote. One card didn't come back to the station until 16 days after the election. Across the bottom of the card, which listed all the winners as choices, was this notation: "Sorry to be so late, but I never make snap decisions."

ACTING on a request from New Orleans authorities, Baton Rouge police arrested a man but let him go when New Orleans authorities said they didn't have the money to come after him.

Should we mark books by authors affiliated with Communist fronts?

A GUIDE TO RED READING

by Fulton Lewis, III

IF YOU HAVE a television set, you may have noticed a recent trend in advertising: Whereas several years ago you may have seen a man dressed as a dentist come on and say, "We dentists know that X-Brand toothpaste kills cavities best!" the story is quite different today. Various codes and regulations have required advertisers to label these commercials as "a dramatization" when the person speaking is **not** a qualified dentist or doctor. The very obvious reasoning behind this is that the person is misrepresenting himself to the viewer, in order to sell a product.

In recent weeks, as news director of Radio Station WJOC, in Jamestown, New York, I have had occa-

sion to visit the local school libraries in connection with a controversy over books written by Communists and members of many Communist-Front Organizations, and the shocking situation I have revealed in Jamestown is existing in nearly every town and city throughout the nation. If you take the time and effort to investigate your own school library, you will find many books there authored by persons who have been affiliated with the Communist Front efforts to subvert our beliefs in God, our nation, and our concepts of freedom. You will find books by Langston Hughes (nearly 80 Front affiliations); James Waterman Wise (nearly 60 Front affiliations); Carey McWilliams (over

40); Louis Adamic, Henry Pratt Fairchild, and Bernhard J. Stern (all over 30 Front affiliations); Robert S. Lynd, Dorothy Parker, and Ella Winter (all with over 20 Communist Front affiliations); and, Henrietta Buckmaster, W. E. B. DuBois, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Thomas Mann, and Howard Fast (all with over 10 Front affiliations).

This material is on the library shelves, for your child to read and absorb, and it is marked in absolutely no way to indicate to the student that the author has been affiliated extensively with these Front Organizations. The natural reaction of parents is to demand that the material be removed from the shelves, and this is what the liberals and Left-Wingers want you to attempt. **Their** reaction then is to launch a campaign against you, calling you a "witch-hunter," a "book-burner," and a "radical."

Attempts to remove material written by Fronters has been tried time and time again, but to no avail . . . and perhaps justly so. We, here in America, should never be **afraid** of material written by enemies of our way of life, but we should **use** it against them, just as they have used our Fifth Amendment, our faith in a supreme being, and our peaceful way of life to our disadvantage.

I remember being shocked upon entering the office of a Senator in Washington, who was currently involved in a great fight against Communism. I noticed on his desk, and

on top of his filing cabinet, literally hundreds of copies of *The Daily Worker*, and other Communist material. When I asked him about this, he replied, "Fulton, the few dollars I have contributed to the Communist cause in purchasing this material has been rewarded a thousand-fold in my knowledge of the Party line from reading the material. Now that I know what the Party line is, I am better able to expose and to destroy it."

GEORGE BEACH MAYBERRY, an ex-Communist, in his testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee on July 1, 1953, stated, "There's no point in taking Communist books off the shelf because the Communists will get them in, in their way." This is true, and we must recognize this fact. The only satisfactory answer is to use this material to our advantage . . . even the Left-Wingers and advocates of unrestricted academic freedom can't argue with this.

Chairman Harold H. Velde of the House Un-American Activities Committee, also in the Mayberry testimony stated, "I have always had the feeling that Communist books—that is, books or any literature written by members of the Communist party—should be read by American students and American citizens, but I also feel they should know what they are reading; and, therefore, if there were some way we could show on the

cover of the book, or otherwise, that it was authored by a Communist Party member, give his history as a Communist Party member."

THIS IS PURE LOGIC. The student has every right to know who is criticizing the American way of life who is talking about civil rights who is taking a defensive stand for the Soviet system . . . and who is discussing world freedom. Advocates of academic freedom could never be opposed to this, because this, in itself, **is** academic freedom.

There must be precautions taken in the marking of this material, however, for we must always be careful when calling a person a Communist or Party sympathizer. Being a Communist—or just pro-Communist—is so bad that to call anyone such is libel *per se* and the caller can be hauled into court for it. If there is ever any doubt in your mind, give the author the benefit of that doubt. Remember, many members of Communist-Front organizations are good, loyal Americans who have been innocently duped into their affiliations. When a person has joined one or two or five or six Front Organizations, there is a possibility that the affiliations were made innocently. When there is a constant pattern of affiliations, however, all concepts of innocence are dispelled, and the person must stand responsible for his actions.

Remember, also, that these per-

sons accused of being affiliated in some way with the Communist conspiracy are always invited to appear before the House Un-American Activities Committee to clear themselves. Their failure to do this usually is an admission of guilt. Many persons have cleared their names, and these persons must be congratulated. One of these is Harry Allen Overstreet, who has since written an anti-Communist book.

Here are some questions I have been asked, in regard to advocating the labeling of books, and my answers:

Q. What is the purpose in labeling books according to the author's affiliations with the Communist Front Organizations?

A. The labeling of these books will give the student an opportunity, first-hand, to see the Communist Front line in action. It will also serve to explain to him why the author is taking his particular stand on vital issues such as civil rights, labor, investigating committees, the FBI, the United Nations, and so on. Indirectly, it will serve as a demoralizing instrument to stop the writing of these authors.

Q. Isn't the student capable of reading this material, and determining for himself whether or not the author's criticism is just or unjust?

A. In reality, no! (But we must for the sake of argument say, "yes.") The Communist line is extremely subtle, and even more complicated. It takes experts on this matter, men

with much training, literally hundreds of hours to determine whether or not an author is preaching the “new” Communist line. For this reason, it is not for the layman to determine whether or not the material, as such, is Communistic. It is a very simple matter, however, to check into the records to see if the author himself or herself, is or has been identified as a Communist, or as a member of many Front Organizations.

Q. Just because portions of a book contain Communist propaganda, should the entire book be labeled as Communist?

A. Once again, we are not labeling the **book** as Communistic, but we are simply adding to the biographical data about the author, stating that he has been affiliated with 40 or 20 or 10 Front Organizations. Insofar as labeling the entire book, we refer to the first paragraph of this article, concerning “a dramatization.” In this case, the entire commercial has been labeled. The person speaking is actually not what he appears to be. He is selling a product under false pretenses. It is not the **product** we are labeling, but merely the **author**. Perhaps Brand X really does kill cavities best (chances are that it doesn’t—if it did, the advertisers wouldn’t have to resort to such methods to sell it—but that is for the consumer to judge for himself). The commercial is labeled “a dramatization” simply to inform the viewer that the “dentist” is real-

ly an actor, and is not qualified to make any judgments concerning the medical value of the product involved.

Q. Well, if we are going to label books as written by a Communist, then why don’t we label them as written by a Democrat or by a Republican, or by a Protestant, or by a Catholic?

A. I am sure that most authors wouldn’t mind if we labeled their books according to their political or religious affiliations, but this would not be important. Communist attempts to classify themselves as Political Party members and as Religious Advocates have been legally discredited and, nationally, are considered “phony.”

THERE IS absolutely no reason for us to consider Communism as anything else except what it is—a conspiracy designed to conquer our government through subversion, treason, and infiltration. No political party, or religious organization which is recognized as such, can be so classified, and there would be no need to label books as having been written by Democrats and Republicans and Protestants and Catholics.

Q. But some of these books have been on the shelves in our library for over 20 years. Why is it suddenly necessary to label them as being written by Communist Front authors?

A. Some of our drivers have been speeding on the highways for twen-

ty years, but recent law enforcement has found it necessary to pass restrictions for the well-being and safety of the community. The Communist conspiracy started before the First World War, but in recent years the threat of Communism has become so great that it is necessary to take precautions that we did not have to take 20 years ago. Cars, 20 years ago, were not equipped with the safety devices they have now. Driving restrictions and regulations were not as strict then as now. By the same means, it was not necessary to label books 20 years ago, but just as the number of traffic deaths has increased, so have the deaths increased on the highway of Communism, and we now must take steps that previously were not necessary.

Q. But what if these Communists begin writing material which is Pro-American? What are we going to do then?

A. First of all, in so doing, the Communists would be defeating their own purpose. For the sake of discussion, however, we will concede this possibility. Then, the case will be no different than it is because the students realize that this is the "Party Line." When the "Party Line" begins coinciding with the **anti**-Communist Line, then the threat of Communism is over. I doubt, sincerely, that this will or can happen. It is basically inconcurrent with the Communist concept of infiltration and subversion. If this

ever were to happen, it would be as confusing to the Communists as to us.

Q. What are our best weapons in this fight against Communism?

A. On the battlefield, our best weapons are our missiles, and, most of all, the ability of our soldiers. When an American tank breaks down, our men have the ability and technical "know-how" to get out and do a make-shift job of getting that tank to operate. The Russians, and the Chinese do not have this ability. When their tank breaks down, they either surrender, die, or try to escape. Our spirit and ability in emergency have won for us every war in which we have been engaged, and will continue to do so when need arises.

IN THIS other battle, however—the battle of words—our best weapon is **truth**. As long as Americans discuss, openly and freely, issues of a controversial nature, they come closer to a realization of **truth**. Communism is based on two ideologies—lies, and lack of truth. As you know there is a great difference between the two. It is possible to be not telling the truth—and yet still not lying. This is the meat of the Communist conspiracy. The Communists thrive on partial truths. By saying that Americans are "underfed," the Communist is not telling a lie, but is certainly not telling the truth. Naturally there are some Americans who are lacking nutri-

tional foods, but to attempt to typify American life by painting this picture is simply not the truth.

The Communists have endeavored to put loyal Americans to sleep with the soft-sounding phrases of "world peace," "civil rights," and other anesthetics. With the nation in a contented frame of mind, they then walk in under the guise of "dogooders" and take over the government.

The sad and shocking measure of their success is that it is not the Communists who beat you over the head when you wake up and say, "What's going on around here?" It is your neighbor, who calls you a rabble-rouser, and a witch-hunter, and complains because **you** awoke **him** from a wonderful dream of "world peace."

This is the main threat to our security, for it is the left-wingers and the liberals who are serving the cause of the Communist conspiracy better than the Communists themselves ever would be able to do. These are the persons who have duped America into staking all her hopes on UNESCO and The United Nations.

Our greatest weapon is truth. But in order to find truth, we must read, discuss, debate, and determine—and this can never be done while asleep. We must sacrifice our ideas of social conformity and adopt once again the old American practice of sticking up for what we believe no matter who says it is wrong.

It would be senseless to label books by Karl Marx, or Joseph Stalin as Communist. These people are well known to us, and we know where they stand.

The others are not well known, however, but they stand in the same corner. These persons have made their affiliations voluntarily, and have been given every opportunity to clear their names. They have stood up for what they believe, and must take the consequences, whether it be a position in the government, when the Soviet Government conquers the United States, or whether it be a position of disgrace when we finally rid our shores of Communism. They have made a choice, and have made it publicly.

Just as they brand good Americans for what they consider good Americans to be, we also must brand good Communists for what we believe them to be.

LABELING of books is only a minor step, but it is an important one. If Brand X is going to put all other toothpastes off the market, let it do so in fair competition, without false claims, and without phony misrepresentations.

When a man, who has voluntarily associated himself with many Communist-Front Organizations, speaks within the covers of a book as a Good American, it very naturally should be labeled as "A Dramatization."

The editors consider this one of the most interesting and enlightening articles ever offered us. In the answers of these great men of science is a forthright rebuttal to the old saw that science and faith are incompatible.

by Joyce Jones

IS IT God's will that we try to get to the moon?"

"Do we have Biblical justification for our exploration of the universe?"

"If the heavens are God's Kingdom, is it morally lawful for us to trespass?"

These and similar questions are continually being asked by concerned individuals as they watch space fiction of yesterday become a reality today.

Some religious leaders take the stand that efforts to build a rocket designed to transport human beings to the moon is comparable to events in the Biblical story of the Tower of Babel.

This structure, they point out, was planned to reach the stars. Instead, the tongues of the builders were changed by God until they spoke in different languages; and their whole project ended in confusion.

Yet, other men of the cloth contend that a journey into outer space would reveal hitherto unsolved

mysteries of the universe, and would thereby increase man's concept of the Kingdom of Heaven.

While ministers present answers to their interpretation of the religious side of space travel laymen also voice their opinions. They, too, argue the pros and cons on variations of the same questions that were asked when Columbus set out to prove that the world is round.

Thus, arguments from religious leaders and laymen of all faiths have been numerous and widespread during the past two years since the first, man-made satellite orbited the earth.

Since the writer works in Huntsville, Alabama—"Rocket City, USA"—she became curious to know if the scientists living there, men whose research for the U.S. Army is responsible for the Jupiters and the Explorers, have definite opinions on any religious angle to their efforts. Are they even interested in speculation over God's approval or disapproval of results in their work?

The most direct way to get answers is to ask questions, so queries were presented to three of the world's outstanding rocket scientists and to their commanding officer at Redstone Arsenal where the U.S. Army's Ordnance Missile Command is located.

THE FIRST TO answer was Professor Herman Oberth, called, "The Father of Modern-day Rocket Theory" and who, at that time, bore the title of Technical Consultant at the Army Ballistic Missile Agency (ABMA) which is part of the Ordnance Missile Command.

QUESTION: Professor Oberth, how long have you believed that man would travel through space?

ANSWER: (with a thick, German accent) Ever since I read a book by Jules Verne over 50 years ago.

Q. Did you think then that man could leave the earth in the manner described in that book?

A. *Nein*. I knew it was impossible to shoot a man thousands of miles from a gun, so I sought other means of getting him into space. Finally, I settled on the reaction principle of rocket thrust.

Q. What did you do in those days to make your ideas known?

A. In 1923, I published my first book, *Rockets in Planetary Space*. But then, nobody took me seriously. World War I was just over and more people were more interested in rockets for military use than for possible space travel.

Q. But since your ideas are being developed in research today, do you think that man himself will be able to travel through space anytime in the near future?

A. *Ja*, I believe that the first manned satellite will leave the earth in about two years.

Q. This brings us to a religious question that many people are now asking. Do you, as a scientist, think that man will thus be invading God's Kingdom?

A. (surprised) Why should outer space be designated as God's Kingdom any more than our earth is? I think that only research can bring us forward in both science and religion; for research brings man closer to God than any expressions of formal religion. And I believe that the more we learn about our universe, the more respect we will have for God, as the Giver of all ideas and not as a snoop parent who is trying to make us stay in one, little world to prove how good or how bad we can be there!

Q. Then, you feel that God has influenced you personally in your scientific work?

A. *Ja*, ideas have to come from somewhere. Why not from God?

Q. Do you, as a scientist, think that God's existence can be proven?

A. Even if we could prove it, that would be bad. If man had the security of knowing from something like mathematical formulae that there is a God, he would not be good on faith and because he likes

to be good. And for this reason, I know it is important for us to continue more and more research into the universe around us. For, the more we learn of its wonders—though we still lack tangible proof of God's existence—the closer we are brought to a realization of our oneness with Spirit.

NEXT TO BE questioned was Dr. Werner von Braun, a former pupil of Professor Oberth's, and now one of the most widely known rocket scientists in the world. At Redstone, Dr. von Braun is Director of the Development Operation Division at ABMA.

Q. Do you think that technology has any relationship to ethics?

A. Technology and ethics are sisters. While technology controls the forces of Nature around us, ethics controls the forces of Nature within us. But while technology is a mere 150 years old, the problems of ethics have occupied the minds of the greatest thinkers on this planet for several thousand years.

I think it is a fair assumption that the Ten Commandments are entirely adequate, without amendments, to cope with all the problems the Technological Revolution not only has brought up, but will bring up in the future. The real problem is not a lack in ethical legislation, but a lack in sufficiently tight day-to-day ethical guidance and control. Prior to the Renaissance, the church applied this tight, individ-

ual guidance to emperor and beggar alike. But when science freed itself from the bonds of religious dogma, thus opening the way for the Technical Revolution, the church lost also much of its influence on the ethical conduct of man.

Q. Then you feel that ethics has an important place in the modern world?

A. By all means. The fact that our life does not have materialistic and intellectual aspects alone is as true today as it was centuries ago. We cannot live without ethical guidance. More than ever before, our survival depends on adherence to ethical principles. Ethics alone will decide whether our fabulous new inventions in the field of atomic energy will provide mankind with an inexhaustible supply of energy and wealth, or whether mankind will perish by its abuse.

Q. You speak often of the future of "mankind"—just how do you distinguish the difference between man and the rest of the animal kingdom?

A. Why, his soul is what distinguishes man from beast! An animal's actions are controlled by its basic urges such as hunger, fear, love and the need for shelter. These urges act upon the animal's glands and his response to the glandular impulses is entirely automatic. In an animal's makeup there is no room for freedom of the will, for searching curiosity, for freedom of

doubt and conflict between urges and ethical standards. An animal does not know that mysterious, little needle called conscious that tells us what is right and what is wrong. Only man has been burdened with the conflicts arising out of being an Image of God cast into the form of an animal. And only on man has been bestowed a soul which enables him to cope with the eternal problems arising out of this conflict.

Q. Then, if you believe that man has a soul, I presume that it would follow that it is everlasting. Is that true?

A. Yes, that's the way I feel. Nothing in nature, not even the tiniest particle, can disappear without a trace. Nature does not know extinction; all it knows is transformation. If God applies this fundamental principle to the most minute and insignificant parts of His universe, it just does not make sense to assume that He would not apply it to the masterpiece of His creation, the human soul.

Q. In line with this conclusion, may I ask what you think about the often-expressed statement that science and religion are hostile and contradictory to each other?

A. It is true that it has been frequently stated that scientific enlightenment and religious belief are incompatible. I consider it one of the greatest tragedies of our times that this stupid and dangerous error is so widely believed. But it is easy

to see why so many people fall for it. We instill in our children a tremendous amount of what we call factual knowledge, but we deny them knowledge of what we do not know. "You can't teach what you don't know yourself," is the cheap excuse. But by not telling the children about nature's mysteries, its infinite number of unexplainable miracles, we deny them that most important dowry for their future life, humility.

Q. Do you feel that modern man worships too much the Golden Calf of material progress?

A. Nothing has probably retarded human progress more than idolatry of our own achievements. By worshiping our own scientific achievements, we kill humility which I spoke of before. By adoring our own technological advancement, we kill the urge to come up with a better product.

Q. FINALLY, I gather from what you have said that you believe that man, with all of his scientific advances, has not outgrown his spiritual needs, and that these spiritual needs are directly connected with man's desire to conquer space?

A. Yes, that's true. Nature around us still harbors many thousand times more unsolved than solved mysteries, and for all our scientific enlightenment we know more mysteries today than when the Technological Revolution began. So there is no reason why God

cannot retain the same position in our modern world that He held before we began probing His creation with telescope and cyclotron. Science and scientists should put this simple but widely unknown truth across to people everywhere. For only with God reinstated in the heart of the world, will He furnish mankind and its leaders the ethical guidance through the dangers and pitfalls of the coming Space Age.

Also asked to contribute his opinions on the relation of religion to possible travel through space was Dr. Ernest Stuhlinger, Chief of the Research Project Laboratories at ABMA, who's idea for an Ion space ship has won him international fame.

Q. Dr. Stuhlinger, why do you think that human beings are destined someday to leave the earth's atmosphere?

A. Because I believe that it is part of man's ultimate destiny to search and look into mysteries—not merely confined to this small planet but spread out in the universe around us.

Q. Do you feel that only the thought patterns of the scientists responsible for it will be changed primarily by knowledge gained from space travel?

A. No, I do not. I believe that when space travel becomes a reality, it will gradually influence the thinking of people in all walks of life. As a matter of fact, I expect it to help purify our religious thought

and to bring us closer to an understanding of the fundamental truths on which theology rests.

Q. You are convinced then, that science and religion present no contradictions?

A. Yes, I have always thought that scientific research—both on our earth and beyond—is not only compatible with true, religious thinking, but that it offers an ideal basis for the development of both philosophic and religious ideas. How could we talk about human destiny in this world unless we tried to learn about our universe as much as we possibly can?

Q. Then you have no fear as to the outcome of discoveries resulting from travel into space?

A. Certainly not. Whatever we will find in outer space, it will only enhance our reverence for nature and its eternal Creator.

WHEN HE WAS asked for his opinion, Major General John Bruce Medaris, the Commanding General of the U.S. Ordnance Missile Command at Redstone readily gave his answers.

Q. General Medaris, as a key military leader in space research, what is your personal faith?

A. My belief in God is such that I have never taken an important step in life without an inner conviction that it was the right thing to do.

Q. Then, do you feel that possible space travel has any religious significance, pro or con?

A. Yes, I certainly do. But I strongly feel that both man's ethical and spiritual stature must be developed at a rate in keeping with our swift technological progress in order that he may apply proper controls to the uses of tremendous forces now at our disposal.

Q. So, it is your opinion that man has spiritual as well as scientific obligations in his search for the unknown?

A. By all means! As the power available to mankind increases, humility and the voice of conscience must also increase. Along with this technical progress, man must also seek for a moral and spiritual regeneration.

Q. Thus, do you think it is man's destiny to answer universal ques-

tions and in so doing, to reveal his own purpose on this earth?

A. Yes, I am convinced that as man learns the secrets of the cosmos, he will come to appreciate more fully the beauty and order of all natural law—law which is responsive to Divine Will.

AMID THE MELEE of opinions with which we are surrounded, it is comforting for the layman to learn thoughts of these men whose work has contributed greatly to the first successful flight of the Explorer from Cape Canaveral.

They believe that man *will* reach outer space. And in so doing this, he *will* fulfill his God-directed destiny to expand the limits of *both* his mind and his soul.

Will Said

Show me ten men that mortgage their land to get money and I will have to get a search warrant to find one that gets the land back again.

Rome had Senators. Now I know why it declined.

You can take a sob story and a stick of candy and lead America right off into the Dead Sea.

Tax-exempt Securities will drive us to the poor house.

You know, it's not what you pay a man but what he costs you that counts.

Why wouldn't it be a good idea to take their ladder away from the "Gliberals" and leave 'em up there?

You see where the Senate took that tax off the sales of stock didn't you? Saved 'em \$48 million. Now why don't somebody investigate the Senate and see who got them to get that tax removed? That would be a real investigation.

(Excerpts from Will Rogers' book, *Sanity Is Where You Find It*, edited by Donald Day, published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.)

Horus, the friendly falcon

A bird of prey became a member of the family

by Arline Thomas

IT WAS JUNE when the Audubon Society received a call from a housewife in Hollis, Long Island saying that she'd found an unconscious bird in her yard. The society gets many such calls. Sometimes (as in this case) it relays them to its "bird ambulance corps," some two dozen members in the suburbs of New York City who take care of injured birds.

For six years now, my husband and I have taken part in this bird-rescue work which was begun because many animal shelters do not handle birds. During this time we've made friends with quite a number—bluejays, crows, starlings and owls—but it wasn't until that summer that we met a heart-stealer like this.

"It's a sparrow hawk," George, my husband, said when he came back with the bird. Cinnamon-colored wings indicated a female, the male's wings being ash blue. A handsome bird, broad-shouldered

and muscular, she hadn't yet reached her full length of 12 inches.

Blood-stains on her face meant she might be injured, so we started to look for the cause. At that she threw herself on her back and slashed out with her sharp talons, screaming wildly: "Kee! Kee! Kee!"

Speaking quietly, while avoiding her claws, George told her we were sorry she'd been hurt. That seemed to soothe her and she got up on her feet.

Before long she had calmed down enough to let George sponge her pretty black-and-white face. There we saw a nasty cut at the base of her beak, which I smeared with a healing ointment. Barely able to fly, she had probably made a crash landing while trying out her wings.

Afterward I held out a strip of raw beef but she backed away from my outstretched hand. I laid it

across one of her claws. She shook it off and scuttled toward a dark corner of the kitchen. We put the meat in front of her and went out of the room.

Looking in later, I watched her swallow the last scrap of beef, then close one eye and sink into an after dinner reverie. Stepping into the room, I moved warily toward her. Suddenly she sprang to life and jumped at me, catching her feet in my dress. Dumbfounded, I let her claw her way to my shoulder. There she perched for a moment, and, settling down, nestled her head against my cheek, firm in the belief that she had found a friend.

This bird, an American version of the old world kestrel, had the *long wings* of those birds of prey, the *falcons*. Calling her a "sparrow hawk"—that *short-winged accipiter* found in Europe—is a mixup that dates back to colonial days when the hard-pressed settlers of this continent (with little time to study its wildlife) misnamed some of our native birds. The name still sticks, in spite of protesting ornithologists.

UNFORTUNATELY, this mistake has cost thousands of her kin their lives. Ordinarily, the only birds called hawks are the accipiters, the short-winged chicken-and-bird fanciers, such as our Sharp-shin, Cooper's Hawk and Goshawk. But the early settlers called most day-flying birds of prey "hawks" and shot

them. In spite of the fact that many "hawks" destroy a whopping amount of harmful rodents and insects, their shooting continues.

With an historical pedigree to distinguish her, our kestrel was indeed an aristocrat. We named her, Horus, after the bird-headed god of the Egyptians to whom her ancestors were sacred.

At night we kept Horus caged but daytimes she was free in the kitchen. In the beginning, when she could make only weak brief flights, she worked out a way to get on our table: from the floor, to a chair rung, to the table, via the garbage can. Later—after many failures—she achieved the curtain rod.

From a perch we made for her on the window sill, Horus could see into the garden. Here she preened for hours, pulling each pale breast feather through her beak, smoothing the red-brown plumage of her back, like a queen arranging her robes. Now and then she would slowly raise her pointed wings, showing their striking underside markings of cream and brown. Those streamlined wings of hers make for lightning speed, the reason her Old World relatives are sometimes used to hunt small game.

Typical of a falcon, Horus' big brown eyes were very different from the wild yellow ones of a short-winged hawk. Alert, but gentle as a deer's, they seemed friendly and expressive.

Once her keen falcon eyes had me running around in circles. Perched on the back of a kitchen chair, Horus was looking into the dining-room. Suddenly she began stretching her neck and wildly bobbing her head. That meant she had spied something! A mouse, maybe? I peered under the table and shook the draperies. Kneeling down, I followed her gaze to a spot on the floor. Nearly 15 feet away was an ant carrying a crumb along the baseboard!

Watching bugs, dogs, cars and me, as well as tidying her feathers, took up a good part of Horus' day. The rest was spent in games and flying practice. Very tame, friendly with strangers, she seemed to enjoy sitting on people's heads. She often perched on George's head but after she slipped and used her talons for brakes, he started shooing her away.

But mine, where she could use her creative talents, was a favorite playground. Anchoring her talons in my coiled braids, she pulled out loops of hair to give a scalloped, ringletted look. After that, she would strut around on top, eyeing the effect.

For a while at least there was no need for Horus to hunt; instead she lived on a daily diet of beef and cod-liver oil. Twice a week I got her a chicken head from my butcher, which she ate, feathers and all. (She had to have some fur or feathers occasionally to stimulate her digestive juices and cleanse her stomach.)

Horus had been queening it in our kitchen for over a month when one evening a neighbor brought me a box containing a bird that had nearly been run over by a car. I came indoors with the box. Horus, with her usual curiosity, flew to my shoulder while I opened it. Together we peered inside and saw—another sparrow hawk!

This newcomer, I judged, was about three weeks old. Although it couldn't fly yet, it didn't seem hurt. As I picked it up, it puffed itself into a ball and began to hiss, the way birds of prey often do when frightened.

"Now you've got a playmate, Horus," I said, hoping the youngster would feel more at ease when it saw her.

With hurt surprise, she watched me offer the newcomer a piece of her meat. Then she whirled and grabbed it away. She had already been fed, so I knew she wasn't hungry. But, absorbed with the younger bird, I thought little about her jealous action.

To help them get better acquainted, I put the two birds near each other on the floor. Horus stepped back and glared at the other bird. Shrieking wildly, she blasted the intruder with unmistakable fury. A moment later, with head lowered and wings partly open, she began to stamp her feet. Every so often she would jerk her tail and jump into the air. Suddenly, she lunged at the unwary youngster

with an outstretched claw but I snatched the bird away. Afterwards, I realized she had been doing a sort of war dance, working herself into a frenzy before attacking her rival.

By August, Horus was nearly full grown, with a wingspread of 23 inches. She seemed perfectly content to stay on with us but we knew she couldn't. There's a \$100 fine in New York State for harming her useful breed or keeping any of them captive. We *had* to let her go as soon as she could take care of herself. Besides, we realized she would be better off leading the wild life for which she was meant.

It was a painful moment when one afternoon, we decided to set Horus free. Her playful habit of sitting on people's heads made it too dangerous to release her in our neighborhood. Instead we took her about ten miles away to the Jamaica Bay Wildlife Refuge.

In a sunny spot, George put

Horus on my wrist and hurriedly took a snapshot. Then he waited for her to soar happily off, but she clung to my arm. For ten minutes, I walked up and down, telling her about the joys of freedom. "Kee-kee-kee?" she inquired doubtfully. She couldn't understand why her friends wanted her to leave them. Once she raised her long wings and I thought she was ready to go. But she folded them and turned to me with such a sorrowful look in her expressive brown eyes, I swallowed a lump in my throat.

At last I had to throw her into the air. Flying to a nearby tree, she perched on a dead branch. An hour later, when we started for home, she was still sitting forlornly in the tree.

George noticed I was downcast. "She'll soon get used to the outdoor life," he solaced. And I knew she would. But I wondered about Queen Horus—would she miss her human court?

India Indeed

The year 1959 appears to be a happy year for India—the United States has just granted her another \$350 million. During the last ten years, *India has received one billion, 375 million dollars in aid, from American Taxpayers.* At about the time this latest gift was made, India announced the discovery of oil in gusher-type wells.

Following this strike, it was announced that arrangements had been made with Russia to build an oil refinery and that Russia would furnish additional material for more drilling operations.

This attitude of India in taking United States dollars and buying products from Russia is not new. It is a common practice, and yet many stalwart defenders of Foreign Aid giveaway programs still maintain it helps the United States foreign trade to spend millions of dollars that eventually go to buy Russian products.—CONGRESSMAN WINT SMITH

JAVITS WOULD SILENCE SUPREME COURT CRITICS

by John Lines

SENATOR Jacob K. Javits of New York, who is the mouthpiece in the Senate of some of the most objectionable Left-Liberal groups in the country, has thought up a way to silence the patriotic organizations.

Javits inserted his gag provision in his so-called anti-hate bombings resolution which he introduced in the Senate on January 9, (S.125). Tucked away in this innocent-seeming resolution is a provision which would make it illegal for anti-Communist and conservative groups to solicit money through the mails if said groups are critical of the decisions of the Supreme Court.

The gag provision is explicit.

S.125, if enacted, would authorize "exclusion from the mails of matter relating to the solicitation of funds for . . . certain unlawful activities." It is when these activities are defined that the true malice of the bill becomes apparent. "Unlawful activities" are described as "interfering with the execution of any Federal statute or with the decree, order, judgement or mandate of any Federal court."

Coming down to cases, this would mean that a reputable organization of Southern States citizens which publishes criticism of the integration decision of the Frankfurter-Warren Supreme Court could be denied use of the mails. Or, to take another situation, it would close the mails to a veteran or patriotic organization which dared to criticize the Supreme Court for its series of decisions weakening the anti-Communist laws. There would be almost no limit to which a headline-hunting Left-Liberal prosecutor could go in hounding and silencing genuine anti-Communist groups if this Javits bill should secure passage. It could also be used to blackmail conservative magazines and newspapers to remain silent on the Supreme Court, under threat of prosecution.

The dangerous provisions of this resolution were immediately recognized by Col. Eugene C. Pomeroy, official of the research department of the Liberty Lobby, a Washington patriotic organization. The Liberty Lobby has issued an alert to American-minded groups throughout the country to take steps to defeat this un-American and fascistic proposal.

Do You Know?

► The Conspirators continue The Plan to have “their organizations” lead the taxpayers into the barns where they will be “milked” and “beefed.”

► Our present “alien controlled immigration” is weakening us. It serves the Communist conspiracy. It makes these United States a human dumping ground. There are now 7 million people **illegally** in our country!

► Five billion dollars will be spent this year to pay farmers for not growing food and to underwrite unprofitable ventures. 2,210 farmers have received subsidy loans in excess of \$10,000 each.

► Just as alloys make metals stronger, so an admixture of Truth makes Praise sweeter and Character better.

► MERCURY knows the name of the foreigner who was brought into the United States by Owen Lattimore in 1950. Did that man, who was immediately taken to Johns Hopkins University, arrange for President Ike's brother to become President of Johns Hopkins University?

► Taxpayers remember that observers say that U.S.A. stands for United Saps of America.

► **Birds of a feather:** While in the U.S.A., Anastas Mikoyan visited with James Roosevelt. He expressed regret at not being able to accept Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's invitation to visit her in Hyde Park. Adding to his remarks he said: **“Roosevelt is a very good name in the Soviet Union.”** The New York *Daily News* in commenting on this interview said: “It sure as shooting should be. F.D.R. recognized Stalin's Red government when it was on the ropes in 1933; poured \$11 billion worth of lend-lease goods into Russia in World War II; paved the way at Tehran and Yalta for Stalin's huge postwar land grabs. F.D.R.'s Congressman son is now trying to kill the House Committee on Un-American Activities, one of the domestic Reds' most dangerous enemies. At least, we are glad to learn that Mikoyan can show gratitude where gratitude is owed.”

► Life is a fight and if you are not in it actively there's something wrong.

► The only money that goes as far today as it did in 1940 is the nickel that rolls under the bed.

► Last year the U.S. Government made a free gift of \$10,400,000,000 to private commerical banks. 72 per cent of it went to 2 per cent of our banks. \$2,300,000,000 were given to 17 banks in New York City. (See article by Congressman Patman in this issue.)

► In April, 1949, Dr. J. B. Matthews, Counsel for the Illinois Legislative Commission investigating **Communism at Chicago University**, gave evidence that some 60 professors and professors emeritus then at Rockefeller-financed Chicago University had 465 affiliations with 135 Communist fronts. For those who have forgotten, the President and then Chancellor of the University of Chicago for a total of 22 years was Robert M. Hutchins, who now shines as President of the convertible Fund For The Republic. The Fund For The Republic is financing the Mike Wallace Interview Series on ABC Television. And it was at a Mike Wallace Interview on May 4, 1958, that Cyrus Eaton lent such a hand to the Communists' "Operation Abolition," whereby they hope to get rid of our Congressional Security Committees and the FBI.

► Swallowing angry words is much easier than having to eat them.

► One of the left hooks dished out to the American people by the movie industry last year was: 15 inter-racial pictures. Anyone studying the product from Hollywood will wind up with an unfavorable opinion of the Americans.

► Do you know that many in New York State are saying: "On the Rocks with Rocky"?

► **Time:** The destiny that shapes the ends of men, and ends the shapes of women. . . .

► One cannot triumph over a nation that resolves to defend itself.

► The anti-Christ is furnishing and encouraging Red China to drop the first Hydrogen Bomb.

► The Pharisees have a particular hatred of woman. Note their vile and depraved attempts to destroy or degrade her.

Those in West Berlin are grateful that,
for the present at least, they are free

Berlin Looks To The Future

by Ann C. Haeseler

PARIS AND GAIETY have always been associated in our minds. It would sound strange, however, to hear one speak of "Gay Berlin." Yet it is true that there is real merry-making in this city whose population has been sitting on a powder keg ever since the end of World War II.

In fact more gaiety is found in what is left of this once-proud capital of Germany than in the beautiful city on the Seine. Many night clubs in Paris would have gone out of business long ago were it not for the foreigners who patronize them during the tourist season. In Berlin, on the other hand, there is scarcely enough space to accommodate the local population in their places of amusement. Night clubs, theatres and moving picture houses are crowded. The sidewalk cafés do a booming business.

Every Berliner speaks with nostalgia of prewar days for many of their most beautiful excursion spots as well as their tiny week-end shacks and gardens in East Berlin are now forbidden territory. Occa-

sionally a West Berliner, drifting along dreamily in his sailboat has come too close to the "democratic sector" whence a bullet whizzed through the Sunday calm and put a sudden end to his life.

The people in West Berlin have lived with danger so long that, in order to hold on to their sanity, they have learned to pretend that all is well. Their compatriots in Western Germany seem to be more anxious about the future than the West Berliners who endure, daily, the constant threats of the communist regime "around the corner."

People are happy and grateful that, for the present at least, they are free. Life is lived to the hilt. For those who have money, it is there to spend, to spend quickly. Having lost their possessions at the end of the war, it makes no sense to them to save. *Carpe diem* is their motto for who knows what the morrow may bring.

Berliners have a *savoir-vivre* all their own. Although they work hard six days of the week, they take in all the pleasures they can afford.

Besides, the people like to enjoy quiet hours of leisure at home in the family circle. The afternoon nap is still an important nonactivity. Television fortunately has not yet taken the place of conversation. There are frequent *Kaffeeklatsches* with family and friends, and many people have balconies where they relax behind their geranium boxes.

In spite of all this outward show of gaiety and calm, I am convinced that fear is lurking constantly, somewhere, in the mind of every Berliner. Whenever I addressed large groups of people, during my year in Berlin, some would come up to me afterwards to ask whether I was *quite* sure that my country would stand with West Berlin in her determination to remain free.

"Tell your people, back home, that we'd rather be dead than slaves," they would say.

AGAIN AND AGAIN they told me, in great detail, about the horrors of the past which they could not forget. There were the stories of the bombings followed by the artillery bombardment preceding the Russian invasion. But the most frightful of them all was the story of the brutal rape of Berlin when the Russians swarmed into the defeated city.

Every time I met a woman in Berlin I found it hard to believe that she, too, had shared the nightmare. After going native in this city for a year, I felt that few were spared.

In never-ending variations they told their story, grimly and with shocking frankness. These women have survived a past that is no secret to any Berliner. They feel no shame for the choice had not been theirs when they fell victim to the wild hordes of savages that stormed into their battered capital. There was no age limit, up or down. Children of 12 or women past 80 endured the same fate. A pounding on the door and the call: "*Frau, komm!*" (Woman, come!) was repeated all over Berlin from house to house, from cellar to cellar. Men who tried to protect their women were quickly disposed of. The intruders had no interest in privacy. Often husbands and children stood terrified while the wife and mother was attacked.

Many young women smeared ashes on their faces to make themselves look old and unattractive. Some pretended to be suffering from a contagious disease. Others hid for weeks in closets, behind the furniture or in the coal bin, in the cellar. The daring ones put up a desperate fight and attacked their assailants. But few of these escaped.

The most attractive women quickly became special favorites with the Russians. Often one of the "visitors," who had queued up outside the door of these unfortunates, would find that the victim had become a corpse.

The rapings occurred not only in the home and cellars but also in the

streets, in broad daylight. The woman would suddenly be seized and subdued. No one dared respond to her frantic calls for help.

In the hospitals nurses were abused and women patients dragged from their beds. Members of religious orders were not spared. I spent one Sunday afternoon in the headquarters of the Protestant "Sisters." These Sisters, in Berlin, went from house to house on their bicycles in order to perform their errands of mercy. There, in the deaconry, I was told a shocking story of brutality:

When the Russians pounded on the door, the aged pastor went to meet them. "We are people of God," he said. A shot rang out. Some of the Sisters rushed out to the door. One caught the pastor as he fell, mortally wounded. More shots were fired, wounding two of the Sisters. The Russians were full of vodka. Half crazed, they pursued the women from room to room.

THERE WERE TIMES, however, when women could reason with the intruders. A mother told me of the "bargain" she had made with the Russians. She had pleaded with the two officers, who had moved into her home, to take her and spare her two young daughters. Her husband, an engineer, had already been persuaded to let her make the sacrifice. Her "guests" agreed provided she would do a good job cooking, cleaning and

washing for them. She did and the Russians kept their part of the bargain.

From a young mother I heard the following amazing story. Her baby was born in the basement of a hospital while the Russians were taking over Berlin. Somehow, she dragged herself home, across the rubble, with her new-born child. When she arrived, she found four Russians looting the house. Another was pointing a gun at her aged father who stood, hands up, against the wall of the living room.

The moment the Russians saw her, they concentrated on her and the baby. The pale, trembling woman was put to bed. One Russian ran out to bring back the blankets that had already been loaded on a truck. Carefully he wrapped her and the baby, giving each a smile and a gentle pat as he finished. Another got milk from somewhere. As long as the Russians stayed in this house they showed the same solicitude for the mother and child. The rest of the family benefitted. To this day the child is called "our lifesaver."

One never knew what to expect from the Russians. They could be friendly and trigger-happy at almost the same moment. Many Germans told me that in the middle of a conversation, such as it was, they would suddenly start shooting at something or somebody without any particular reason. It was important not to appear scared. The Russians

seemed to enjoy shooting at people who feared them, while they respected those who asserted themselves. This did not hold true when they were drunk. And I was told that most of them were drunk most of the time, especially during the first few weeks of the occupation when, flushed with the delirious joy of victory, they had all of Berlin to themselves.

The West Germans were spared the horror of the Russian invasion. Often I wonder whether they quite realize the price the Berliners have paid and are still paying. The women of Berlin have paid a special price.

THE WOMEN, of West Berlin, in 1959, are filled with hope and courage. They have emerged from the limited sphere of *Kinder*, *Kueche* and *Kirche* (children, kitchen and church) to which they had been assigned in prewar days, to a large extent. Many have had to assume the role of provider for the family. Besides, common suffering has given them a strong sense of civic responsibility.

Through their women's clubs and churches they devote time and energy to giving material aid and spiritual comfort to many of the unfortunate refugees who pour into the city daily or to those who have slipped across the border for just a day in order to escape, for a few precious hours, from the nightmare of life in the East. As one such

woman said, "I'll be checked at the border but they can't take away from me the five oranges I have eaten nor the memory of the happy, kindly faces nor the hope that freedom will some day return to us."

Evidence of this hope for the future of Berlin is found in the feverish pace of rebuilding that goes on all over the city, 12 and more hours a day. Many a house that was a mere skeleton with staircases and bathroom fixtures dangling crazily, when I first arrived, is now a fine, modern structure and the new tenants do not let themselves think of those who once lived and died in the ruins that occupied this very spot.

Fear is still there but hope and the will to live as a free people are stronger than fear. Many Berliners point with pride and joy to the new Hilton Hotel. It is, to them, one more sign that America, too, has faith in the future of Berlin.

I believe, firmly, that, to the Berliners, no sacrifice would be too great a price to pay for the freedom they cherish so highly. Would that we, who take all our blessings for granted and who often feel that distance has made us secure, could have the same constant awareness of the danger and feel the same grim determination to remain free as do the people of West Berlin! In these days, when man has conquered space, the danger is "around the corner" for us as well as for them.

A REAL SHOCKER

By E. Van Keele

FOR A REAL SHOCKER, outdoing the pocket-size crime thrillers in its power to send chills down your spine, you can read the report of the Committee on Un-American Activities, House of Representatives, 86th Congress, for February 16, 1959. The title of the report is "Communist Legal Subversion The Role of the Communist Lawyer." In it are identified as Communist Party members 39 attorneys, practicing in California, New York, Maryland, Washington, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Washington, D. C. and Hawaii. New Jersey was represented by two, New York by eight, California by 23, the other states by one each, Hawaii by one.

New York's quota of agents of the Communist Party, "who, by gaining entry into the legal profession are in a unique position to serve as instruments for those who would pervert the very democratic processes a lawyer is sworn to defend" include John J. Abt, David M. Freedman, Frank J. Donner, Harry M. Justiz, Harry Sacher, Robert J. Silberstein, Abraham Ungar and Nathan Witt.

New Jersey's two, identified as Communist Party members, are Abraham J. Isserman and Leon Josephson. Harriet Bouslog was the Hawaii attorney so identified; Maurice Louis Braverman was the Maryland contribution to the rogues' gallery of Party Members; John Caughlan, Washington State; David Rein, Washington, D. C.; Allan R. Rosenberg, Massachusetts; Hyman Schlesinger, Pennsylvania; California was ingloriously represented by George R. Andersen, Selma Mickels Bachelis, Benjamin Dreyfus, Bertram Edises, Pauline Epstein, J. Allan Frankel, Charles R. Garry, Richard Gladstein, Aubrey W. Grossman, Charles J. Katz, Seymour Mandel, Ben Margolis, John T. McTernan, John W. Porter, Rose S. Rosenberg, Samuel Rosenwein, Richard L. Rykoff, Esther Shandler, Laurence R. Sperber, Fred H. Steinmetz, Jack Tenner, Robert E. Treuhaft and Doris Brin Walker (Mrs. Mason Roberson).

These 39, the "elite corps" of Communist lawyers who have promoted the Party's cause in the courts, in Congress and in govern-

ment agencies, seem few compared to the overwhelming majority of patriotic attorneys.

The committee stresses that they should not be permitted to cast discredit on the others. "On the other hand," it states in its conclusion, "the paucity of lawyers publicly identified as Communists must not be interpreted as meaning that their influence is insignificant and without danger.

"Any attempt to judge the influence of Communists by their numbers, according to Dr. Frederick Schwarz, executive director of the international Christian Anti-Communist Crusade, is like trying to determine the validity of the hull of the boat by relating the area of the holes to the area which is sound. One hole can sink the ship. One person in a sensitive position can control, manipulate and, if necessary, destroy thousands of others."

THE COMMITTEE emphasizes "that it has never conducted an investigation solely directed toward determining the nature and extent of Communist subversion through the instrumentality of the legal profession. The Committee nevertheless believes that this report, even though limited to evidence obtained incidentally in the course of other investigations, offers more than ample grounds for prompt action by those who would preserve the high standards of the American bar."

Another report well worth the

citizen's study is the Supplemental Report of the American Bar Association Special Committee on Communist Tactics, Strategy and Objectives; it is similar to but more critical of Communism than was its 1957 Report. This 1958 report, when made, was not released to the press, but Senator Styles Bridges received a copy from a friend in California and at once asked consent that the report be printed in the Congressional Record in order to share it with his colleagues (and the public). There was no objection and the Report was printed in the Record dated Friday, August 22, 1958. A copy may be obtained through your senator or representative, or a reprint can be purchased (20¢) from *American Opinion*, Belmont 78, Massachusetts.

Another report of interest is "Limitation of Appellate Jurisdiction of the United States Supreme Court", S.2646, Appendix IV to Part 2, A Study entitled "The Supreme Court as an Instrument of Global Conquest" by SPX Research Associates and Submitted to the Internal Subcommittee in Connection With its Hearings on S.2646." Published February 19-21, 25-28, March 3, 4, 1958.

A reprint of this document can be obtained (15¢) from Education Information, Inc., P.O. Box 231, Fullerton, California. It originally was published as Appendix IV, a 16 page supplement to the Hearings on Senate Bill S.2646.

Nikola Tesla:

INCREDIBLE SCIENTIST

His genius sparked a revolution in electrical invention

by Morrison Colladay

ONE MORNING, some years ago, lower Manhattan began to shake. It was like an earthquake. Water pipes burst, plaster fell from ceilings, windows cracked. The vibration grew stronger. People rushed into the streets from the neighboring tenements.

Police headquarters in Mulberry Street had little doubt as to where it was all coming from. A squad rushed to the loft building on Houston Street where Nikola Tesla had his laboratory. They had had experience with Tesla before.

They didn't wait for the elevator but took the stairs. As they burst into the laboratory the building was swaying as if the walls might crash at any moment. They saw a tall man pick up a sledge hammer and smash a small machine attached to a column in the middle of the room. At once the noise and vibration ceased.

Tesla was always secretive about his inventions and he refused to reveal anything about the now hopelessly shattered machine which had

caused the miniature earthquake. There have been many attempts by other scientists to explain the violent effects it produced that morning, but none of the explanations were very convincing.

Tesla later described what he called his "telegeodynamic oscillator," presumably a similar machine. "It is so powerful," he said, "that I could now go over to the Empire State Building and reduce it to a tangled mass of wreckage in a very short time. I could accomplish this result with utmost certainty and without any difficulty whatever. I would use a small mechanical vibrating device, an engine so small you could slip it in your pocket. I could attach it to any part of the building, start it in operation, allowing 12 or 13 minutes to come to full resonance. The building would first respond with gentle tremors and the vibrations would then become so powerful that the structure would go into resonant oscillations of such great power and amplitude that rivets in the steel beams would

be loosened and sheared off. The outer stone coating would be thrown off and the skeleton steel structure would collapse in all its parts."

IN THE FACE of claims of this sort and Tesla's refusal to give details and specifications of his discoveries, the natural impulse of the average man is to label him a charlatan. Before going further it will be well to emphasize that in spite of his eccentricities and all evidence to the contrary, there is no question that he was one of the greatest scientists. Whatever the layman may think of him, other scientists have no doubt of his quality. His achievements were recognized during his lifetime by all the world's scientific societies. He was awarded the Nobel prize and refused it.

As he grew older he became even more suspicious and secretive. He never trusted his assistants with any information about his projects. They simply followed his instructions with very little understanding of the purpose of their work.

He never put anything of importance on paper; all details of his inventions he carried in his head. When he was found dead in his hotel room, in 1943, agents of the FBI immediately impounded all the material in his safe because of reported secret inventions that would be of use in the war.

Probably Tesla's lifelong reticence and distrust of the men with

whom and for whom he worked were due to certain disillusioning experiences he had had as a young man. There is considerable evidence that he was victimized more than once by the men over him.

Tesla was born in 1857 in what is now Yugoslavia. As a young man he worked in the telegraphic engineering department of the Austrian government and later as engineer for an electrical company in Budapest. From there he went to the Continental Edison Company in Paris.

There was a serious accident at the railway station in Strassburg where the Continental Edison Company had established a power house and an electric lighting system. During its dedication in the presence of the Emperor William, an explosion due to a short circuit blew out a wall and caused extensive damage. Threatened with the repudiation of a contract and a lawsuit as well, the company sent Tesla to Strassburg to soothe ruffled tempers and get the installation in working order. He was promised, according to his own story, a bonus of several thousand dollars if he succeeded. However, when the time came for him to collect his bonus, he could find no one in the company who had authority to carry out the agreement. One of his friends in the company, a man named Batchellor who was also a friend of Thomas A. Edison, suggested that America would be a

much better place for a brilliant young man to have a successful career. He gave Tesla a letter of introduction to Edison.

Tesla sold his books and few possessions to raise money for his passage to America. As his train was about to pull out of the Paris station, he discovered that his luggage had vanished and also his wallet containing his money and steamship ticket. He hesitated as to what he should do; but he knew he would miss the boat if he didn't take that train. He had enough loose change in his pockets to pay his railway fare; and when he explained the situation to the ship's officers, and no one else turned up to claim his reservations, he was permitted to sail.

HE ARRIVED in New York with no money but with Batchelor's letter to Edison still in his possession, and he soon had a job at the Edison laboratory in West Orange.

There have been several versions of the beginning of Tesla's trouble with Edison—trouble which had reverberations down the years in the electrical industry. Edison was a shrewd business man. Tesla was a foreigner, not too familiar with the English language, touchy by nature or by experience and never an easy man to work with.

Some of the facts were undisputed. Tesla was a valuable man in the design and operating departments of the Edison plant and re-

peatedly was promoted, but with no substantial increase in salary. He found many ways in which the dynamos Edison was making could be improved in design to increase output and lower operating costs. He outlined his plans to Edison who told him to go ahead, adding, "There's \$50,000 for you if you do it."

What happened is related by John J. O'Neill in his biography of Tesla, *Prodigal Genius*:

Tesla designed 24 types of dynamos, eliminating the long core field magnets then in use and substituting the more efficient short cores, and provided some automatic controls on which patents were taken out. Months later when the task was finished and some of the new machines built and tested and found measuring up to his promises, Tesla asked to be paid the \$50,000. Edison replied, "Tesla, you don't understand our American humor."

Tesla was shocked to discover that what he thought was a specific promise was being tossed aside as merely a standard practical joke of the day. He received not a penny of compensation for the new designs and inventions, nor for the tremendous amount of overtime, beyond the none too generous weekly pay. He resigned his job immediately.

Undoubtedly the Strassburg and Edison experiences embittered Tesla. Times were hard and he could not find another job. For a year he worked as a day laborer, digging

ditches. Finally the foreman of the gang on which he was working became impressed by what Tesla told him of his inventions. Through this man, an officer of the Western Union Telegraph Company became interested. A corporation known as the Tesla Electric Company was formed. Its laboratory was on the street which is now West Broadway. Here, in these modest quarters, started the war which split the electrical industry for years and in which Tesla was ultimately the victor.

While it lasted it was a tremendous war between the advocates of systems of direct and alternating electric current. Edison was on the direct current side. He had power houses operating in several cities and he was backed by J. P. Morgan.

Alternating current was no more than a scientific curiosity until Tesla's inventions made its use possible. He had discovered the fundamental principles on which his system was based—that of the revolving magnetic field—before he left Europe. Now he produced three systems of alternating current machinery, dynamos, motors, transformers, distribution systems, for which he was granted seven patents in 1887. The following year he was granted five more and an additional 18 later.

Direct current could be supplied only within a mile of a power house. Tesla's motors, however, used alternating current which could be

transmitted hundreds of miles.

The electrical industry quickly realized that a revolution was in the making. Tesla was invited to deliver a lecture before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. This time he put reticence aside and described in detail the electrical system which today is in operation all over the world and which makes present day civilization possible.

TESLA NEEDED a man with vision and money to commercialize his system. The man appeared in the form of George Westinghouse, head of the Westinghouse Electric Company of Pittsburgh. Ten years older than Tesla, he had made a fortune out of his airbrake and other inventions. He hunted up Tesla.

"I will give you one million dollars cash for your alternating current patents, plus royalty," he said.

"If you will make the royalty one dollar per horsepower, I will accept the offer," Tesla replied.

"A million cash, a dollar horsepower royalty," Westinghouse repeated.

"That is acceptable," said Tesla.

"Sold," said Westinghouse. "You will receive a check and a contract in a few days."

This transaction, and the million dollars, undoubtedly restored—temporarily—Tesla's faith in human nature.

There is some dispute about the bonus feature of the contract. According to Tesla's story, Westing-

house got into trouble over this clause. Extended operations in a period of financial depression made a reorganization of the Westinghouse Company and a merger with several smaller concerns advisable. Plans were worked out but made contingent on the cancellation of Tesla's bonus contract. Westinghouse put the matter up to Tesla. Tesla, grateful to Westinghouse, agreed. He thus relinquished millions of dollars in royalties.

Westinghouse officials dispute some features of this story, but it is fairly certain that the first million dollars was all that Tesla actually received for his patents.

In 1891, Tesla was sitting on top of the world. He was young, rich, distinguished. At the Waldorf and Delmonico's certain tables were always reserved for him. He gave fabulous dinner parties with the most prominent people in the city as his guests. After dinner he would conduct them to his laboratory where he put on exhibitions that were much more astonishing than those of professional magicians.

Many have told of what happened on these occasions. Doubtless some of the weirder machines he exhibited had no other use than to startle his visitors. However, there was no deception when he allowed hundreds of thousands of volts of electricity to pass through his body to light a lamp or melt a wire which he held in his hand.

HIS FAME went round the world. European scientific societies invited him to lecture before them. The Westinghouse Electric Company, using Tesla's system, supplied all the electricity for lighting and power at the Chicago World's Fair of 1892. Tesla had an enormously popular exhibition of his own at the Fair.

The successful harnessing of Niagara Falls by the installation of his polyphase generating system added to Tesla's reputation. In 1894-95 he built what was probably the first radio transmitting and receiving station. His objective was not only to send and receive messages without wires but to transmit power in the same way. Messages were sent from his laboratory on Houston Street in New York to a Hudson River boat 25 miles north of the city. There is no question as to the date because the results of his experiments were announced officially in the *Electrical Review* of July 9, 1897.

One of Tesla's most sensational projects was to light up the whole sky at night so it would be as bright as day. He believed this was possible because while the air at sea level pressure is practically a nonconductor of electricity, when it is rarefied as it is at a considerable height above the earth, like other gases under the same conditions, it is an efficient conductor. His plan was to conduct high frequency currents to a height of 35,000 feet where they would

cause the entire atmosphere to become luminous. The apparent hitch in the scheme was a method of conducting the high frequency current to the place where it was supposed to go to work. Tesla claimed that he had devised a way to do this; but he never revealed what it was. This secret died with him, as did others.

THINGS NOW WERE going badly with him. After he received his million dollars from Westinghouse he began to live like a prince—and he continued to do so all the rest of his life, whether or not he had any money. It was sometimes difficult when he was actually penniless, but he proved that, for him, it was not impossible.

He received immense sums from friends for his research, but he was not interested in commercializing his inventions. He intended to do so, sometime in the future; but always he was so intent upon new discoveries that he couldn't bother to make money. He fully expected to live 150 years, so there was no hurry. On several occasions he was evicted from hotels because he couldn't pay his bills. Usually when things got as bad as that, some friend would give him 25 or 50 thousand dollars and a new era of wonderful laboratories and extravagant living would ensue.

At the first Electrical Exhibition in 1898, Tesla built a large tank in the middle of the arena and in this he placed an iron hulled boat fur-

nished with a radio receiving set and numerous motors. A metal rod extending upward received the radio impulses he sent from the far end of the arena. Any visitor could tell him what he wanted the boat to do—start, stop, back, steer in a certain direction—and immediately the boat would execute the maneuver.

Tesla went on to develop, on the same plan, a robot man. For this, he was granted a patent. He tried without success to interest the War Department in his wireless-controlled machines.

He wrote: "In 1896, I designed a complete machine capable of a multitude of operations, but the consummation of my labours was delayed until later in 1897. This machine was illustrated and described in my article in the *Century Magazine* of June, 1900, and other periodicals of that time, and when first shown in the beginning of 1898 it created a sensation such as no other invention of mine has ever produced.

"In November, 1898, a basic patent was granted to me, but only after the Examiner in Chief had come to New York and witnessed the performance, for what I claimed seemed unbelievable. I remember that when I later called on an official in Washington with a view of offering the invention to the government, he burst out laughing upon my telling him what I had accomplished. Nobody thought then

that there was the faintest prospect of perfecting such a device . . .

"In an imperfect manner it is practicable with the existing wireless plants to launch an aeroplane, have it follow an approximate course and perform some operation at a distance of many hundreds of miles. A machine of this kind can be controlled mechanically in several ways and I have no doubt that it may prove of some usefulness in war . . .

"By installing proper plants it will be practicable to project a missile of this kind into the air and drop it almost on the very spot designated, which may be thousands of miles away."

This was written many years ago, remember.

Tesla had constructed larger and larger oscillators in his Houston Street laboratory, until with one producing 4,000,000 volts he arrived at the limit of safety for a city building. He needed a structure in the wide open spaces where he could build even larger coils. As usual he was broke. However, one of his friends—Crawford, of the drygoods firm of Simpson and Crawford—came to his rescue with a gift of \$10,000. Curtis of the Colorado Springs Electric Company offered him land for a laboratory and all the electric power he would need.

This was the beginning of the Colorado Springs project about which so much has been written and about which so little is actually

known. He needed still more money, and another friend, John Jacob Astor, came up with \$30,000.

TESLA took several of his assistants and proceeded to Colorado Springs. The fantastic building he constructed to house his giant oscillator has often been described. Its most striking feature was an 80 foot tower from which projected a mast 200 feet high, surmounted by a copper ball three feet in diameter.

The first time he started his new oscillator Tesla was successful in producing tremendous voltages; but in doing so he burned out the generator in the Colorado Springs power house 25 miles away.

O'Neill recounts what Tesla told him he was trying to do at Colorado Springs:

With the earth set in electrical oscillation, a source of energy is provided at all spots on the earth. This could be drawn off and made available for use by a suitable simple apparatus which would contain the same elements as the tuning unit in a radio set, but larger, (a coil and a condenser), a ground connection and metal rod as high as a cottage. Such a combination would absorb at any point on the earth's surface, energy from the waves rushing back and forth between the electrical north and south poles created by the Tesla oscillators. No other equipment would be needed to supply light to the home provided with Tesla's simple vacuum-tube lamps, or to produce heating effects.

According to stories current in Colorado Springs at the time, Tesla succeeded in transmitting power considerable distances without wires. On one occasion, he lighted a bank of 300 electric bulbs 25 miles from the laboratory.

That he got sensational results of some kind is indicated by the fact that, when he returned to New York in 1899, J. P. Morgan supplied \$150,000 to build a broadcasting station at Wardenclyff, Long Island, for what Tesla called his World Wireless System. Tesla had discovered or developed something at Colorado Springs that made the \$150,000 investment at least a good gamble. It was probably the Wardenclyff venture in prospect that accounted for the aura of secrecy that surrounded Tesla's activities in Colorado Springs.

AS IT TURNED OUT, \$150,000 was not enough to complete the station and, predictably, Morgan declined to invest more. The half finished building, never used, remained standing until the government destroyed it at the beginning of the first World War because its tower made it too conspicuous a landmark.

Tesla's devoted secretary, George Scherff, tried many times to persuade him to permit the commercialization of some of his discoveries which would be sure money-makers. Tesla's reply was always the same: "Mr. Scherff, that is

small-time stuff, I cannot be bothered with it. Wait until you see the magnificent inventions I am going to produce and then we will all make millions."

After the Wardenclyff fiasco, Tesla turned to the development of a turbine engine which he believed to be as great an improvement on the steam engine in use as his alternating current system was superior to the direct current system. He built an experimental engine which weighed only ten pounds, was small enough to go into a derby hat and developed 30 horsepower.

Later, a large machine was built at the Waterside Station powerhouse of the New York Edison Company, but there were unexplained complications after a successful initial test. The project was dropped. Tesla believed this was due to the influence of Edison. The old feud persisted.

He then succeeded in interesting the Allis-Chalmers Company in his turbine engine and went to Milwaukee to superintend the construction of the machine. Here he promptly antagonized the company's engineers with whom he had to work. Things finally became so unpleasant that he simply walked out, leaving everything up in the air, nothing accomplished. There is no question that his artistic temperament was costly to himself as well as to the men associated with him.

The Nobel Prize for physics was awarded in 1912, jointly to Tes-

la and Edison. It would have meant \$20,000 for each of them and as usual Tesla was broke. But he refused the prize. He considered the placing of Edison, "a mere inventor," in the same category as Tesla, a discoverer of new principles, an insult.

In 1917, he was awarded the highest American engineering honor, the Edison medal, and refused it. It is given each year by the American Institute of Electrical Engineers for outstanding achievement. This time however he was persuaded by friends to accept the honor.

The presentation of the medal was made by B. A. Behrend, one of the great electrical engineers of his day. In his presentation speech he summed up expert opinion as to Tesla's genius. He said,

Were we to seize and eliminate from our industrial world the results of Mr. Tesla's work, the wheels of industry would cease to turn, our electric cars and trains would stop, our towns would be dark, our mills would be dead and idle . . . His name marks an epoch in the advance of electrical science. From that work has sprung a revolution in the electrical art.

In 1933 Tesla announced the discovery of what was popularly called the "*death ray*." This caused a sensation, but he never demonstrated the ray nor gave an inkling of the principles on which it worked.

During the later years of his life, Tesla was frequently out of money. Always when his friends

learned of his predicament some one of them came to his rescue. After 1936, he received \$7,200 a year from the Yugoslav government in the name of the Tesla Institute of Belgrade. With his extravagant habits, this was not enough to keep him out of difficulties, but it afforded him a measure of security.

The men who knew him have told of his curious eccentricities, perhaps natural in a man who had always lived alone, with no one but himself to think of. For example, he bought a new pair of gloves each week and threw away the old ones no matter what their condition. He bought one new necktie each week. He never had handkerchiefs laundered but discarded them after use. He demanded the exclusive use of a table in the dining room of whatever hotel he honored with his presence. When a meal was served he used two dozen napkins. After wiping each dish with one, he dropped the napkin on the floor.

HE DEMANDED a fresh towel every time he washed his hands. He never shook hands with anyone; if his hands were seized, he would be upset for hours.

Tesla's friends agree that no woman ever influenced his life. But he loved pigeons. Several times his difficulties with hotels were complicated by the fact that pigeons flocked to his room by hundreds to be fed. In at least three instances he was notified that he would have to

give up feeding pigeons in his room or leave. He left. It is said that when he stopped before the Public Library in New York and gave a low whistle, flocks of pigeons would fly down from all directions, covering the sidewalks and even perching on him.

Toward the end of 1942 it became evident that Tesla was not going to achieve anything like the 150 years of life he had anticipated. He stayed in his hotel room and refused to see even his old friends. He insisted that he wasn't ill but that he wanted to be left alone.

On Tuesday morning, January 5, 1943, he gave orders to the maid who attended to his room that he was not to be disturbed under any circumstances. Friday morning

when there was still only silence from the room she became alarmed and risked his anger by entering it.

Tesla was dead. Police and the coroner were summoned. Death was declared due to natural causes. Agents of the FBI promptly appeared and seized all Tesla's papers.

IT IS INTERESTING to speculate about the secrets Tesla carried with him to the grave. In his later years he would not reveal any details of his discoveries and projects. His reply to inquiries was invariably the same: secrecy was necessary until he could obtain patents; he couldn't apply for patents until he had made working models; he couldn't make working models because he had no money.

Quotations from Prodigal Genius, by the late John J. O'Neill, used with permission of Mr. O'Neill and his publisher, the Ives Washburn Company, Inc.

————— *Legislation Preserving The American Way of Life* —————

What steps has Congress taken since the beginning of the Second World War to help control subversive activity? Statutory enactments of a civil nature have been as follows:

1940—The Alien Registration Act. This requires the registration of all aliens.

1947—The Labor Management Relations Act. (Taft-Hartley Act) This requires non-communist affidavits from union officials who represent workers in negotiations under the provisions of the Act.

1950—The Subversive Activities Control Act. This establishes a commission and provides a procedure under which an organization, after a full and complete hearing, which is subject to judicial review, must be registered under the provisions of that Act.

1952—The Immigration and Nationality Act. (McCarran-Walter Act) Among other things this excludes from the country aliens who are members of certain groups listed as subversive or totalitarian, and continues the requirement that foreigners coming to the United States possess immigration visas.

1954—The Communist Control Act. This Act outlawed the Communist Party.—I. B. PATTEN

ALIAS

Comrade

Jack Esselwein

The Canadian Mountie who got his eight men—all commies

When former Superintendent John Leopold of the RCMP Special Branch, died in May, 1958, the press and radio paid tribute to the lifelong struggle of this Bohemian-born immigrant, who came to Canada 45 years ago, became probably the most famous Mountie in Canada and was recognized as Canada's top expert on the Communist conspiracy. It was John Leopold who sent eight Red leaders to prison in 1931 with evidence accumulated in seven years of danger-fraught undercover activity in Communist ranks. Again, in the 1946 Ottawa Spy Probe, which stemmed from the revelations of Igor Gouzenko on Soviet espionage in high government places, the Royal Commission singled him out for special mention and it is believed that he drafted much of the sensational final report himself—the report which eventually led to the arrest of Klaus Fuchs and the Rosenbergs. The author of this article had the privilege of working under Superintendent John Leopold while he was an undercover agent of the RCMP Special Branch among Communist organizations. Here are some hitherto unknown facts of the thrilling anti-Communist work carried on by John Leopold who was known to the Reds as "Jack Esselwein." He became the Canadian Red's most-dread Nemesis.

by Pat Walsh

TIM BUCK, the Canadian Communist leader, defiantly faced the court on November 10, 1931. With seven other top Communist leaders (John Boychuk, Tom Cacic, Tom McEwen, Sam Carr (later to be one of those

accused in the 1946 Soviet Spy Trial) Tom Hill, Matt Bruce and Mathew Popovich, he was accused of seditious conspiracy involving the violent overthrow of the government by the illegal Communist Party—the Canadian section of the Third International. With the same smug-faced bravado which was to characterize Alger Hiss in a later trial in the U.S.A. Comrade Buck heatedly declared, “We are on trial charged with advocating something which we have not advocated.” When Buck had finished his address to the jury he threw a confident look at the other accused Communists. The highly-trained Commie apparatus of the Thirties was efficiently run, most of the leaders being graduates of the Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute of Moscow and experts in Commie doubletalk.

An impressive number of lawyers were hired by the Red front Canadian Labor Defense League (CLDL) to defend the accused Communists. They were confident that the Crown could not prove that these Red leaders had been involved in a conspiracy to overthrow the government.

Then, on the third day of the trial, a “surprise witness” was called to the stand. The name given by the court clerk meant nothing to the eight Red leaders—it was the name of Sergeant John Leopold of the RCMP. Tim Buck and Sam Carr exchanged yawns and looked bored. The court door opened and to their

surprise the “Mountie” who stepped in was not the strapping six-footer frequently seen on tourist advertisements but a short, stocky, mild-looking person who seemed very incongruous in a blazing red coat, blue trousers with wide yellow stripes down each leg, and carrying a big hat and a cane—the traditional uniform of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

However the eight Communists gasped aloud and consternation was written all over their features when they saw the face of Sergeant John Leopold. They exchanged startled looks, shook their heads and looked again at the diminutive “Mountie” who calmly returned their incredulous glances with a look of self-confidence and authority. A lipreader in the audience could easily have told that each of the eight was pronouncing the name “Comrade Jack Esselwein.” Before they could recover from their astonishment and disbelief, Sergeant John Leopold began his testimony which was to be one of the most damning indictments ever made of Communist leaders in any country.

THERE was a hush in the crowded courtroom, and newspapermen sat up with renewed interest as the most unbelievable story of RCMP undercover work among Communists was revealed and documents were produced as irrefutable proof to substantiate the testimony. This testimony hinged on first-hand

knowledge which Sergeant Leopold had acquired during seven years of patient and clever undercover work while masquerading under the name of "Comrade Jack Esselwein." The story of his double-life emerged and conviction of the Red leaders followed.

Although this story is well known to students of Communist tactics, there are only a few men who know that the eight Communist leaders brought about their own downfall by failing to take seriously a report which was sent by the California section of the Communist Party of the U.S.A. in 1928 to the Toronto HQ of the Canadian Communist Party. This report mentioned that a former "Mountie" inadvertently hinted that Comrade Jack Esselwein was a RCMP undercover agent. Tim Buck admitted to the author that although "Esselwein" was expelled from the Party in 1928 pursuant to this report it was the consensus of the top Communist leaders that Esselwein was really a "Trotskyist" and that the familiar strategy of sticking the label of "police agent" was part and parcel of the struggle against "deviationists" at that time. Both Buck and Sam Carr often told me that, had they really believed "Esselwein" to be an RCMP undercover agent, they would have had him murdered because of the vast knowledge he had acquired while active in the Communist Party ranks from 1921 to 1928.

JOHN LEOPOLD arrived in Canada in 1918 from Bohemia, Czechoslovakia. Having seen the first attempts of Communist revolution in his homeland, he had no illusions about the conspiratorial activities of the Canadian Reds. He joined the RCMP the same year, shortly after his arrival. In 1920, he became an undercover agent and, in Regina, succeeded in infiltrating the Communist organization which was making its debut in the Canadian West. He also became an official of the old AFL Painter's Union. When the Communist Party emerged from its underground "A" Party and "Z" Party combination (the *surface* party was known as the Workers Party of Canada and the *underground* party was the Communist Party) after the Comintern's Fourth World Congress in 1923, "Comrade Jack Esselwein" became the body-guard of the senior Comintern delegate who was known by the name of Charles Scott but who had another Latvian name in the Comintern Center in Moscow. Thus "Comrade Esselwein" became familiar with the stock Comintern underground apparatus of codes, ciphers and cover names which was to prove so invaluable in 1946 when he had the task of unravelling the intricate espionage set-up of Colonel Zabotin after the Gouzenko revelations.

So well did John Leopold play his undercover roll that—during a Red demonstration in Toronto in

1927—he was arrested by the Toronto municipal “Red Squad” police who little suspected that their prisoner was an able and daring RCMP undercover agent. During these years the RCMP HQ in Ottawa received voluminous reports from Leopold which enabled them to keep a close check on Comintern activities in Canada.

John Leopold always has looked back on his seven years in Red ranks and his incomparable work in the 1946 Soviet spy probe as the high points of his career. He retired on August 1, 1952, and, until his death last May, he was busy writing what he called “a two-fisted book recounting my experiences as an underground agent and my contribution to the 1946 Royal Commission findings on Soviet espionage.”

WHEN HE RETIRED, John Leopold startled the Canadian public by making a statement to the effect that Communism was probably stronger than ever. He explained that the Reds had dropped the deadwood and that the shifts and tests of the last few years had left only those die-hard Communists who ask no questions. He called these “24-hour-a-day Reds” who were the hard core of men and women whose loyalty to the Soviet Union takes precedence over everything else.

John Leopold believed that the Free World was gradually losing its

fight with International Communism. His blunt statements to that effect often caused official embarrassment in Ottawa. He did not believe the so-called “peaceful coexistence” between Communism and the Free World, which has rapidly gained adherent in both Canada and the USA. His own vast knowledge of the Communist conspiracy and the perpetual double-dealing tactics of the Reds made him wary of Soviet “peace” overtures.

He knew that one Alger Hiss and one Harry Dexter White could do more harm to the Free World than 10,000 rank-and-file Communist Party members who were known as such. He knew that the 1946 Soviet spy probe failed to uncover any “worker” in the classic Marxist sense of the word but only university-trained eggheads, who eagerly sought to betray Canada to the Soviet Union although they held high-paid government jobs in Ottawa. He knew that the Institute of Pacific Relations, in both Canada and the U.S.A., were articulate instruments of aid to the Soviet Union although the Liberal politicians (many of whom were IPR members) prevented the RCMP from delving into the Canadian section which had many known Soviet spies among its members.

His posthumous book will lift the cover from many unpublished Communist activities—that is if any publisher in Canada dares to print it!

THE TRUTH ABOUT

by Nino LoBello

I HAPPENED to be standing at the edge of Frisco Bay just as it started to freeze. And in some way all the frogs there were caught in the ice with just their legs sticking up above the ice. I hurriedly got a lawn mower and in about two hours had mowed the entire bay and shipped 75 boat-loads of frogs' legs to France for a net return of \$137,465,720.17."

"It rained so hard the creek ran backwards, reversed the mill wheel and unground 1,000 sacks of flour so fast that when the bags were opened the wheat wasn't even ripe enough to harvest."

"Once I had a smart woodpecker that used to peck on flint rocks in the winter so the sparks would keep his feet warm."

Tall stories? Sure. Nobody knows where they come from—but all of them eventually come to a little town in Wisconsin. Every year be-

tween 15,000 and 20,000 whoppers migrate to the Burlington Liars' Club, world headquarters for prevaricators, implausible story tellers and heap big winds. Here these tales are dumped into the lap of Otis C. Hulett, world's outstanding authority on fibs and president of the famed Liars' Club. In 1959 the club will celebrate its 30th anniversary with a present enrollment of over 95,000 unsolicited members from every state of the union and 57 foreign countries.

"We're probably the only honest men on the face of the earth," President Hulett says. "You see, everybody is a liar, but we are the only ones who admit it. Our civilization is founded on the fib. The science of 50 years ago was mostly lies. Santa Claus is a lie. When we tell our sweetheart she is the most beautiful girl in the world—oh, what a lie that is."

Hulett believes in liars because, as he maintains, the tall story is an American product, unlike any other humor in the world. "It flourished at the crossroads blacksmith and the old general store with the potbellied stove," he adds. "It was a man's humor, broad and human as the men from whom it sprang because a good lie was esteemed as an exaggeration and not as a means to any end except a laugh. Our organization doesn't give a hang about social position or bank balance. That's why we have the finest collection of liars in or out of captivity."

Each year the Burlington Liars have the dubious chore of ferreting out the "World's Champion Liar." After wading and sifting through the elephantine pile of overimaginative stories, Hulett and the board of judges proclaim the champ and the three wire services flash the news all over the globe on New Year's Eve.

IT'S REALLY the Post Office that makes the Liars' Club a club, for it has no meetings, no social affairs, no dues, no constitution. In fact, just a mere handful of members come from Burlington, which in spite of its international fame boasts a grand population of almost 5,000. There, at the junction of the Fox and White Rivers where the big winds blow, Hulett receives the chunky mail sacks with fibs, fibs and more fibs.

Some really odd envelopes get sent Hulett's way each year. From Shanghai came an envelope that

was merely addressed with the following words—and nothing else: "World's Greatest Liar." Foreign postal authorities steered it to the United States and here the Post Office promptly shipped it to Burlington.

Once from Winnipeg an envelope arrived that was addressed: "President Otis, Liars' Club, U.S.A." Inside the letter read: "Dear Sir, please send me your address, the truthful one. I would like to submit a lie and join your club." Another envelope had Hulett's picture pasted on it with nothing but the words, "That Liar in Burlington!"

You don't have to go to such lengths to join, however. It's easy to get a membership card. You merely send in a lie, plus ten cents in coin (no checks!) to cover operational costs. Naturally, there are some people who get honorary memberships the easy way.

There was, for instance, one woman in Boise, Idaho, who wrote Hulett and said she remembered him when he was in her Sunday School class. She said she recalled he was a "nice little boy." Hulett countered with: "I was in more trouble in Sunday School than all the kids put together. Enclosed is your membership card."

Still another time, about 15 years back, the Associated Press sent out a filler quoting Hulett to the effect that it was odd indeed his club had members in every state of the union but Alabama. When a Birmingham

newspaper columnist saw that, she wrote: "There are no liars in Alabama—what do you expect?" Hulett promptly sent her a life membership.

As founder of the group and as its boss for the past 28 years, Hulett—who'd rather hear a lie than the truth any day—can swap tall stories with anybody. The men in town say he can go 48 hours without stopping—and this is no lie. He's lectured on the rubber-chicken circuit for years, been a television and radio curio on many shows and has written several books on lies and liars.

HOWEVER, Hulett doesn't make a cent out of the club. That's the white truth. He's a hard-working newspaperman who has served as a bureau manager for the *Racine Journal-Times* for some 35 years. What little he picks up here and there from Liars' activities he puts into the club's kitty and pays the bills and expenses.

The Liars are proud of the fact that the greatest aggregation of whoppersmiths extant, though housed in a state known for investigating Congressmen, has never given rise to a Congressional investigation. Members are a hodgepodge of self-confessed liars and include an Arctic explorer, a light-house tender, a London cartoonist, a North Woods trapper, dozens of celebrities whose names cannot be made public (according to the Liars' only unwritten law) and

thousands of others from all walks of life. The only ones barred from membership are politicians—the Liars don't want any "professionals" in their ranks.

The Burlington Liars are therefore the most cosmopolitan outfit in the world, claiming joiners among the rich and poor, young and old—all fibsters extraordinary. Texas leads the pack in the number of members with Brooklyn a close second. Among the foreign countries Japan appears to be way ahead, and all the Japanese mail that comes in is translated by the Nippon consul in Chicago who's a member in good standing.

Hulett, now pushing 60, gets a variety of offers to commercialize on the Burlington Liars—but he says nix to all of these. He doesn't care about the money, thinks the club's job is strictly to provide an outlet for fun.

Though he gets fibs from all parts of the world, Hulett maintains nobody can top the Americans in this form of folk humor. Several years ago, on the other hand, he got a flurry of submissions from Canada which opened his eyes some. He was indeed impressed.

So he decided to bait the Canadian liar in his native habitat. Disguised as a fisherman, he took along his tent and fishing gear and hiked himself to that part of Ontario where liars are said to be found untouched by the twentieth century. He was well rewarded for his trouble.

Take, for example, this Canadian whopper Hulett dug up:

"My pop used to live at the foot of a perpendicular bluff in the mountains. In the Spring he'd sit out on the front porch, take out his sling-shot and shoot potato seeds into the bluffs in rows, running from top to bottom. Then, in order to be sure they had enough moisture, he'd shoot an onion in above each 'potato. The onion made the potatoes' eyes water. And so my pop had a good crop every year."

THEN THERE'S the one told by an Ontario farmer who said the grasshoppers were so thick at his place that he watched them devour his mule and horse in a matter of minutes. Then the grasshoppers pitched horseshoes to see who would get to eat the harness.

As can be noted, Otey has heard 'em all.

"I wonder how many times I've gotten the story of the man who had one bullet left and two bears to kill," he says. "He shot his gun at a knife which cut the bullet in two and each half killed a bear. Or the one about the soil being so rich that when you throw corn to the chickens, they have to catch it on the fly or eat it off the stalk. Or the one about mosquitos being so big chicken wire is used for screening."

Although Burlington mail carriers are practically bowlegged delivering lies to headquarters twice a day, sometimes a writer will pen a

serious note. There's the case of Flying Officer Ralph W. Ritchie, an R.A.F. veteran who was in a rhubarb. Ritchie asserted that something befell him that nobody would swallow. Forthwith he wrote the Burlington Liars' Club asking for help. This was his story:

"My plane," he scribbled, "was badly hurt during a recent flight. I had to fly low over the sea with only one motor working. While hobbling back I sighted what appeared to be an enemy submarine. I decided to shoot it up, so I went down within five feet of the water. Just as I approached, I noticed it was a whale and I had to laugh. But my front gunner still thought it was a sub and he blazed away. The whale must have got mad apparently and he spouted up some water which as luck would have it drowned out my remaining motor. I had to make a forced landing in the sea. Which means that I was the only pilot in the war who had the distinction of being shot down by a whale."

Hulett didn't know whether to believe the tale or not. It made a good first page blurb when he released it to the newspapers. But a few days later he got a hurried call from the pilot's family in Iowa. Seemed they hadn't heard from him in years and were beginning to presume him dead. Through the Burlington Liars the family was soon reunited.

The Club has had other serious moments. During the war Hulett

received a confidential message from the White House requesting the cooperation of the Burlington Liars' Club in an anti-Nazi gimmick Washington was cooking up. Could the Liars announce a special award to Herr Joseph Goebbels, the German propaganda minister on his birthday? Coming to the rescue, Hulett and secretary Larry Stang erected a likeness of Goebbels from an old Edison Phonograph on which the loud-speaker served as the Nazi's wide-open mouth.

Then they transformed a 12-inch pie plate into a king-size medal with two big XX's boldly inscribed, below which were the words "Medal of the Double Cross."

As newsreel cameramen took the shots, the Burlington Liars awarded the first and only professional liar's title to Goebbels. News accounts of the event were translated and the pictures reprinted for distribution all over Europe—while Herr Joe did a slow burn.

Once a teacher from a lip-reading school wrote in and said maybe it was a "crazy idea," but could the Burlington Liars send along several dozen whoppers to be used as students' classroom exercises. The exaggerated yarns must have brought better results than the standard textbook stuff because the school kept writing back for more.

Sometimes Hollywood personalities, trying to cash in on the Liars' goofy status, attempt to get into the act. Telegrams from such

stars as Fredric March, Loretta Young and Gary Cooper have evoked nothing but *no* from the Burlington heads. Even when Richard M. Nixon was running for the Vice-Presidency in 1952, he remarked publicly that "the Burlington Liars' Club ought to make Harry Truman an honorary member—since he's had so much practice." Hulett, a Republican, ignored the story in spite of insistent calls from the press and radio.

OCCASIONALLY a celebrity gets a rise out of the Liars. Like the time Donald Duck sent in this telegram:

IN REPLY TO MY COUNTLESS FANS WHO HAVE INQUIRED WHY WALT DISNEY DIDN'T GIVE ME A ROLE IN FANTASIA, LET THEM KNOW THAT HE OFFERED THE LEAD TO ME BUT I REFUSED BECAUSE I WAS TOO BUSY TRANSCRIBING BEETHOVEN'S 9TH SYMPHONY INTO A CHORAL ARRANGEMENT FOR 1000 DUCKS AND A DRUM TO REHEARSE WITH STOKOWSKI STOP I FEEL SURE THAT LOVERS OF THE TRUTH WILL HELP ME TO KILL UGLY RUMORS THAT I DIDN'T APPEAR BECAUSE I CLASHED WITH PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA'S STRING SECTION—DONALD DUCK, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA.

But most of the birds who communicate with headquarters at Burlington are not seeking glory or publicity. They usually have a lie to impart—or some gift or souvenir to send along. The den at Hulett's home, which serves as the Liars' headquarters, library and museum,

is loaded with a fantastic collection of paraphernalia from all over the globe.

Fans have shipped in such items as a boomerang from Australia, a dollar's worth of gold from an Oregon mine, a piece of wedding cake from England, a grass skirt from Hawaii, a diminutive totem pole from Alaska, an opium pipe from Japan, a matchbox container from Denmark, a bear trap from Northern Wisconsin, a Kiwi bird from New Zealand, rhumba gourds from Cuba, yerba mate set from Argentina, a Hindu charm from India, letter-opener from Peru, grass slippers from the Philippines, oil paintings, books, foreign money and bills, toys, gadgets, trinkets and much more. Radio's Lum & Abner sent Hulett a diploma with the degree of "Doctor of Prevarication" from Pine Ridge University "for outstanding achievement in the field of invention."

Others write in and want to know how the club got started. The answer is that it began as a lie. Really and truly! No one associated with it at the time had any idea it would break out into an international thing.

Back in 1929, Hulett and a fellow reporter on a rival newspaper concocted a fake story on New Year's Eve—usually a slow day for news—to the effect that on January 1st old timers got together at the police station and exchanged whoppers for the lie championship of Burlington.

There wasn't a shred of truth to the story.

But after it got printed, the Associated Press took it seriously. The following December the wire service phoned Burlington to find out if the city's "annual contest" would be staged again. Otey played along. He whipped up a neat whopper and launched it on its way.

Then as the next year came to a close, letters started to trickle in. Before anybody knew it, Burlington was deluged with mail from everywhere. Nobody had thought of the great American urge for exaggeration. The competition for the lying championship was on.

The men in Burlington simply had no choice. For their own protection and safety they formed the Burlington Liars' Club. Later they got the state of Wisconsin to issue them a charter and they became incorporated in 1934. As a matter of fact, when they decided to incorporate, they met with a fly in the ointment. The Secretary of the State returned the application with a note: "Do you really mean it, or is this just one of your damn lies?"

SINCE THAT TIME the mailbag has regularly brought in gem after gem. Here's one from a California wit which gave Hulett a big laugh:

"I gist ben a readin in the papers bout yur liars club upen wesconsin," he wrote in a scrawl. "I orlis node wesconsin wuz the liingest state in the youunion. I think it a

shaim that intelergent growd up men shud spend thir valabell time tellin fibs. Im no liar miself and dont beleve in it Fer instans, ifen a man goze a huntin and he mises when he shutes and dont get no game, he orto tel the truth about hit. Specelly when yung . . ."

Among the better lies to earn the national title are stories that hold a special place in Hulett's lecture repertoire. He's particularly fond of the yarn dished up by a Pennsylvania whopster who said his grandfather's clock was so old the shadow from the pendulum swinging back and forth wore a hole in the back. Last year's winner, Claude T. Yerkes of Kalispell, Montana, came through with this eye-catcher:

He told of the shepherd who lived in a small trailer house and had his provisions delivered. He said the provisions included a 100-pound sack of flour. The herder drove a couple of nails in the wall and hung the sack of flour on them, just outside the trailer door. During the night the winds swooped

down, and the next morning the herder found that the wind had blown away the sack and left the flour hanging on the nails.

THE 1958 champion, Harry Berogan of Mission, South Dakota, reaped the rewards of prevarication with his story of a farmer. Berogan claimed:

"We have a farmer out here who has a field so long that he started out last Spring with a tractor, plow and a drill, and was gone so long that his wife drew three widow's pension checks. She thought he had got plowed under. But he got back the other day. When he got to the other end of the field, he traded his plow and drill for a combine and harvested on the way home."

For this whopper, Mr. Berogan was awarded the Liars' medal which is in the shape of a lyre and which is studded with diamonds.

"I bought the diamonds from a millionaire," President Hulett explains in a straight face. "His name was Woolworth!"

Another Word on Webster's

A. M. Jack, author of "Webster's Isn't Webster's Anymore," says, "Of course the statement about the use of Webster's New World Dictionary is true as the General Services Administration, Washington 25, D.C. has admitted in supplying a list of the dictionaries covered by the Services' Federal Supply Schedule Contracts, which I happen to have. Understandably they 'hedge' about a directive and say each agency determines which publication will best meet its needs."

Ask your Congressman to request a *specific check of all major agencies* to determine what each is using. This information should be obtainable from Franklin Floeta, Administrator of the General Services Administration. (See AMERICAN MERCURY, February 1959, p. 145)

CREDIT UNIONS

AVENUE TO SOCIALISM

by Politicus

THE AVERAGE American, when he considers the subject at all, is apt to think of cooperatives as a small and insignificant part of our national economy. When he is told that one single form of cooperative—the Credit Union—now has over 10,000,000 participating members in the United States, with total assets of over \$4 billion, he is understandably amazed.

Without attracting widespread attention, credit unions have been multiplying in the United States during the last two decades at a truly astounding rate. Whereas the total number of active credit unions in 1937 was 6,105, their number had increased by 1957 to 18,433. The increase in their assets has been even more astonishing. All credit unions combined in 1937 reported assets of only \$116,352,695. In a period of 20 years, assets had mounted to \$4,093,710,089. Individual members

had increased during the same period from 1,539,656 to 10,081,113.

A forecast prepared by the Bureau of Federal Credit Unions, Social Security Administration, Department of Health, Education and Welfare, October 1953, estimates that the shares and other obligations of the Federally chartered credit unions would amount to the staggering sum of \$67,488,800,000. If the state-chartered credit unions expand as rapidly as the Federally chartered, then the total for all credit unions would be approximately \$135 billions by 1977. Incidentally, beginning with the year 1953, and through 1957, they have exceeded the forecast.

Such burgeoning growth would warm the heart of the late Edward A. Filene, Socialist-minded Boston department store executive, who is often hailed as the father of the American Credit Union movement.

The velocity of credit union growth is explained by just one thing—tax exemption.

Responding to the persuasive propaganda of the cooperative movement, which sponsors credit unions, Federal and State income tax laws have granted exemption to the credit unions from taxation of their profits. Since private banks and lending institution must pay heavy taxes, both State and Federal, on their net profits, the credit unions enjoy an almost insuperable competitive advantage in reaching for the small loan business.

Years ago, when the credit union movement was in its propaganda stage, Federal and State legislators gave tax exemption to these cooperative institutions on the plea that they would provide credit to wage-earners and other small and needy borrowers who could not secure loans from ordinary commercial institutions. It was never contemplated that the credit unions themselves would become huge, profit-making lending organizations competing heavily and unfairly with banks, building and loan associations and other free enterprise institutions. With the passing years, most banks have provided credit at small interest rates to wage-earners and other moderate borrowers, and the need for cooperatives has largely disappeared.

But as a result of the advantage given them by tax exemption, the credit unions have remained in the

field and have increased in number and assets year by year. Today it is estimated that more than 300 Federal and State chartered credit unions now have assets exceeding \$1,000,000.

Credit unions enjoy other unfair competitive advantages over ordinary commercial lending institutions. Having been sold to the nation as a welfare program, many of the so-called unions have been given free rent, free clerical aid and automatic payroll deduction by employers in industries where they have been set up. In other instances, credit unions have been given free office space in government buildings.

THE INSIDIOUSNESS of this credit union growth is that the Credit Union National Association is an affiliate part of the Cooperative League of the United States of America and hence a part of the International Cooperative Alliance. The explicit purpose of the cooperative movement, as expressed by the ICA, is "to substitute for the profit-making regime a cooperative system." It is a road toward ultimate Socialism. In many respects, the cooperative movement is more dangerous to free enterprise than the official Socialist political movement, for its actual purpose is unrecognized by the average man. It is able to proceed with its work of undermining the free enterprise system unopposed and unsuspected.

The spokesmen of the credit unions are extremely guarded in their public statements but their intent is plain. Mr. H. Vance Austin, managing director of the Credit Union National Association, in an address on October 26, 1956, explained the present strategy of the movement.

I do not believe that the cooperatives should ever take over all the business in any line in this country. However, for the economic welfare of our country, cooperative leaders need to be constantly alert to fields that are becoming monopolized, and there is no question but that the field of finance is one that the cooperatives should enter, and now!

DESPITE THEIR disarming words, it is a significant fact that many of the leaders of the American cooperative have been men with records of membership in Socialist movements or of long support of Socialist-sponsored causes. A case in point was James P. Warbasse, who was president of the Cooperative League of the United States from its inception, in 1916, until 1941. Before concentrating his activities upon the cooperative movement, Dr. Warbasse had long been an active member of the Socialist Party in New York City. Jerry Voorhis, present

secretary-treasurer of the Cooperative League, began his career as a Socialist, later was a Democratic Congressman from California.

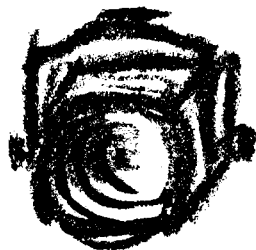
Edward A. Filene, who was one of the earliest propagandists for credit unions, visited Russia in the early days of Communist rule to explore the possibility of giving economic aid. He was closely advised by men who later had close connections with the Communist movement, including Evans Clark, who was publicity man for the first Soviet Consulate in New York, headed by Ludwig Martens, and Edwin S. Smith, who took the Fifth Amendment when examined concerning his alleged Communist tie-ups by the Committee on Un-American Activities.

For the most part, however, the American cooperative movement is made up of well-meaning dupes who have no recognition of the collectivist direction in which their officers are taking them. The growth of the credit unions is a demonstration of the distance cooperation can take us down the anti-private enterprise road. That American private business is indirectly subsidizing this movement, by granting it tax exemption, is one of the supreme ironies of the present situation.

MERCURY editors regret that credit to the *Argosy* Magazine was omitted in reprinting the article "Arthur Godfrey Blasts Off on Air Power," by Lester David, in the May issue. The article first appeared in the January, 1959, *Argosy*.

SPOTLIGHT ON PERFORMANCE

by William H. Allen



You are invited to contribute to "Spotlight on Performance." Letters, documented materials and criticism will be acknowledged

EVERYONE is against inflation, but no one is against the causes of it," said Vice President Nixon. His White House Committee can help much if it recognizes that to be against the causes of inflation, citizens must know what and where they are.

Nine powerful groups that profit from inflation are cited by *Economic Intelligence*, Chamber of Commerce, U.S.A., quoting Prof. Sumner H. Slichter of Harvard.

Where federal spenders are inviting inflation by wasting hugely is reported to Congress and President by U.S.A.'s ace-fighter against inflation, the Comptroller General. If in government or press these reports are being promptly and capably studied for enlightening fighters against inflation, MERCURY would like to report who and where.

Thus far the President has with-

held reference to that potential deflater of inflation. No Washington correspondent has ever asked a question about him at press conferences. Why don't they ask what the Comptroller General has to say?

Tax Foundation's president, Roswell Magill, had three and a quarter pages in *Saturday Evening Post* on "Will Your Dollar Be Worth Ten Cents?" He didn't hint of proofs by Comptroller General reports of inflation causes. Herbert J. Miller's four pages in *Tax Review* asserts it is "feasible to reduce federal expenses." He didn't mention proofs from the Comptroller General available to fighters against inflation. Other financially-powerful business agencies neither mention the prodigious service by U.S.A.'s sleepless fighter against inflation nor show they are aware of that ally.

From Washington, G. E. Rightor, former career officer, wants it told that the technicians of the General Accounting Office (GAO), or Comptroller General's staff, won

back for the treasury two and a quarter times what they cost in 1957 in addition to showing how much has been or can be saved by correcting inefficiencies GAO has specified.

States' tax shortages and worries are offering state comptrollers their place in the sun. N. Y.'s comptroller, when telling that the governor had underestimated revenues—therefore overestimating needed taxes—87 to 107 million dollars, said: "I have the duty to make my views known on matters of public policy."

Nondefense spending has increased 43 per cent since 1952, reported the Council of State Chambers of Commerce from Washington, in Federal Spending Facts 165.

Salaries for teachers should compete with those of local industry, says NEA's Education Policies Commission. To compete means not asking for more than industry pays and not demanding the same for all beginning teachers with equal college credits. To crusade for \$6,000 to \$12,000 for all U.S.A. is not only to feed inflation, but also to deter teacher-pay increases.

Telling of NEA's new \$7.5 mil-

lion building in Washington, a Scripps-Howard writer said NEA's membership is nearly 750,000, an exaggeration of almost 20 per cent. NEA can do its own exaggerating without press handouts.

Unless given the truth about public budgets, the public can't do its duty. NYC papers said \$422 million was the proposed budget for public schools next year; the correct total was over \$550 million.

College year's ending means college reports' beginning. Smith College spent \$100,000 less last year than it received. Hundreds of colleges have known only deficits so long that the Smith report is widely hopeful. Alumnae gifts of \$425,000 are one answer. Faculty salaries have increased seven times since 1950. Tuition is no higher in purchasing power than in 1939—a comparison too few colleges have been headlining when announcing tuition increases.

Smith students paid 74 per cent of their cost. But as 1,800 colleges and universities can profitably put in the picture of college futures, they paid, as the record shows but does not state, 94 per cent of costs above endowments and scholarships.

When You Change Your Address

Notify the Subscription Department of the AMERICAN MERCURY, 250 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y., 45 days in advance, including your old address as printed on the magazine wrapper, as well as your new address.

Circuit Riders

Check Celler

Why the fate of the House Un-American Activities Committee should not be put in the hands of Representative Celler.

by Fulton Lewis, Jr

SPEAKER Sam Rayburn issued his own death sentence for the efforts of California's Representative Jimmy Roosevelt, the eldest son of the late Franklin D., to kill off the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Jimmy Roosevelt had proposed a resolution which would abolish the committee because, he said, the recent decisions of the Supreme Court indicate that the committee is clearly illegal. He put a new twist on his proposal, as compared with the similar pitches in past sessions of the Congress—he proposed this time that the duties of the committee be transferred to the House Judiciary Committee, which sounds very generous, and suggests that this is only a change in form; that the investigative work of the committee, in probing out Communists and Communist activities will continue, under a different Committee. Mr. Roosevelt is just trying to help things along and appease the objections of the Supreme Court.

Actually . . . this is one of those guileful fast balls thrown by apologists for the Court's decisions in cases where Communism is involved, knowing that you, the public, are not in a position to see through it because you're not acquainted with the facts. To shift these activities to the House Judiciary Committee would be to put them under the chairmanship and direction of the chairman of that Committee, and that happens to be Rep. Emanuel Celler of New York.

There is an organization in Cincinnati, known as Circuit Riders, Inc., the head of which is a highly respected gentleman named M. G. Lowman. It is a church affiliated group which opposes and exposes socialistic, communistic and other un-American activities, and it keeps careful book on many individuals whom it considers suspect. Circuit Riders, Inc., has just circularized all members of the House with a request for the defeat of the Roosevelt resolution . . . Mr. Lowman's

bill of particulars is interesting. He encloses a listing of many enterprises and activities with which Emanuel Celler has been affiliated.

I think that you may become the wiser for reading a bit of that bill of particulars.

IN QUANTITY and quality of his affiliations with Communist-linked enterprises, Celler's record is exceeded only by that of the late Vito Marcantonio, as far as members of Congress—House and Senate—are concerned.

Of the 45 different Communist-linked enterprises with which Celler has been affiliated in one way or another, 17 have been named by the Attorney General of the United States as subversive and Communist; 30 have been listed as Communist in the publications of the House Un-American Activities Committee; and 24 have been listed by the California Legislature's Committee on Un-American Activities.

The 17 named by the Attorney General as subversive and Communist are:

American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born—speaker at national conference—*The Lamp*, November, 1945

American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born—sent message to emergency conference—*The Lamp*, April, 1946

American Committee for the Set-

tlement of Jews in Birobidjan—member of dinner committee—program, December 4, 1937

American Committee for Yugoslav Relief—sponsor—letterhead, October 23, 1945

American Slav Congress—sponsor of dinner—program, October 12, 1947

American Youth for Democracy—speaker at rally—*Daily Worker*, June 21, 1945, page 5

American Youth for Democracy—sponsor of dinner—program, December 12, 1945

Citizens Committee of the Upper West Side—speaker—*Daily Worker*, November 24, 1945, page 4

Committee for a Democratic Far Eastern Policy—sponsor—letterhead, January 31, 1948

Exiled Writers Committee of the League of American Writers—sponsor of dinner-forum—program, October 9, 1941

Federal Arts Council of the Workers Alliance—sponsor—leaflet

Greek American Committee for National Unity—signer—*Daily Worker*, December 29, 1944, page 9

International Workers Order, Brownsville, Brooklyn—main speaker at rally—*Daily Worker*, November 22, 1943

Jewish People's Committee—speaker—*Daily Worker*, July 24, 1937, page 5

Jewish People's Fraternal Order (a unit of the International Workers Order)—speaker—*Daily Worker*, October 21, 1944, page 10

Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee—speaker—*Daily Worker*, March 19, 1946, page 2

United American Spanish Aid Committee—sponsor of Dinner-forum-program, October 9, 1941

Win-the-Peace Conference—sponsor—*Daily Worker*, March 5, 1946, page 3

Only eight of the 45 enterprises with which Celler has been affiliated have not been listed by any of the three governmental agencies named. These eight, however, are so clearly communistic in character that no extended argument is necessary to establish their Communist control and objectives. It must be remembered that there have been more than 10,000 different Communist and Communist-front organizations and committees in the U. S. during the past 20 years, and that only a small fraction of these

have been publicly listed by any of the governmental agencies."

MR. LOWMAN has said that to put Emanuel Celler in charge of investigating the Communist apparatus in this country would be like putting the wolf in charge of the sheep. That is the record, according to Circuit Riders, Inc., of Chairman Emanuel Celler of the House Judiciary Committee, to whom Mr. James Roosevelt wanted to turn over the functions of the House Un-American Activities Committee.

But don't worry. Mr. Sam, the Speaker, said that he is opposed to the Roosevelt resolution, and that it has been referred to the Rules Committee, from which it is a matter of conjecture whether it will ever emerge. That's not true. There's no conjecture. It never will.

(Excerpted from the broadcast of January 15, 1959, MBS)

We want to congratulate Mr. M. G. Lowman of the Circuit Riders, 18 East Fourth Street, Cincinnati 2, Ohio, for writing letters like the following. (Write to him for a copy of the report on Emanuel Celler.)

Dear Mr. Congressman:

In the interest of the security of our country we have urged Congressmen to do all in their power to defeat the Roosevelt Resolution (H. R. 53) which would abolish the Committee on Un-American Activities, and transfer to Congressman Emanuel Celler's Judiciary Committee remnants of powers to investigate subversion.

As you will see from the enclosed record of Congressman Emanuel Celler, to put him in charge of investigating the Communist apparatus in this country would be like putting the wolf in charge of the sheep.

The Bible carries ample warning regarding placing one's destiny in the hands of security risks. Current history is full of the tragedy around the world resulting from softness toward Communism.

—M. G. LOWMAN

United States firms doing business abroad choose this country as their home away from home

AMERICAN INVASION of SWITZERLAND

by Irene F. Day

THE EXPORT manager of a large American firm groaned to a colleague over lunch at his club in Geneva, Switzerland.

"My firm is bringing 50 families here from the United States next month. I don't know where they'll ever find housing or how; they speak nothing but English—and where will we find enough office space?"

"You think you have problems!" said the other, "we have brought in 60 since July and more are coming."

The plaster is still wet and construction workers parade through the offices, already occupied, in a new downtown Geneva building. The roster of tenants reads like a *Who's Who* of American business.

As U.S. industry relies more and more on export trade to maintain levels of production and employment, far-seeing lieutenants of American industry are decentralizing and moving to the scene of their foreign activities. The European receiving center in this new development is Switzerland, where 125 American firms (of which over 50

are major) have domiciled themselves in the past two years. The exceptions are the deans, Union Carbide and American Machine Foundry, who arrived 6 years ago.

Some—including General Food, IBM, Colgate-Palmolive-Peet—are headquartered in Zurich; Dupont and Caltex in Basel, but 70 have chosen Geneva.

Proctor and Gamble three months ago centralized its important European and U.S. offices for export here, to handle all foreign operations. Chrysler, following its arrangement with Simca, is concentrating all overseas work in Geneva. Westinghouse and General Electric are here, alert for business connected with EURATOM, in addition to their conventional products.

Why Switzerland, and why Geneva? The reasons are multiple. "When a company, in looking to export, feels it must establish in the center of things, it seeks a place meeting the standards Geneva meets," you are told.

Most frequently mentioned: political stability, neutrality, central-

ity with good communications, hard, stable currency. Money is freely imported, exported, with no exchange restrictions; it can be repatriated or re-invested without going through any national or central bank. Business suffers relatively little Government interference, making Switzerland increasingly the world's banking and financial center (with over 45 banking establishments in Geneva alone), and second only to England as an insurance center.

Economic, political, social conditions are sound here. Neutrality toward others is zealously maintained, and it would be difficult to imagine the Swiss themselves in revolution. Halliburton Oil Well, for instance has, since Suez, placed its accounting, files, women and children in this quiet, restful land.

Services are highly organized. From Zurich and Geneva airports, numerous daily flights put one in any other European capital in two to three hours. Jets will be accommodated at Geneva's Cointrin airport by the end of 1959. Roads are good; Europe's main railway lines cross this heart of Europe; the postal system is quickest, most efficient anywhere; telephone connections to the U.S.A. are clear; domestically, any other phone is reached by dialing.

Living conditions generally are amenable, with standard and cost more nearly equal those in the United States than elsewhere. All foreign products are available, but

expensive, with duties based on weight, which does not appear to prevent the roads being crowded with American cars.

American parents have recourse to justly famous Swiss schools, where American enrollment in the outstanding ones now exceeds 33 per cent. Ski and vacation resorts are near. One thing that is disappearing with the influx of 6000 Americans is housing. This, with weather and traffic, constitute the negative features.

Well-trained, multi-lingual technical, scientific and office personnel are available. Where personnel are non-nationals, their neutral ground has a catalyzing effect.

"Don't quote me," (a recurrent phrase), "but by the same token, even where no actual feeling may exist, still I am better off doing business from a Geneva address than in trying to sell the Germans, for example, a product from a Champs Elysees address, or the French something from Frankfurt."

LESS OFTEN MENTIONED—but by far one of the most decisive advantages offered here—are tax advantages. Everybody pays taxes. There is no question of evasion, but *fewer* may be paid than at home. Liberal tax concessions are made to Swiss-incorporated foreign firms. In such a company, the majority of its directors must be Swiss nationals, though the shareholders can be foreign; e.g. three of a five-man board would be

Swiss, the other two, American. (The manager usually gets an open proxy.)

Swiss taxes on income, profits and capital make for a complex system. There are Federal and Canton taxes (Cantons being the states within Switzerland). Each of the 22 Cantons has its own taxation system; and profits taxes for corporations and for individuals differ from one to another.

Roughly speaking, the Canton tax accounts for about two-thirds of all taxes, the Federal Government for one-third. In general, total taxes can reach 45 per cent (but seldom do) and can be as low as 25 per cent. In some cases, a foreign-owned firm's tax set-up is first discussed with authorities. Corporations not engaged in actual business in Switzerland can get certain agreements with certain Cantons—Geneva, for instance.

There are two kinds of profits taxes: the Swiss internal tax, just mentioned, and a tax on dividend payments. If distributed, a 30 per cent so-called withholding tax (withheld by a company at the source, is applied). There is no tax in Switzerland on undistributed profits; and profits need not be distributed. On 1000 francs net profits after paying, say, 35 per cent or 350 francs in taxes, the remaining 650 francs can be distributed or retained . . . if distributed, a 30 per cent tax applies.

In the case of an American

owned Swiss firm, 25 per cent of the 30 per cent distribution tax can be recovered. In effect, only 5 per cent taxes are collected plus the original taxes. (According to the U.S.-Swiss accord, if 95 per cent of the stock is held in America by Americans, a firm can recover 25 per cent of the 30 per cent, leaving only 5 per cent to pay on dividends.)

U.S. tax regulations call for American firms to pay the U.S. 52 per cent American corporation income tax, with certain exceptions. They need pay only the 22 per cent difference in U.S. if they have paid 30 per cent in Switzerland. The moment money goes to the U.S., the 22 per cent is payable—though firms often delay making the transfer.

MANY HOLDING and investment companies have been formed as separate entities by firms having diverse interests. In a few Cantons the tax system for them results in no taxes on profits . . . the only tax being three and one half per cent per mille federal tax on capital. The same distribution tax applies, although as long as earnings of international holding companies remain undistributed, they remain otherwise untaxed.

Such holdings in Switzerland provide a reserve to be sent home when the mother firm needs them (profits to New York are still shown on books in Geneva) or used to carry the credit of, say, a UK affiliate.

Firms which are only technical,

consulting or control offices have no taxes to pay. If the corporation is not engaged in business in Switzerland the tax scale is negotiated, and studied individually.

INDIVIDUALS who become legal residents (permits to live here and work are required) are subject to personal income tax. In lower and middle income groups, this is comparable to that in the U.S.A. running around 20 per cent to 25 per cent. Higher income brackets get a break by paying 35 per cent to a possible 50 per cent instead of up to 92 per cent over certain amounts.

Under Swiss law, every American corporation is legally free to form a permanent establishment in Switzerland, to set up an actual subsidiary as an independent commercial corporation, or to organize its headquarters as a holding company. The types of American operation here are three: (a) those incorporated as Swiss firms, (b) permanent representatives from home, (c) holding companies. Sales headquarters in some cases also function as holding companies and these may act purely as such for subsidiaries belonging to a parent company, particularly where interests are diverse and widespread.

Products of firms here range from soap to heavy drilling equipment; Geneva is the foreign center for American aviation, its sales, technical consultation and allied manufactures. Boeing, Convair, Lock-

heed, Douglas, Fairchild, Northrup, North American and foreign companies are all here, competing keenly for commercial and military markets.

It is difficult to find the American manager in town, however. His job is selling American-made products abroad and he travels. Swiss offices are headquarters for Europe, and often the Middle East and North Africa. Few do much business in Switzerland itself.

"You have to be on the spot to understand local conditions," say the American VPs. "Switzerland is a window from which one can look out on all other European countries." And, "Too often, we (management) in the U.S. don't know much east of Hoboken, and don't want to. Whatever comes up, it's just easier in New York to say 'no.' This applies now as well as to when war ended. Our firms could have done much then; German factories, destitute, were pleading for help, and offering to sell controlling interests to get going again. The Americans refused. Now the Germans don't need our help, and outside firms can't get in. If responsible management had been on the spot, this wouldn't have happened."

Rather than a local agent, most prefer to use a man who has the U.S. firm's point of view. One VP echoes this, labeling it a kind of colonization. "A firm expanding abroad needs people who 'think American,' are familiar with com-

pany policies and products. So, a nucleus from the States goes out as colonizers, hires and trains people."

"But," he added, "eventually a European *should* take over the operation. I sincerely hope one will be sitting in this chair in a few years." His own Number 2 man is Swiss, and 92 out of the 100 employees are Swiss. The firm started several years ago with eight people.

American firms already established here don't jump for joy as they see others of their compatriots moving in. Piracy of office space and employees is common, and though by law only a majority of the personnel must be Swiss, most lean over backwards to make it 90 per cent or over. New, downtown and suburban buildings are rented almost before the foundations are in. One commodities dealer arrived two years ago, took over a mansion, and now having outgrown it is building his own seven-story building. Why did he come? "The sun shines in different places at different times . . . you can't be asleep when your customers are awake."

Both commodities men and investment dealers have private wires connecting them with the rest of the world 24 hours a day. "When New York—Wall Street—is sending at 2 A.M., it reaches us before 7 A.M., our time. We are doing business for the next day before New York has its nightcap. Orders entered from here are confirmed within a few minutes."

Said a diamond and precious stones dealer: "People are coming here because business likes freedom. Switzerland is the only free country in Europe."

A package arrived in his office at that moment containing \$20,000 in cultured pearls from Japan. "There, you are. Fifty-four francs (\$12) customs duty on \$20,000 worth of merchandise. Anywhere else customs would be at least 10 per cent of the full value. The tariff here is based on weight."

PARTLY BECAUSE of this factor, an American aviation electronics firm came in two years ago to research, engineer and manufacture equipment for the U.S. and European markets. And hereby hangs the tale of a failure. Small but expensive parts would be subject to minor import fees; the firm planned to use local engineering talent, coordinated with their U.S. operation, with less costly labor, and to enjoy easy import and re-export.

They set up a large shop, employed 130 people, hiring top men away from lifetime jobs. (Personnel shifts less readily here, and often, in lieu of high salaries, get large year-end bonuses, car and home.) Only after operations began was it found that components with proper specifications were unavailable in Europe. The European market itself is too small for large-scale economic production. Today the firm has a staff of eight and a warehouse full

of components. The resentments and lingering ill will incurred with authorities, jobless engineers, and firms who lost key personnel to it, will be long in being dispelled.

In the firm's own hindsight: "It is not worthwhile manufacturing in Europe for the American market unless the item can be had for one-third to one-half the Stateside cost. Technical information cannot be conveyed quickly enough between the two countries—unless you are going to turn your scientists into administrative people. Transportation, insurance, paper work and double handling eat up time and money.

"We should have started as we are now," says the young manager, "small. The Swiss discourage anybody who appears to be moving too fast, talking too big. If you speak of hiring two hundred people, other employers ask: 'Where will they come from? From me. And, will he upset the local wage scale? Communities here are small; everything is known.'"

The firm is remaining, but only to monitor and stimulate sales made by representatives in different countries, lend service and technical assistance. Thus it joins the category of the majority of other American companies here.

DESPITE FREEDOMS, not just anybody can come into Switzerland and set up business, particularly if they plan to operate *in* the

country. In other categories, according to a Swiss corporation lawyer: "It is generally easy for Americans. Middle East and Eastern interests are given closer scrutiny." At the same time, closer examination is being given all would-be newcomers, to weigh the real value of their presence to the Swiss.

As to European Common Market, Swiss authorities are on record as opposed to it, although many—especially laboratory equipment manufacturers—hope the Swiss will make some agreement with those countries.

It is generally conceded that if Common Market is successful, many American firms will want to build in those six countries, while still headquartering in Switzerland, which provides the window, offering the advantages of being physically close by, and its tax advantages for holding companies. The country was the center of Europe's early common market, as the territory traversed by north-south—between Italy and Germany—commercial traffic, via the St. Gotthard Pass.

Meanwhile, American firms continue to move in here in preference to other locations. One of the largest new arrivals came only after having been rebuffed by the Belgians, who refused to make any concessions to attract newcomers.

Nor does it appear to be a mere fad. Conservative estimates place at 50 the number expected to arrive in the next 18 months.

*Will that plate glass ranch house
with the swimming pool also provide
a good night's rest?*

MOTEL MADNESS

by Myrna Smith

THE SHOUT came from the lady standing in the door of her motel room: "Sam, bring me that other suitcase!" Then followed a couple of slams of the car door, and the banging of the trunk. They were late arrivals. They hadn't retired yet. Why worry about those who had?

But the next morning, the shoe was on the other foot. The couple in the room next to Sam and Louise arose early. They carried on an animated conversation. The bath water was drawn. The toilet was flushed. The electric razor buzzed. Such noisy people! And listen to that car—was it necessary to gun the motor to get it warmed up? And why couldn't they open and shut the car doors and the trunk so it wouldn't wake up everybody?

Mr. B's pet peeve is high-heeled shoes. They have a sharp, staccato sound, as they travel back and

forth over tile or wooden floors. It's amazing how many steps a woman with high-heeled shoes has to take to pack and get ready to leave! Mrs. B's complaint is similar. One lone man, clumping around in heavy shoes, sounds like a whole herd of elephants.

Mr. and Mrs. America are going places and seeing things. To accommodate them, a new industry has sprung up along our highways. It's the deluxe, billion dollar business known as "motels."

Who started them? Back in 1860, a pioneer named Jack Morrow built some log huts along the Santa Fe Trail. There, families west-bound could luxuriate in straw beds after weeks in covered wagons. Morrow fanned out and built a tavern. But the idea didn't "catch on" for 65 years. Then, in 1925, a "Drive-In" Hotel was built to serve the auto trade along the coast of California.

It was called Milestone "Mo-Tel"—a word common to today's travelers, and as American as "flivver."

How do you select a motel? Are you influenced by a flashy front? Many people judge a place by its external housekeeping. And yet you can't depend entirely on eye appeal in picking your overnight residence.

It was a stormy night near Winterset, Iowa. Flashes of lightning streaked across the sky. The road was under construction. The car skidded dangerously in the mud. It was a detour and motels were nonexistent. When the road finally led to a little town, its one hotel was already filled. Mr. and Mrs. Jones and their son, Tom, were told there was a place "down the road a piece."

It was back from the highway—and looked anything but inviting. The screendoor was covered with vivid green leafhoppers. An old fellow in his nightshirt answered the bell. He agreed to take them in. Mrs. Jones and Tom, both half asleep, blindly followed him down the hall and into a small bedroom. And what a surprise for the travelers. The rooms were beautiful—evidently decorated by someone with exquisite taste. Soft lights and colors, carpeted floors, a tile bath and comfortable beds.

WHILE YOU CAN'T always find an ideal spot to stop when you are ready to call it a day, you

can be sure that motel owners strive for good locations. The U. S. Department of Commerce says this is the biggest factor in any motel's success. And yet all the fine places aren't necessarily on the main highways.

The Browns, traveling through Florida, found that motel rooms away from the thickly populated areas were not too plentiful. Stopping at a little grocery store, lighted by a dim lamp, they inquired about overnight accommodations. The storekeeper said he knew a place—and would lead them to it. It was down a long lane; at the end was a cabin in the woods. It was made of logs, with a big built-in fireplace, lighted by oil lamps. It was clean and new, with the fragrance of pine woods and burning logs. The Browns often talk about going back to spend, not just a night, but a whole vacation in this refreshing spot.

A traveler can be trapped by a poor location. Many times motels are located beside railroad tracks. At a busy crossroads in Ohio, a large airport is adjacent to some attractive motels. Airplanes, zooming in for a landing, or jets taking off with a swoosh, are hard on travel-weary nerves. In Pennsylvania, a very "plush" motel is located at the foot of a steep hill. Every truck descending in gear groans and sputters. Every truck ascending shifts two or three times to make the top.

If you suffer from insomnia, bet-

ter look before you pay. There's the motel that hides a chicken ranch. In the dim light of dawn, the cocks begin to crow. Well—who wants to sleep, anyway? Up and away, at the break of day!

There are now more than 56,000 motels in operation, doing a yearly business of well over a billion dollars. They outnumber hotels two to one. What accounts for this tremendous growth?

About 86 percent of all Americans now travel by car for business and pleasure. They want a place, near the highway, with good beds and easy parking, where Dad can be his own bellhop, lug in the luggage, and park his own car. He doesn't want to unload everything and turn the car over to a doorman as he does when he goes to a hotel. No tips, either. Likely as not, he can eat in a restaurant near the motel "just as he is." He will find in most motels, air-conditioning, wall to wall carpeting, good beds—good furnishings. This industry, starting from "the house that Jack built," has become one of the biggest and fastest growing in the United States. That's why some big hotels are making large investments in motel facilities.

JUST WHAT IS a "large investment?" Time was when a farmer built a cabin or two on his highway frontage and furnished them with rickety beds and lumpy mattresses. It didn't cost much—and paid well.

Today, motel owners' investment is over eight billion dollars. Jointly, they have \$52.1 million invested in TV; \$62.2 million in swimming pools; \$6.3 million in luggage racks; \$46.3 million in mattresses, \$14.9 million in lamps; \$12.1 million in blankets and \$53.3 million in beds. It takes \$1.8 million each year for toilet paper, and \$3.2 million for guest soap.

What does it cost you? Like everything else, you get what you pay for. If you want a neon-lighted place, with air-conditioning, TV, swimming pool, perhaps a place to park your helicopter, you will have to pay for these services. Most people expect a fair charge. Those motels belonging to approved associations usually publish their rates so no misunderstandings arise. However, AAA reports 36 per cent of their complaints last year were based on the 25 per cent increase in motel rates. While many guests do want all the "extras," tourists stopping at motels along the highways primarily prefer cleanliness, comfort, and a charge they think is fair.

Here are some of the things to keep in mind when traveling:

1. Make your Number 1 Rule the Golden Rule. Don't play your radio or TV late at night or early in the morning. Open and shut doors quietly. Speak softly. Put your shoes on *last!*

2. Plan ahead. If possible, make your reservations in advance. Don't try to shop around "for a bargain."

3. Use the available facilities of those catering to the traveling public. Then you will know where to go and what to expect in the way of services and charges.

4. Don't take articles for souvenirs or use the bedding or towels for shining shoes, removing make-up or cleaning the windshield.

5. Remember, it costs money (which the owner can get only from his room rents) to repair or replace damaged or burned furniture, carpets or upholstery caused by your carelessness.

2. Upgrade your old buildings. Take advantage of the latest labor saving devices. Don't rest on your laurels, do a selling job every day! You can't beat a clean room and a good bed.

If you have complaints on service or personnel, try to correct them. The fellow who stayed with you last night might be back your way sooner than you think.

4. Don't neglect the little things. Have your rooms sound-proofed if possible. Put wastebaskets in the bedrooms and baths. Don't be stingy with soap and towels. Furnish a big bath towel, a small terry towel and a washcloth for each occupant.

5. And finally, don't be a "sour-puss." Like people. Make them comfortable and happy—and they'll want to come back.

MOTEL OWNERS, too, have a few things to keep in mind.

1. Remember you are running a business. Figure out your costs, and charge a realistic rate. *But don't gouge the traveling public!*

Murrow Rides Again

If the Edward R. Murrow March 1st program, "Small World" is a sample, the brand of Murrowism is not going to be removed from CBS despite his loudly announced one year sabbatical. "Small World," it is announced, will be continued by Murrow, despite his sabbatical.

The March 1st program was typical Murrowism. It purported to be a three-way discussion of Red China. Like most Murrow programs, the panel was loaded. Two speakers, Han Su-yin and Sir Robert Boothby were frank advocates of American recognition of Red China. The third speaker, Joseph Alsop, while ostensibly against recognition, threw away his case by indulging in sneering comments on the Republic of China in Taiwan, and in a final criticism of the State Department in denying Han Su-yin an entry permit to the U. S.

This Han Su-yin person was a nasty bill of goods to throw at the American public on a national TV hook-up. She was openly pro-Red China. She was offensively sarcastic in all her references to the United States.

The only purpose which was served by this Murrow promotion was to discredit Free China in the mind of his TV listeners. Murrow unctuously denies that he is a Leftist, but the net result of all his rigged programs on CBS is to discredit American anti-Communists. Khrushchev, if he searched the field, couldn't have hired a more valuable propagandist.

*A little education for the police and the public would make for
better law enforcement*

CITY HALL, CHICAGO

by Francis O'Mahony

CRIME remains a national problem, while law enforcement has never been so widely discussed. Special crime committees have been formed within the Federal Government, in an effort to combat this abominable condition. In the Federal Government, the Post office Department, Treasury Agents, the Narcotic Bureau, the Coast Guard, the Customs Bureaus, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation, have all contributed commendable efforts with excellent results.

While it is true that the forementioned committees, and law enforcement agencies, are unquestionably composed of men who are experts on *crime*, its *causes*, and *remedies*, I believe one essential point has been overlooked. That is—upon the Executive branch of our Government rests the task involving law enforcement. Of the many

divisions of the Executive branch, our Municipal Police Department, is the one with which we, as citizens, have constant contact.

Has it ever occurred to you that this contact is seldom of a harmonious nature; that even law abiding citizens too often look upon policemen as enemies, and that policemen just as frequently forget they are public servants?

Who is wrong, or are both equally at fault? This question weakens the forces of law and order.

It is not my intention to criticise any Police Department nor the public in its relations with the police. I want to bring about a better understanding between the two factions.

As long as the police and the civilian continue to pull in opposite directions, the field is left clear

for the operations of those outside the law.

Let's begin with the police. To obtain a position in a city Police Department, it is necessary that the applicant first pass a physical and mental examination. He is then lawfully endowed with authority and presented with the task of protecting life, limb and property. He is not a uniformed demon.

Nothing angered me more, while in the New York Police Department, than having a mother and her child approach me while I was on patrol and ask, "Won't you take him away, officer, if he isn't a good boy?"

OF COURSE I'd try to explain to the mother her mistake—it was her duty to instruct her child to look upon a policeman as his friend.

Suppose this child should stray from his home. Does anyone believe he would ask a policeman directions? No, he would be afraid, and avoid the brass-buttoned man his mother had taught him to fear.

Sometimes this fear, instilled during childhood, may in time grow to hate and continue through life.

Not long ago an acquaintance of mine said he would rather fall into the hands of a band of robbers than a squad of policemen. When asked why he felt thus, he replied that he believed he had made a choice of the lesser of two evils.

The first case was an example of rank thoughtlessness or ignorance on the part of the child's mother. The second was undoubtedly the result of my friend's unpleasant contact with some member of the Police Department. Both are cases of flagrant injustice to the members of the department.

For a policeman to perform his duty faithfully, he must acquaint himself with those who live and work on his post. He must be suspicious of all strangers who pass through his post while he is on night patrol. If a civilian is questioned by an officer, he should answer without hesitation, provided the officer is in uniform. If the officer is not in uniform, the civilian is within his rights to demand first to see his badge of authority. An efficient officer in civilian dress will display his shield before he questions.

Don't be angry at the questions asked, for the officer has a good reason for asking them. He may be looking for a man who—unknown to you—has burglarized the home to which you are hastening or robbed or assaulted one of your family.

Civilians can greatly assist the Police Department by informing its members if they have knowledge of suspicious persons loitering about parked automobiles, banks, business and vacant houses. Citizens need not go out of their way to look for these conditions, only if they

notice them during their regular routine.

Law and *crime* are words we hear mentioned often. Let us see, briefly, what each means. A *law* is a rule of action enacted to govern those who come within its jurisdiction. A *crime* is any act or omission forbidden by law. Therefore, if you do something the law forbids, you have committed a crime, or, if you fail to do something the law demands you do, you have committed a crime.

CRIMES are divided into two broad classes: felonies and misdemeanors.

Felonies are punishable by death, imprisonment ordinarily in a state penal institution, or, in some states, by a fine. They are serious violations of the laws.

Misdemeanors are lesser violations. They are generally punishable by not over one year imprisonment in a local jail, or by a fine.

The penalties for many violations of law, both felonies and misdemeanors, may include a fine as well as imprisonment.

A person who violates a law is subject to arrest.

An arrest is the taking of a person into custody, in a manner prescribed by law, that he may be held to answer for a crime.

A Peace Officer may arrest, without a warrant, for a crime committed or attempted in his presence. He may also arrest, without a war-

rant, for a felony when he has reasonable grounds to believe the person he is about to arrest has committed a felony, even though he did not see the crime committed.

Contrary to general opinion, a civilian may effect an arrest under precisely the same conditions that govern the actions of a Peace Officer making an arrest without a warrant. It might be well here to explain that only a Peace Officer may execute an arrest under a warrant.

Obviously, then, in addition to the protection of life and property, it is the duty of the Police to prevent crime and to arrest violators of the laws.

If you will look over the definitions of crime and arrest, you will understand that a person cannot be lawfully arrested unless he has in fact committed a crime, or there is reasonable grounds to believe that he has. This makes a policeman's job by no means an easy one. Besides numerous other duties, he must, for his own protection, have a thorough knowledge of the criminal laws; must be able to determine whether or not any one of these laws has been violated; whether the violation would result in a criminal or civil action, and whether or not he is duty bound to take official action.

The fact that criminal procedure holds an officer to different action in different cases, under the laws of arrest, causes much dissension between the police and the civilian.

For example: A person calls the attention of a policeman to the fact that another person, who is at the time present, assaulted him, and demands that the officer arrest the offender. Let us see what the officer must decide at once to handle the case lawfully. First: does the act charged constitute a crime? If it does, is it a felony or a misdemeanor? If a crime has been committed, and the assault was with a dangerous or deadly weapon, or if grievous bodily harm was even otherwise inflicted, then the act was felonious, and the officer must arrest.—If, on the other hand, the crime amounted only to simple assault, a misdemeanor, the officer cannot arrest, the crime not having been committed in his presence.

GETTING BACK to the assaulted person. What redress has he if in fact a crime had been committed against him, but the violation only amounted to a misdemeanor not enacted in the presence of the officer? He has only to exercise his own prerogative under the law. He may, himself, arrest the offender, and request the officer to take charge of his prisoner. The officer is lawfully bound to comply. In this case, however, the arresting person and not the officer, is the complainant.

Suppose the officer found that the act committed or charged, did not constitute a crime. He could only then inform the complainant that the elements of a crime were not

present, and that he must go about his business. If the complainant should still insist upon the officer taking action, or attempt to further detain the person he has wrongfully accused, he may, himself, be arrested for disturbing the peace.

It can readily be seen that a policeman must know his job well, for just false arrest may, and undoubtedly would, result in a civil action against him, and he would be paying off a judgement for the remainder of his time in the department.

A policeman is paid to enforce the laws, not to decide whether the law is just. He should not be criticized for performing his duties.

The police department is a part of the executive branch of government. Its members are not empowered, in the slightest degree, to punish violators of the laws. That is the duty of the judicial branch of government. Should an offender resist, the officer is within the law to use such force as is necessary to effect the arrest.

The several instances when a police officer may use force are to protect his own or another's life, limb or property; when resistance is offered to lawful arrest; or to re-arrest an escaped prisoner.

Ancient third degree methods have no place in our modern police departments, and any policeman who assaults a person when that person has submitted to lawful arrest is, himself, a criminal

Perhaps the most common occurrence that excites a feeling of animosity between policemen and civilians is for a person to be approached by an officer, who, inflated with his own ego, treats him like dirt.

Personal animosity between a policeman and a certain citizen should never enter into any official business, or for a policeman to accept a gratuity from anyone on his post. As a general rule, the gratuity is intended to serve a purpose, and that purpose is absolutely detrimental to himself as well as the department of which he is a member. When that policeman accepts a gratuity, he *is* fixed.

One could go on listing cases serving to widen the reach between the Police and Law-abiding civil-

ians, while criminals smilingly go about their law-breaking.

THE BREACH is a tremendous problem that requires some fresh thought. Since each side believes the other at fault, it might be wise if we civilians realize that policemen are human; that their official activities are guided by the laws we, ourselves, have enacted through elected representatives; that they are constantly alert to protect our homes and other properties, and are ever ready to give their lives to protect ours. And you officers, remember that you are, after all, employees of the people, that you are members of a department proud of its past, and that you are expected never to cast the slightest shadow across this heritage.

Psychology Supplants Law On Supreme Court

There is this strange aftermath to *An American Dilemma*, which illustrates the dangers when foundations finance studies in the social sciences without making certain that the product is to be objective. In a recent instance, the Supreme Court of the United States based one of its most important decisions in part upon the authority of this book.

This was in the segregation cases (*Brown v. Board of Education*, 347 U.S. 483 and 349 U.S. 293). This feature of its decision was aptly ridiculed in an article which appeared in the *American Bar Association Journal* of April 1956, written by Eugene Cook, the Attorney General of Georgia, and William I. Potter, of the Kansas City Bar. These writers expressed astonishment that the Court had "cited as authority college professors, psychologists, and sociologists," rightly asking:

"Should our fundamental rights rise, fall or change along with the latest fashions of psychological literature?"

—RENE A. WORMSER, *Foundations: Their Power and Influence*, p. 116.

THE WORDS OF JESUS CHRIST

THE Antichrists have depicted The Christ as a short, weak man with sunken cheeks. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Christ and Saint Peter were both big men—six feet, three inches tall,—broad-shouldered with powerful arms and large hands. Christ also had a powerful voice.

Christ lived and taught love and mercy, but he was militantly against those doing wrong. You remember that he went into the temple alone and, armed only with a leather whip, overturned the tables of the crooked money-changers and personally drove them out of the temple.

"As long as Christ confined His teachings to the realm of morality and righteousness," said F. R. Burch in his great book, *Money and its True Function*, "He was undisturbed; it was not until He assailed the established economic system and cast out the profiteers and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, that He was doomed. The following day He was questioned, betrayed on the second, tried on the third, and on the fourth day, crucified."

The National Council of Churches warp and twist the real teachings of Jesus Christ. They help dechristianize Christianity. Their Revised Standard Version of the Bible is a disgrace. You never hear them quote the Master's plain words about the Enemies of Christ. Here are some of them:—

"He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me,

scattereth." (Matthew 12:30)

"My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves." (Matthew 21:13)

"Oh ye serpents, ye generation of vipers [the money-changers], how can ye escape the damnation of Hell?" (Matthew 23:33)

"I came not to bring peace, but the sword." (Against injustice and the debt-money system).

"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For ye devour widows, houses and for a pretence make long prayers: Therefore, ye shall receive the greater damnation." (St. Matthew 23:14). (This verse is now censored out of the Revised Standard Version of the New Testament.)

In the 23rd Chapter of Matthew, after explaining that Christian brotherhood is to be extended solely to those who accepted Him, Jesus Christ launched into the most devastating damnation of the Pharisees ever recorded.

Christ said, "Beware of false prophets (National Council of Churches top planning group?), which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves."

Jesus rejected the Pharisees, saying: "But ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep, as I said unto you." (St. John 10:26)

"Without me you can do nothing. With me you can do all things."

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

Earth's blanket of electrified air can be used in many ways

THE AMAZING IONOSPHERE

by O. A. Battista

A SPACEMAN, orbiting about Earth in a satellite, would have to see our planet by means of sunlight reflected back to him from our whirling globe. This reflected light passes through a thick mantle of ionized air (air teeming with charged electrical particles) known as the ionosphere. It is one of the most fascinating and remarkable regions between us and the sun.

The ionosphere consists of at least four different layers and occupies the region of the atmosphere from 45 miles to about 200 miles above the ground. Its electrical properties are due to free electrons and ionized atoms and molecules (some positively charged, some negatively). The chief cause of this ionization is ultraviolet radiation from the sun—radiation which is so strongly absorbed in the upper atmosphere that it barely is detectable at the earth's surface.

In relatively recent years, it has been found that the ionosphere has considerable technological and economic importance. Without it, long-distance radio communication would be extremely difficult. But, by the same token, disturbances and fluctuations of the ionosphere interfere freakishly with communications; sometimes they cause radio fade-outs over large areas; now and then they transmit television and FM broadcasts for startling distances around the globe.

The idea of an envelope of charged electrical particles around our planet remained a mere guess, until the great milestone year of 1901. In that year, Marconi made the discovery that it was possible to send radio waves from England to America "over the great hill" which consisted of the intervening quarter of the globe. Since radio waves are a form of electro-magnetic

wave-motion, just like ordinary visible light, everybody thought that they should travel in a straight line. Many people doubted that Marconi could ever be successful when he experimented with the sending of distant messages by radio. Later, when it was repeatedly proven that his radio messages were spanning the Atlantic, scientists got busy trying to explain what was happening. Explanations were not long in coming.

The first logical and concrete explanation of Marconi's results came in 1902, when it was suggested simultaneously by Oliver Heaviside in England and by Arthur E. Kennelly in America, that the only possible explanation involved the existence, high in the atmosphere, of a reflecting surface which acted so as to keep the wave down near the ground and prevent its spreading out into space.

Then 22 years passed before it was shown that the Kennelly-Heaviside layer, as the ionosphere was known in its early history, did in fact exist. In 1924, two Englishmen at England's famous Cavendish Laboratory, Edward V. Appleton and M. A. F. Barnett, sent radio waves up into the air and then searched for them to see if they bounced back.

Their experiments supported the idea that radio waves are, indeed, reflected from a conducting region above the earth. In their experiment a measure of the height

of reflection involved only a measurement of the time delay in the return of the echo. This time was short, only about one thousandth of a second, but, even in those early days, their techniques were sufficiently good for accurate measurements to be made.

ONLY A FEW MONTHS after the Appleton-Barnett experiment, in the summer of 1925, physicist Gregory Berit and Merle Tuve of the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism in the Carnegie Institution of Washington performed a historic experiment in cooperation with the Naval Research Laboratory on the Potomac. A radio transmitter at the NRL sent short pulses of radio waves straight up into the atmosphere. Berit and Tuve, eight miles away, caught echoes of these pulses with a receiver and recorded them on an oscillograph. (It was the first use of the principle of radar.) By timing the echoes they measured the height of the reflecting layer. As a result of these experiments, there could no longer be any doubt that the upper atmosphere had an electrified region, or ionosphere.

The discovery spurred intensive investigations in this area of our atmosphere, many of which have had remarkable practical effects.

It became increasingly clear that the ionosphere behaves like the restless sea. It changes from hour to hour, day to day and season to season. Occasionally it is seized by

great electrical or magnetic storms. The ionosphere was found to be teeming with irregularities which are always on the move. By a study of the ionosphere's irregular pattern on the ground it has been possible to determine their shapes and movements.

The ionospheric phenomena accompanying disturbances on the sun are of two kinds, one called a sudden ionosphere disturbance (S.I.D.) and the other an ionosphere storm. Both phenomena, as well as the four major layers of the ionosphere were studied extensively during the 1957-1958 International Geophysical Year:

The Sudden Ionospheric Disturbances are observable all over that part of the earth exposed to sunlight at the time, and usually last for 15 to 30 minutes.

During such disturbances there is a great increase in the number of electrons at the lower levels of the ionosphere. This results in the very strong absorption of radio waves, and the most obvious effect of an S.I.D. on radio waves is a great decrease in their strength. This decrease is called a fade-out and it can be exceedingly troublesome for commercial users of radio, who find that all their communication channels on the sunlit side of the Earth go out of action simultaneously.

Like the Sudden Ionospheric storms, the ionosphere storms, and, are quite different. They occur equally frequently

by day and by night, and are of longer duration, lasting for hours or even days.

THE MOST VALUABLE results of current and future investigations of the ionosphere will have to do with the world-wide nature of S.I.D.'s and ionosphere storms. The proper understanding of both these phenomena requires the making of frequent observations of a detailed nature, at many places on the earth. A simultaneous study of the happenings on the sun, and of the disturbances of the earth's magnetic field at several places should enable a detailed picture to be built up.

Furthermore, our radio transmitting bands are becoming overcrowded. As a matter of fact, today the band of frequencies which can be reflected by the ionosphere has become so crowded that many stations are interfering with one another. One of the functions of the research on the ionosphere in stations around the earth, such as the National Bureau of Standards, is to provide basic information for the most efficient use of the available radio spectrum. From a well-planned and well-executed program for investigation of the ionosphere, we stand to gain much in the way of increased understanding of the world we live in, to say nothing of economic advantages which will result from increased effectiveness in exploiting the blanket of electrified air above us.

WASHED out of business on opening night, 40 years ago, "MUNY" Opera has come a long way to pre-eminence in its field. A disastrous beginning became a technical and artistic triumph.

All it took was time, money, energy, imagination and the St. Louis spirit. All these elements are combined in that extraordinary civic organization, The Municipal Theatre Association of St. Louis, affectionately known as "MUNY."

In place of that once flooded field in Forest Park, littered with debris, vanished hopes and lost money, is now the world's largest outdoor theatre. It is the only air-conditioned outdoor theatre.

How?—because MUNY's Board of Directors included not only city officials and art patrons but also businessmen.

"The Theatre has the pick of the best brains in the St. Louis area," said the late manager, Paul Beisman. "Believe it or not, this board meets every week in the year to discuss theatre problems."

One of the first problems which confronted MUNY was the weather. Mark Twain, practically a local boy, said that everybody talks about the weather but nobody ever does anything about it. MUNY did that very thing.

The torrid St. Louis summers seemed an impossible obstacle to surmount if MUNY were to survive as a summer theatre. Air-conditioning experts took on the prob-

the
Municipal Theatre Association

PRESENTS
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SEE IT  
★ IN ★  
ST. LOUIS

*The St. Louis Municipal Opera  
blends cast talent with civic pride  
to obtain perfect performances*

by Ed McNamara



MUNICIPAL THEATRE

Forest Park,

St. Louis, Missouri

lem. They began by air-conditioning the administration buildings, dressing rooms and wardrobes. Later they piped cool air down into the musicians' pit.

What about the vast audience?

THE ENGINEERS really had to come up with something different to cool 12,000 people sitting outdoors, with the temperature in the 90's most of the summer. First they used "concrete cooling conditioning". A thin film of water was trickled over the concrete tiers on hot days. This prevented heat from being stored up in the concrete and released at night.

Next season two huge dispersal fans were installed to reduce the humidity in the theatre. The fans bring down fresh dry air from high in the atmosphere to replace moist air near the ground, where the spectators sit. The fans also speed up the rate of evaporation of moisture at ground level. They are turned on just before the performances and also during intermissions.

Two summers ago, MUNY started the system of large blowers which draws fresh air into the lower section of the theatre, circulates it through ducts and at the same time draws out the warm air. Four low speed blowers move 25,000 cubic feet of air a minute and operate so silently that no one is aware of them.

However, MUNY still had to entice citizens from their homes on sweltering nights. The Board came up with the idea of air-conditioned buses. Now, gaily flagged "Opera Buses" course all over the city, transporting theatre-goers to and from the theatre in cool comfort.

St. Louis' Police Department co-

operates in preventing crowds from becoming "jams" at the gates.

To improve the acoustics in such a tremendous theatre, Bell Laboratories, Western Electric and RCA came up with the latest high-fidelity sound equipment. Each performance is supervised by a sound engineer in a control booth. The result is "front row reception" any where.

MUNY has the largest outdoor stage in the world. 115 by 90 feet, including a 48 feet revolving stage capable of a complete revolution in 90 seconds. A stage of this size requires all sets to be constructed three times normal dimensions. Since MUNY sets a dazzling pace of a new show each week, a corps of carpenters, painters and electricians is kept busy in a mammoth workshop backstage.

Despite these heroic proportions, the sylvan setting of the stage has been artfully preserved. Oak trees, a hundred feet tall, flank the stage and form a perfect natural backdrop. In fact, some of the 150-year-old trees are "on stage," because it was built around them to insure the pastoral effect. Once MUNY went so far as to insure the trees with Lloyds of London.

Visibility in the vast theatre is perfect because it has a natural slope of 53 feet. The site was originally used for early St. Louis pageants. In 1916, the St. Louis Advertising Club raised \$5,000 to lay a concrete floor on the site. The City Adminis-



tration matched the sum. In 1919, the present Municipal Theatre Association was formed with 60 civic minded guarantors.

MUNY scheduled its first performance June 15, 1919, with *Robin Hood*. The night was ominous with storm clouds as Mayor Kiel, the guarantors and the city's theatre-goers waited for the show to start. Just as the stage lights were turned on, Nature stole the show with a tempestuous performance.

THE STORM broke in a cloud burst. Rain poured down in sheets. Behind the stage, the picturesque little River des Peres turned into a raging torrent. It overflowed its banks, poured over the stage and swept away sets, props, musical instruments and scores. MUNY was completely washed out on its first night, and the \$27,000 raised by the guarantors floated away.

However, next morning MUNY set doggedly to work and cleared away the muck and debris. New properties were hurriedly bought. New costumes were scouted up. Sets were improvised and a make-shift stage was completed in time for the evening performance. Over 1,300 people showed up.

The first summer season of six weeks ended with a loss of \$30,000. The guarantors were a stubborn lot and voted to wait for repayment. Mayor Kiel initiated a door-to-door ticket selling campaign. By next season, the deficit was reduced to

\$11,000 and it was finally wiped out by the end of the 1921 season. MUNY was out of the red and on its way to eminence.

The guarantors were needed only once since that time and that was only for a refurbishing job. They were repaid the following year. Now, facing its 41st year of unprecedented success, MUNY is a three million dollar theatre plant that is absolutely free and clear.

This achievement is based solely on the sale of tickets. It is more noteworthy when you learn that there are 1,500 free seats at each performance. On Monday nights, 2000 persons from charitable organizations also are guests of the Association and are given reserved seats.

MUNY now has 1,400 guarantors who underwrote last season with a \$160,000 fund. Nice to know but not necessary, thank you. MUNY is concerned with maintaining its superlative theatrical reputation.

A staff of 400 keeps the summer season rolling. The aim is *perfection*. Backstage is a theatrical city where 5,000 costumes are issued during the season. Each member of the cast is individually fitted each week. \$75,000 a year is spent on renting costumes.

Talent is drawn from Broadway, Hollywood and TV. MUNY has helped to give many a big name a boost up the ladder of theatrical fame. Take Archie Leach, in 1931. MUNY fans liked him a lot. They

still like him, as Cary Grant. Other salad day performers were Irene Dunne, Allan Jones, June Havoc, Marge and Gower Champion, Red Skelton, Cass Daley, Gertrude Nielsen and Virginia Mayo.

THE YOUNGSTERS in the chorus are talented young people who come not only from the St. Louis area, but from all over the U. S. Several hundred try out each year and, after several winnowns, a scant 40 are chosen. There are also two dance masters, for the ballet and modern dance groups.

Near the theatre, two covered pavilions for rehearsals are constantly in use. After each Saturday night performance the entire cast assembles at midnight on the main stage for dress rehearsal for the next week's show. This usually ends at sunrise on Sunday morning. Hard work and high standards, stars from original Broadway casts, all under the supervision of Production Director John Kennedy whose staff includes Musical Director Edwin McArthur, Choreographer and En-

semble Directors Anthony Nelle and Ted Cappy, Art Director Paul G. McGuire, and Stage Director Edward Greenberg. All this adds up to top performances.

St. Louis audiences, over the years, have shown a decided preference for romantic operettas like *New Moon*, *Desert Song*, *Merry Widow* and *Naughty Marietta*, but a jazzy production of *Guys and Dolls* filled the house for an entire week.

If you like statistics, MUNY has presented 200 different operettas, comic operas and musical plays and comedies in 430 separate productions during the last 40 years. Also nine world premieres and eight American premieres. 3,172 total performances have drawn over 25,800,000 spectators.

Behind these cold figures, however, is the story of human effort, civic pride; a stirring example of cooperation between politicians, private enterprise, artists and citizens. These people have a motto adorning their theatre and it is well deserved: "Alone in Its Greatness."

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# PITY

## the childless couple

musings of a good mother—on a bad day

by Roslyn South

THERE'S nothing sadder than the childless couple. It breaks you up to see them stretched out relaxing around swimming pools in Florida, sitting all suntanned and miserable on the decks of their boats, or going off to Europe like lonesome fools. It's an empty life. There's nothing but more money to spend, more time to enjoy, and a whole lot less to worry about.

The poor childless couple gets so selfish and wrapped up in themselves that you have to feel sorry for them. They don't fight over the children's discipline, they don't blame each other for the characteristics most nauseous in the child, and they miss all the good fun of doing without things for the children's sake. They go along in their dull way doing what they want, getting what they want, and liking each other. It's a pretty pathetic picture.

Everyone should have children. No one should be allowed to escape the wonderful experiences attached to each stage in the development of the young. The happy, happy memories of the baby days: The alert nights, coughing spells, diaper deliveries, dipso baby sitters, saturated mattresses, spilled food, tantrums, emergencies and cries.

Then comes the real fulfillment as the children grow like little acorns and become real nuts. The wonder of watching your overweight ballerina of twelve make a fool of herself in a leotard. The warm smile of the small lad with the sun glistening on 500 bucks' worth of metal braces ruined on peanut brittle. The rollicking, merry, care-free voices as hordes of hysterical kiddies stampede at the birthday party.

A married couple, without little ones, envy their neighbor's bairn. It

isn't enough to be god-parents to the entire block, they still miss out on that glorious period of childhood that is alive, exuberant and bursting with healthy impulses to shatter the shredded nerves.

I pity the couple without children to brighten the cocktail hour by brushing the martini from the shaking hand, to massage the potato chips into the rug and to wrestle them for the olive. How dismally vacant is the peaceful home without the constant childish problems that make for a well-rounded, adult life and an early breakdown: the tender, thoughtful discussions when the report cards reveal the progeny to be one step below half-wits; the close-knitted family gatherings around the fireplace to roast hot-dogs and the pet puppy—if he isn't fast on his feet; the end-of-day reunions with all the joyful day's happenings related like well-placed blows on the temple.

CHILDREN are worth it all. Every moment of anxiety, every sacrifice, every complete collapse pays off as a fine, sturdy adolescence is reached. That feeling of reward the first time you took the boy hunting. He didn't mean to shoot you in the leg. The boy was excited. Remember how he cried? How sorry he was? How disappointed that you weren't a deer? These are the times with a growing son that a man treasures—these poignant moments that are cap-

tured forever and held in the heart—and in the limp.

Think back to that night of romantic adventure when your budding, beautiful daughter eloped with the village idiot. What childless couple could ever share in the stark realism of that drama? Aren't you a better man for having lived richly, fully, and acquiring that tic by your left eye? Could a woman without children touch the strength and heroism of your wife as she tried to fling herself from the bedroom window? It takes a father to attain the stature of standing by, resolute and ready—ready to jump after her. The climax was when you two realized that your baby girl was a woman now. A lovely young woman with the mind of a pygmy.

The childless couple lives in a vacuum, filling their lonely days with golf, vacation trips, dinner dates, civic affairs, tranquility, leisure and money. They contribute no additions to the human race—which is a satisfaction in itself.

There is a terrifying emptiness without children and the childless couple is too comfortable to know it. You just have to look at them and see what the years have done. He looks boyish, un-lined and restful. She's slim, well-groomed and youthful. It isn't natural. If they'd had kids they'd look like the rest of us—tired, gray, wrinkled, sagging—in other words, normal.

(Reprinted from MERCURY, June 1956)

# THE HANFORD COLLECTION

by Ted Van Arsdol

SINCE THE DAYS of the first iron spears, man has jealously guarded his newest secret weapons and the methods of making them. The fate of entire tribes and nations depended on the keeping of those secrets. This is still true in the atomic age.

The big change, today, is in the size and complexity of national secrets, as indicated by information hoards of the type developed behind the barricades of the massive one billion dollar Hanford Atomic Works in central Washington's sage brush. There, out of sight and practically unknown to the general public, a great collection—estimated to contain about 400,000 technical reports labeled mostly "secret" and "confidential"—has been building up rapidly in the past few years.

The number of such reports held by the General Electric Company at Hanford is believed to be the largest of any of the Atomic Energy Commission's contractors.

"They're in a constant state of flux," Chris G. Stevenson, manager of Technical Information for Gen-

eral Electric, said to this writer.

But this is not something unique with Hanford. The amount of secret technical information in the United States, stemming largely from the birth of atomic energy, has been surging to all-time highs since World War II.

Once, books were fast enough to keep the world informed on scientific developments, but they had to be supplemented eventually by journals. The journals still are important. Hanford's technical Information Operation subscribes to about 900 of all kinds, plus maintaining an industrial library of 35,000 books.

Within recent years the journals have not been able to cope with the flood of scientific information. Stevenson explained that the journals are too slow, there are not enough of them to print all the material available, and they can't handle the greatly increased material in the "secret" and "confidential" category.

"We just couldn't wait for the journals," the Hanford man said. "Days, not weeks or months, are what count now. If you know some-

thing on a certain subject today, you may be able to save \$10,000 on a job that you do tomorrow. To meet the critical need for speedy communication, most scientists . . . depend on exchange of technical reports."

The rapid rise of the technical report brings problems that must be solved in the future. The number of reports alone is a growing headache. Hanford's Technical Information Operation already uses IBM machines on circulation and document control.

In addition to holding and distributing reports to persons who have the proper security clearance to look at them, the Operation has the job of publishing technical reports for Hanford authors.

The Technical Information Operation also must police all information so that none falls into the wrong hands. Carbon papers and typewriter ribbons used in preparing manuscripts are destroyed, and all rough drafts, manuscripts, halftones and other materials must be disposed of, along with reports that no longer are of use.

The library contains an extensive collection of technical books and approximately 900 technical journals, including numerous foreign ones. Some articles are translated by the Technical Information Unit staff, and others have to be sent to translating agencies.

Among the journals received at the Hanford library are a number of Russian journals in English

translations, Stevenson noted. "We don't believe they are putting their best in their journals, though."

Hanford's library of about 35,000 books is similar to most standard industrial libraries, except that it probably is more varied.

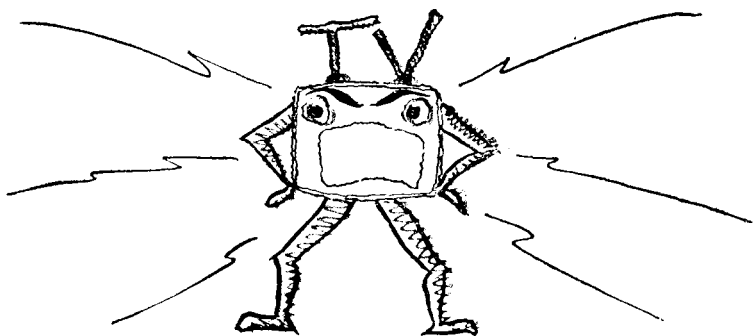
QUESTIONS THAT are asked Technical Information workers during a typical day might include: "What information is available on the calibration and theory of Kanne chambers?"; "What is the drop in water pressure if a line has a sand filter installed?"; "How do you rewind a three-phase, two-speed motor?"; and "What are the hazards of zirconium handling?"

Approximately 75 to 85 per cent of the questions are answered from Hanford's own reference sources. The library also gets information and borrows books from such diverse sources as the University of Washington, Montana State Bureau of Mines, Institute of Ethnic Affairs at Silver Springs, Maryland, and the New York Botanical Gardens.

The workers in the Technical Information Operation are picked more for scientific background than for library training. Those with a combination of the two are rare. Stevenson is one of the few. He was a cement chemist and later was Clark County librarian before coming to Hanford in 1946.

Of his job, Stevenson commented, "In my opinion, it's the most interesting library job in the country."

*The entertaining guest who stayed on as an overbearing squatter*



## **THE INTRUDER IN OUR HOUSE**

*by Barbara Agee*

THERE'S AN INTRUDER in our house, and oddly enough, we invited him. Like "The Man Who Came to Dinner," our television set is charming, even captivating—as a guest. But as a permanent resident his manners wear thin and he becomes exasperating, that is, he talks more than we do.

Unlike some TV's I know who have a room of their own where they can talk as loud as they like to their admirers, ours is included tenderly in our kitchen-living-room. Here in our family circle we carry on all the life-sustaining functions—eating, dishwashing, and sitting on the couch gawking at our TV.

Once upon a time, we had no television in our family. My husband and I and our four children were able to open our mouths and

talk any time we felt like it. Then a change started to take place, a sort of "visit the neighbors movement" by our children. We saw less and less of them. Where did they go? Out! But "Out" was so frequent. When they came home their talk was such that we knew no human, no ordinary neighbor, had been conversing with them. The truth was we were surrounded by people who harbored television.

If we said to the children, "You can't go to the neighbors. You've been there six out of seven days this week," we were unfeeling parents. If we let them go, we had no control over what they saw.

After reasoning, we decided the answer was a TV of our own. We arranged for its installation secretly and had a surprise unveiling. With TV in our home we would

meet the challenge on our own grounds. For two days the children sat entranced. Their eyes were red, their minds bloated. Our strategy was—through visual overindulgence—to sicken them of it until they could take TV in small doses only.

AT FIRST the children thought of us as loving and generous parents. Then we found the TV chattered incessantly without any discretion in what he said. When my husband and I decided that the conversation should be directed or silence imposed, the children's thinking reversed itself and two innocent parents became monstrous ogres.

To hear the moan, there was no doubt that we were taking away our children's sustenance. The two younger boys stared at us with eyes full of disbelief.

The two older ones merely curled their lips in tolerant disgust and said, "Oh, mother, stop treating us like children!"

How bitter it was for me to realize that the sharing of the simple joys of living could not begin to compete with the TV's emotion-packed spiel.

My husband and I, although we cannot draw a six gun in a tenth of a second nor ride horseback well in the house, have attempted, from time to time, to compete.

One day I came home from a shopping spree exhausted but ex-

uberant with the surprise I had for the whole family—a two pound box of chocolates. I waltzed into the room with the candy balanced on my head to add a festive note to the occasion, only to see four heads pivot in unison and four mouths go "Shhhh!" and eight eyebrows lower over eight eyes full of annoyance. My enthusiasm was gone. So was theirs. I ate the whole box myself.

The TV took sick finally. It was two months before we got around to having the repairman call. While TV was in the hospital, the family laughed at my jokes again. We ate meals when they were ready, and lingering over dessert became popular. The children rediscovered to their amazement that their father and I could make word pictures by reading them stories.

Hesitantly we brought the invalid home and placed him in his corner. Recovered now, he is busy pouring his obvious dramas and educational fragments into our circle, leaving us too little time to do our creating for ourselves.

My husband and I have honored the laws of hospitality long enough. Our guest, er—resident, will have to learn not to infringe on family rules.

Maybe we can teach him that we don't want to be entertained, or informed or hawked at all day long. Perhaps we can reclaim our children, even if we've got to build a guest room to do it.



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# The NEA Is Wrong

*Greenville (S. C.) News*

AMONG THE thousands of special interest groups lobbying in Washington, none is more active than the National Education Association.

The association supports a sizable staff which, in addition to buttonholing Congressmen, grinds out an endless stream of news releases, handsomely printed and costly brochures, motion pictures, and other propaganda material.

All this is designed to persuade all who will look or listen that the country is doomed unless the Federal Government undertakes a massive aid-to-education program immediately.

At best, much of this stuff is wasteful. Occasionally, it is downright deceptive.

An example arrived at our desk the other day. It was a brochure entitled "Can America Afford Better Schools," and an accompanying news release summarizing the pamphlet. Both exhibit the same characteristics of slanted, misleading statements, distortions, and deliberate omissions.

Both are patently designed to prove that local and State efforts can never—no never—be sufficient to support a decent school system, and that the only possible alternative is Federal aid to education.

As an example of how this point is dragged in through the back door is the following statement:

"Right now, the Federal Government with its efficient, streamlined collection system brings in almost 3 out of every 4 tax dollars."

Nowhere does the association argue the point that the Federal tax system is efficient or streamlined. It merely states that it is, and then goes on to use the statement to bolster another point.

Of course the Federal Government's tax system is neither efficient nor streamlined. It is archaic, unjust, wasteful, discriminatory and staggeringly complicated as every Collector of Internal Revenue within recent memory has publicly testified and as every Congressman will admit.

It is part of the National Education Association's creed, however, that nothing the Federal Government does can possibly be wrong, and nothing State and local governments do can possibly be right, and so the facts are abandoned.

Unless the Federal Government assumes a reasonable share of school costs, the association's most recent publications asserts, several communities, none of whom are identified, face some really hair-raising tax increases. Of course, it never occurs to the Pundits of NEA that these increases might be averted if the Federal Government would decrease some of its taxes and allow that

money to go instead to State and local treasuries.

This serves also to illustrate another of the association's blind spots. School costs are bound to go up, it declares, and if local and State agencies remain the chief support of schools, then local taxes are going to increase, which is bad.

But won't Federal taxes go up, too, if the Federal Government attempts to meet those costs? And isn't that just as bad? Not, apparently, to the National Education Association.

This is the basis for all the liberal,

free-spending arguments: Government money—that is, Federal Government money—is as free as the air; it comes from nowhere, at no cost, and it can be spent and spent and spent.

THE FACT is that, as has been proven time and again, the more efficient way to both collect and disburse tax moneys is at the local level. This avoids the hidden costs of bureaucratic proliferation, unsupervised projects of dubious value, and mistakes of judgment due to lack of familiarity with local problems.

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### *Earthquake Scoreboard*

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Last month, in the article "How to Predict Earthquakes" by L. M. Hasbrouck, we included a set of dates for the probable occurrence of earthquakes during the months of March and April. These dates were submitted to the *MERCURY* on February 18, 1959, and were to coincide, within 24 hours, with earthquakes of magnitude 6 or over as reported by the Geodetic Survey of the U. S. Department of Commerce. The following report includes the dates predicted by author Hasbrouck and the dates officially recorded by the Survey:

**March 6th**—No earthquakes reported (of magnitude 6 or over).

**March 18th**—Two earthquakes reported within the predicted 24 hour period. On the 17th an earthquake of magnitude 6 in the Ryukyu Islands, Japan. On the 19th another of magnitude  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in the North Atlantic Ocean.

**March 24th**—An earthquake of  $6\frac{1}{2}$  magnitude on the 23rd, in Nevada.

**March 31st**—Three quakes within the prediction period, all on the same day. Two of magnitude 6; one in Samoa, the other in northern California.

Also one of  $6\frac{1}{4}$  magnitude in the Canary Islands.

As this issue goes to press, it is too early to include the Geodetic Survey Reports for April. The dates predicted were: April 7, 14, 21, 27.

(Although the prediction for March 6th did not coincide with earthquakes reported by the Geodetic Survey, we thought we would pass along a prediction and verification you wouldn't otherwise know about. Last month, along with the list of earthquake predictions, we included an item from the newspapers reporting an earthquake of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  magnitude in northern California on March 2nd. According to the Geodetic Survey both date and magnitude were in error. The earthquake occurred on the 1st of March with a magnitude of 7 on the Richter scale. This date did not appear on the list we published. *However*, it was listed on predictions computed for February. It coincided within the 24 hour period predicted for February 28th, last day of the month!—Ed.)

# GRADE:

by Jeanne Lodge

I NEVER HAVE BEEN what you would call a *dedicated* teacher. I've worked hard enough at it—especially when I was just out of the university. But I have never felt that challenge of which educators are prone to speak in voices of reverent superiority.

When I meet a class for the first time, I give them a brief outline of the course we will pursue in the coming year. Some of the students look interested. Some are not listening. One or two give me a measured look which says, "You go on this chase but count me out." At precisely this point I fail as a teacher. I feel no compelling urge to lead the rebels into the paths of knowledge. I have no feeling of inadequacy over the prospect that this course may not interest them. I do not yearn to turn them into model pupils.

You can see that this attitude cannot be approved by the superintendent, school board, PTA, or NEA.

What amazes me is that I have never been caught, for I have never made any attempt to conceal my feelings. There was one occasion, however, when my attitude was almost discovered. This incident oc-

curred just after the first report card of the semester was sent home to the parents.

Some of you may not remember report cards—the kind that had numerical grades. From a teacher's viewpoint I rather liked them. They were a simple matter of arithmetic. You took the student's grades on tests, oral work and written work; averaged them all together; and arrived at a numerical grade. It required no imagination, no balancing of aptitude, IQ, home background, and emotional stability. Such reports eliminated the personal element from the teacher's appraisal of the student.

The report cards that nearly brought about my exposé were for a ninth grade English class which was, in many ways, one of the nicest I have had. There were only 22 students which is an ideal number. True, 19 of them were boys and the year before they had gotten into a fist fight with their male teacher and had locked him in a closet. But, of the 22 there were many interested and several bright students. We finished the state curriculum that year, published a book of poems and stories, ran a cross-

word puzzle contest, and devoured a record number of library books.

I enjoyed the class and we sailed our ship of knowledge like a seasoned crew. It was my last class of the day and, when I was invited to partake of their after school sport of slingshot shooting at bottles, I accepted it as if it were a Congressional Medal of Honor.

Therefore, it came as an unpleasant shock that one of my students should have attained an average of 47 for the first period's work. All of the others had passing grades and nine of the 22 had averages of 92 to 97. I averaged grades of the entire group again. The results were the same and I thus reported them to the parents.

In a day or two all of the cards were back properly signed with the exception of 47's.

The parents of this student—I use the term lightly—came to see our principal, who called me into his office after they had left. “See here, Miss Lodge,” he proclaimed, “we do not give grades of 47. How could a student get such a low grade?”

I explained that I had averaged all the grades a second time and that that was the absolute maximum he had achieved in ninth grade English.

“Lack of motivation,” he harumphed.

“But all the other children have done so well,” I protested. “Perhaps the work is too difficult for him and

he would benefit from reviewing the eighth grade.”

“Nonsense,” declared my principal and changed the grade to 75. I could have expostulated but did not. It was his affair.

I know that this would be a better story if I said that I worked constantly with this child and that he went on to attain a doctorate at a fine university. The truth is he finished the year with an average of 38. I just put it down as “F.” You see, I was not challenged by this pupil. He had no desire to learn and I frankly had no desire to struggle to make knowledge palatable to him. I was having too much fun with the rest of the class. Those nine bright ones attained a college level in the achievement tests our school ran in the Spring!

Our superintendent passed 38, née 47. Yet, this did not reform me.

ALL THESE YEARS I have gone along unchallenged by the slow student or by the problem student. My attitude has been, “If I am to teach them, let them be *eager*.”

Undoubtedly, there are still some pupils in my classes whose work would average as low as 47. (We do not average grades in these days of advanced education.) They are satisfied with their work. Their parents are satisfied with their work. Grade “satisfactory” covers the situation. As I said in the beginning, I have never been what you would call a *dedicated* teacher.

# THE BIBLE'S APPROACH TO MENTAL HEALTH

*by Dr. David Calderwood*

IN CALIFORNIA, we are attempting to solve the "mental health" problem by means of the Short-Doyle bill, which has now become the Mental Health Act. We are sure that all Christian people are in favor of the state doing all it can to alleviate suffering, but sometimes there are ulterior motives behind apparently good movements. If the Mental Health Act is solely for the alleviation of mental suffering, we should do all we can to make it work. If it is a political instrument to promote a program alien to the Christian way of life, we have a right to question it, and its mode of operation.

We have read of a man being committed to a mental institution because of his public utterances against the United Nations. The examining psychiatrist testified that this man did not come to the conclusions arrived at by the majority of the community. Then the man's attorney asked the psychiatrist, "Do you believe that to hold a belief that there are subversive groups work-

ing against our government is a sign of mental illness?" The psychiatrist answered, "Any such belief not substantiated by fact is a delusion."

If a person can be "put away" for such a flimsy reason, then the Mental Health Act may become a serious menace. The idea of mental health clinics seems to stem from the World Federation of Mental Health which was formed at a London Conference in 1948. It was headed by a psychiatrist named Dr. Brock Chisholm. At the London conference it was stated, "Principles of mental health cannot be successfully furthered in any society unless there is progressive acceptance of the concept of world citizenship. World citizenship can be widely extended among all peoples through the applications of the principles of mental health." This would indicate that the mental health project and world citizenship are definitely linked together. There is real danger of this instrument being used, for example, to get rid of a minister

of a church who strongly opposes the modernistic ideas of the National Council of Churches, or of parents who teach their children something different from that which is the common belief of the community.

But, you may ask, how are the authorities in charge of operating this program going to get their information regarding people needing treatment. Part of the answer, at least, may be found in a statement of the Chief of the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare, who was quoted in the Los Angeles Times as saying, "Social workers are probably best able to determine whether a parent is qualified to raise his child."

Not only social workers can be used, but teachers in our public schools. Here are a few of the questions, or problems, given teachers to present to their pupils who are requested to mark their particular problem.

1. Wanting things my parents cannot give.
2. Sometimes ashamed of my family.
3. My allowance is too small.
4. A barrier between myself and my parents.
5. My parents don't respect my opinions.

Another set of questions prepared for pupils is as follows:

1. Does it really pay to be honest?

2. Is it wrong to deny the existence of God?
3. I have thoughts of committing suicide.
4. I wonder if I am normal in my sex relationships.
5. How far should a high school student go in love relationship?

Are there not other and better ways of discovering and helping needy people? Dr. Chisholm thinks that science has the answer for mental problems, and indeed, all problems. He says, "This is a sick world . . . Science can change the patterns of human behavior." According to this authority, science is to work through psychiatrists, psychologists, politicians and social workers. What is really the cause of "mental illness", and where should we look for relief?

PERHAPS THE best way to begin search for the answer is to follow the first psychiatrist, and note particularly the people he approached, and the influence he exerted upon them. The psychiatrist we refer to has several names, but the way in which he operates is more important than his name. He came to two persons who were very happily married and were enjoying life to the full. Indeed, they were perfect physically, mentally, morally and spiritually. This psychiatrist didn't suggest, as some modern psychiatrists do, that God is not at all to be considered. He

recognized God, but suggested that God didn't give them a fair deal; that their freedom was restricted; that they should shake themselves loose from God's control, and they would experience a freedom and happiness that they had not yet known.

Adam and Eve listened to the serpent and lost! Fear took the place of the peace of mind that they previously possessed. The serpent left them with twisted minds and a rebellious spirit. With what result? With the result that this evil heritage was handed down to generation after generation until things became so bad that God's judgment had to fall.

"And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was evil continually. And it repented the Lord that He had made man on earth. And the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth."

And God did destroy, save one family who he spared. For that family, and their successors upon the earth, God provided a Savior, mighty to save to the uttermost.

A picture of what the Savior could do was presented to Jeremiah when he went down into the potter's house. "I went down," says Jeremiah, "to the potter's house and behold, he wrought a work on the wheels. And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the

hands of the potter, so he made it again as seemed good to the potter to make it."

Jesus Himself describes the program that He would carry out for the uplift of fallen man in a quotation from the prophet Isaiah: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me because He hath annointed me to preach the gospel to the poor, He hath sent me to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

The gospel tells how that program was put into operation. Let us cite one instance: "When he went forth to land, there met him out of the city a certain man who had devils a long time, and wore no clothes, neither abode in any house, but in the tombs." Here was a man who was hopelessly insane, but Jesus, the Master Potter, restored that marred vessel of clay. The story of his healing was soon on every tongue in the town, and a group of people started out to track down this story—"and they came to Jesus, and found the man sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind."

**N**OW, WHY DO modern health clinics banish Jesus Christ from their plans, and reject His counsel which is written so plainly in the Bible? Don't they know that the marred clay cannot re-make it-

self? Are they not aware that even psychiatrists, however well-trained, belong to the "marred clay?"

The Bible is given first, that people may have an opportunity to meet Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and be made whole; and second, that they may learn God's thoughts, and begin to think God's thoughts after Him.

That's what Isaiah meant when he wrote: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon. For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

Paul summed up the matter by saying, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." But how can men know the mind of Christ if the Bible is outlawed?

A chaplain visiting a prisoner was asked by this troubled man if there wasn't a way by which his brain could be taken out and washed for "it scethes with evil thoughts and evil intentions." The chaplain handed him a Bible and said, "Try that." Some weeks later the chaplain found this man, like the one in the Gospel story, "clothed and in his

right mind." Pointing to the Bible the prisoner said, "That does it, Chaplain, that does it."

**I**F THE CHURCH of Jesus Christ will get back to its true mission, we believe that multitudes of the afflicted will be restored, juvenile and adult delinquency will be curbed, and communism will be conquered.

We believe this because of what the church accomplished in the morning of its existence. Read it for yourself in the gospel of Luke. The following is a very brief summary.

The Lord Jesus Christ sent out 70 disciples two by two to carry His gospel in every city. Their commission had in it the following injunction—"Heal the sick . . . and say unto them, the Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." In due time the 70 returned thrilled with their successes and reporting, "Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through Thy name."

So we suggest that families get the Bible down from the shelf and into the minds of their children, that church members get it back into the pews of their churches, and insist that their pastors preach it, and that Christian citizens demand the return of this—the most uplifting Book in the world into the class-rooms of our schools.

God has already promised that His Word will not return unto Him void.

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*From a sermon delivered at Greyfriars Memorial Presbyterian Church, Torrance, California*



# DRINK THE OCEAN

Charles H. Coleman

**I**N SUBURBS of Chicago water taps are dry in summer, or run only a trickle when turned on. Los Angeles, fourth largest city in the United States, located on the edge of the largest body of water in the world, is so desperately short of water that further residential and industrial development hinges upon finding a plentiful supply of fresh water.

Although we haven't yet fully realized it, the United States, as a nation, is facing a growing shortage of water which is unprecedented in history. Contrary to popular belief this water shortage is not confined to the drought-stricken areas of the Southwest. It is widespread, covering every state and affecting every individual either directly or through increased costs of food, clothing, housing, and other mechanical appliances. It exists because water consumption in the United States has increased sevenfold since 1900. And it will become more acute in 1975 as the present rate of water usage doubles. A part

of the increasing use of water is due to steadily increasing industrial development and usage. A part of future increases will be due to a total population which by 1975 will have increased by 35 million more.

Karol O. Kohler, Jr., director of the U. S. Soil Conservation Service's engineering division, estimates that the average person uses 137 gallons of water per day. In already drought-stricken areas where is this additional 4,785 million gallons of water per day coming from for 35 million more thirsty throats in 1975?

Dr. K. A. MacKichan, geologist with the U. S. Geological Survey, says that cheap water for industrial development is no longer available. When water tables have already been lowered to the vanishing point where is the water coming from in 1975 for greatly increased industrial use?

Recognizing the gravity of the situation Congress passed the "Saline Water Conversion Act" in

1952. This act set up a broad program of research and development administered by the Department of the Interior. It was designed to develop methods for obtaining fresh water from the ocean. At present, the U. S. Government is cooperating in this research program with industry, institutions and interested foreign agencies.

Before any work could be started on converting salt water to fresh water it was necessary to decide on a suitable standard for fresh water. Fortunately the U. S. Public Health Service had already developed such a standard. Drinking water was defined as water which contained no more than 1,000 and preferably less than 500 parts per million of dissolved salts. For agricultural irrigation the requirement was set at no more than 1,200 parts per million. Some industrial standards are even more rigid, requiring water for processing that contains no more than two or three parts of salt per million.

With suitable standards ideas began pouring in. "Cloud-seeding" was thought for a while to be a possible source of plentiful supplies of fresh water. But results, to date, have been far from satisfactory. At best, it appears that cloud-seeding can supply only a negligible amount of the total water required. Better industrial processes requiring less water, and strict water conservation were proposed. Even so, it was realized that these measures were

strictly limited since they offered no new sources of water. The only solution to the vast volumes of water needed by a growing and ever-demanding population lies in converting the salt water of the oceans to fresh water.

Ocean water for conversion averages about 35,000 parts per million of salt. Besides large quantities of common table salt, ocean water contains small quantities of 44 elements including magnesium, sulfur, iron, gold and even uranium. Water with less salt than the sea but with more salt than the Public Health standards is called brackish.

At present, most communities are paying \$1.50 to \$50 per acre-foot of water. An acre-foot is 325,851 gallons. Some industrial plants are paying \$100 per acre-foot. As good water becomes more difficult to obtain the cost will rise. Current research is bent on lowering the cost of producing good water from the ocean. When cost meets need we will start producing water from the ocean on a large scale.

THE PROBLEM that the research scientists working under the Saline Water Conversion Act are faced with is to find a cheap way to remove 23 pounds of salt from the 137 gallons of water that the average citizen uses per day. To be economically feasible at present costs this has to be done for less than five cents!

There are several ways of producing fresh water from salt. Distillation is the one commonly used. Water is boiled to turn it to steam. All impurities such as salt are left behind. When the steam is cooled it condenses to pure water. The Pacific Gas and Electric Company, which has a plant on Morro Bay in southern California, distills water from the Pacific Ocean in southern California, distills water from the Pacific Ocean at a cost of \$500 per acre-foot. While high, this is actually cheaper for them than drilling wells or damming a river in the Morro Bay area. The U. S. Navy has found it necessary to distill water for shipboard use at a cost of \$1,500 per acre-foot. The best of presently known techniques place large scale production of good water from the ocean at \$150 per acre-foot, or about seven cents for the amount the average person uses per day.

Present stills run the cost of water production up because boiling water takes a lot of heat energy. Even atomic energy may be impractical because of high relative cost. However, Dr. Kenneth C. D. Hickman, Boston, Massachusetts, has come up with an idea which will save much of the lost energy. His idea is to use low pressure steam and have fans circulate the steam into pipes where it condenses. The pipes are cooled with sea water which is in turn distilled. This saves energy since it takes less heat to boil hot water than it does for cold water. A multi-stage

still of this type shows a good deal of promise. Dr. Hickman envisions small units that can supply the average seashore home.

A different type of still, the rotating-drum still, makes use of compression distillation. Salt water under pressure is jetted against the hot inner surface of a drum and spread out in a thin film by centrifugal force. The hot steam arising is sucked out by a fan and compressed. When blown on the outside of the drum cooled by the incoming ocean water it condenses to pure water. Large models are now being constructed for testing.

DR. MARIA TELKES, New York University, thinks that sun power may be the answer to cheap energy in areas such as the southwestern United States where the sun shines almost every day in the year. The sun would be used to evaporate sea or brackish water in one part of a unit. In a cooler part of the same unit the vapor condenses to pure water. Kits of this type are already standard equipment on Army and Navy life rafts.

A way of saving energy in purifying sea water is to freeze the salt out. To freeze water requires only one-seventh of the energy needed to boil it. However, John D. Isaacs, assistant director, Scripps Institution of Oceanography, La Jolla, California, asks, why freeze water, when you can get it already frozen?

He proposes towing a 10-billion-

ton iceberg from the Antarctic ocean. This would be anchored off the coast of California. As it melted fresh water could be piped into Los Angeles. The estimated cost of "Operation Iceberg" would be \$1 million, which sounds high. But the water from the iceberg would be worth \$100 million to water-starved Los Angeles.

Some scientists are asking, "Why boil or freeze water?" Their answer to obtaining pure water from the ocean is to use an electric membrane. Membranes, an electric current and the positive and negative charges on the atoms of a salt molecule are used to separate out the fresh water. This process is now undergoing intensive investigation in the United States, the Netherlands, England, and the Union of South Africa. George W. Murphy, University of Oklahoma, makes use of the charge on the ions themselves to effect separation of the salt and water. This saves the cost of electric current. The Southern Research Institute, Birmingham, is working on this angle.

The use of solvents to extract pure water from salt has been tried but without much luck. A membrane-hydraulic process, however, has fared much better. Invented by Charles E. Reid, University of Florida, a mechanical device is used to exert a pressure on salt water which is held in a cellulose acetate membrane. Exerting a pressure greater than the osmotic pressure difference

between fresh and salt water, 350 pounds per square inch, forces pure water through the pores of the membrane. A single pass removes about 90 per cent of the salt. Repeating the operation gives much greater purity.

AS THE situation presently stands the United States will face an acute shortage of water in 1975 unless low cost ways are developed to convert ocean water into drinking water and water for crops and industrial use. While research is being done on the problem, the progress to date is far from satisfying. A general, apathetic disregard of the problem by the public and insufficient funds have slowed advancement to a crawl. This was summed up by Harold Vagtborg, president of Southwest Research Institute, in a recent talk to the Texas Bankers Association. We just haven't been forced, he explained, to place the value on water that will justify the engineering expenditures required to develop plentiful supplies. In like vein, Secretary of the Interior, Douglas McKay, stated, "... Our water problem will be on the way to solution only when there is realization at every level of our national structure that water is everybody's business." Whether we have plenty of water or not in 1975 to drink, bathe in and use industrially depends to a great extent upon our support and encouragement today of our salt water conversion research program.

# LIVE YOUR FAITH OR LOSE IT!

by John F. C. Green, D.D.

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*The author is the pastor of the Evangelical Congregational church of McKeesport, Pennsylvania.*

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WHILE EARLY Christianity was fighting the life and customs of the ancient, non-Christian world, the faith spread rapidly into all parts of the Roman Empire. It won its way from the cross of shame on Calvary to the court of Caesar in one generation: the nurse of Nero was a Christian. For ever the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.

Today more church-buildings have gone up in the last several decades than, perhaps in any previous century, excepting the first. In these United States more people belong to churches percentage wise and in number than ever in our country's history.

But, if we have numbers and glorious churches and great offerings but lose our faith that fights the world, we have lost our faith and shall lose our churches, too. From the high-tide of the Church, covering the old Roman Empire,

from the West Coast of Africa to India, from the Persian Gulf to Scotland, organized Christianity was swept away like a spray by the Muslim conquest of the seventh century. The Holy Land was overrun by the "infidel," whom the war-like Westerners sought to exterminate, in the name of the Lord!

Christianity is being denatured among us. The danger of the Church is not from without, but from within! The antithesis of Christianity, godless Communism, has allies in all branches of our society, in schools, in politics, in labor-unions, in church-leadership. Christianity is being explained away in "Christian" teaching-materials; it is being undermined by "Christian" leaders, who stand by the side of Communists and further Communist interests without cessation. The Communist press was jubilant after the Council of the National Council of Churches recommended the recognition of unchristian—inhuman Red China. And that long-time idol of the church-leftists, Karl Barth, confessed to his true meaning and real colors when he warned against the West, against America, more than against demonic Communism of the East, counselling its victims to submit rather than to wish for such a state as prevails in the West.

He became a hero in the Hitler years, as did anyone who was anti-German, by refusing obedience to the German state laws. But he has

never denied his sympathy for the incomparably worse reign of Communism. Nazism was ever condemned by those who favored Communism! Yet, in this time when anti-German hatred is again being whipped up throughout the Western world, to prepare the way for the coming of Communism, there is never an exception: Communism is a sacred cow! And that which Communism plans, for the destruction of the West, with its basis of international law; of law within the nation, of the Christian bases of society and the source of its culture, all these things are being advocated by men, and leaders of the Church, in the name of law, in the name of Christianity.

The people of the Christian churches will either profess and live their faith, and they will make it vital in the life and society of their country, or they will be enslaved by the godless planners of the non-Christian world! Jesus said "Woe is you if all men speak well of you." The cry of the age is toward conformity. "Progressive educationalists" brand a child "a mental case" if he does not conform!

Mere conformity leads to death! Society advances by nonconformity! Jesus also said: "Blessed are ye, if men curse you . . . for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." And he was tortured to death on the horri-

ble murder-instrument of the cross as a criminal, a nonconformist! And he said: "Take your cross upon you and follow me."

Several missionaries gave their lives—foolishly, as men would see it—to bring the Gospel to the Auka Indians. And the leading church-magazine, leftist, "Christian,"—it claims to be!—condemned them for their folly; they should have served under one of the "united," leftist major missionary organizations, for they would have refused to let them go to these people!" A few years later, the widows of these martyrs are working with these backward Indians who killed their husbands! Here is something of the compulsion of Christian spirit! "Love your enemies." "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

A GENERATION ago Dr. Fosdick preached a sermon which made great echo: "Taking Christianity Seriously." Well, what else is Christianity than taking Christ seriously? There is no room for Communism and all its parts and agents, in the Church and out of it; in school and politics and labor-unions and out! We shall take Christianity seriously, or Christ will take His Church seriously and condemn it to destruction; the fate of the seventh-century will be that of the church of this century, if she rejects the Christ in life, in offering, in suffering, in sacrifice, in death!

# This Is What They Said

• I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again!—JOHN OXENHAM

• The existing regime in Russia is based upon the negation of every principle of honor and good faith.—BAINBRIDGE COLBY, former Secretary of State, August 10, 1920

• He can crowd more words into the smallest idea than any man I ever knew.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

• There is not one word in the Constitution which empowers the Federal government to tax the people of this country to pay the bills for running other countries.—JOHN T. FLYNN

• Let us, like the Apostles of old, go forth throughout the land proselytizing in behalf of Christian Americanism.—WALTER S. STEELE

• The National Council of Churches has built up a Protestant Frankenstein which is fostering un-Protestant positions, and is now turning to help destroy the moral bulwarks of Western freedom.—DR. CARL MCINTIRE, President International Council of Christian Churches

• There are 147 billion dollars of unused funds! This is money that has been voted and Federal agencies can spend it.—SENATOR HARRY F. BYRD (This money comes out of your pockets. It is wasted or given to “their international friends!”)—**Wake up Sucker!**

“Patriotic” individuals and organizations “in and outside the South” should create a commission “to combat the rising crescendo of vicious propaganda against the South and its institutions, much of it inspired by Communist-front and race-minded groups.”—SENATOR JAMES O. EASTLAND

- Communism is, in fact, a confidence trick, whereby a group of totally unscrupulous international Conspirators acquire a nation's wealth by pretending to nationalize it for the "workers."—HILARY GREY
- About the composition of the United Nations: "We have put the top criminal on the Police Commission."—FREEMAN MAGAZINE
- "There is no such thing in America as an Independent Press. You know it and I know it. There's not one of you who would dare write his honest opinions. **The business of a journalist is to destroy the truth, to lie outright, to pervert, to villify, to fawn at the feet of Mammon, and to sell himself, his country and his race** for his daily bread. We are the tools and vassals of rich men behind the scenes. We are jumping jacks; they pull the strings and we dance. Our talents, our possibilities and our lives are the property of these men. **We are intellectual prostitutes.**"—JOHN SWINTON, Former Editor N. Y. *Times* (From a speech at a banquet following the announcement of his retirement)
- I think the right to work in our country is just as sacred as the right to a jury trial. I don't believe any organization in our country should be vested with the right and power to say to an American, "You shall not work unless you join my organization."—SENATOR FRANK LAUSCHIE
- Nothing illustrates more sharply the change in the mood of American Jews during the last few years than the fact that the most representative Diaspora Zionist, Dr. Nahum Goldmann, the president of the World Zionist Movement, who is also the president of the World Jewish Congress and half a dozen other international Jewish organizations, **last week publicly endorsed the principles of "double loyalty"** as one of the tenets of the new ideology of "Greater Zionism," and declared that allegiance to one country has gone out of fashion and that the future trend is in the direction of many loyalties to many nations and many homelands.—WILLIAM ZUKERMAN, Editor Jewish Newsletter, Jan. 26, 1959
- (Even Drew Pearson let a little light out—when he stated this on March 9, 1959) Sidney Weinberg, the investment banker who has appointed more men to the Eisenhower Cabinet than anyone else—including George Humphrey, Douglas Dillon, and in part Admiral Strauss.—DREW PEARSON

Return postage, together with a self-addressed envelope, must be included with each unsolicited manuscript to insure its return.



# W i t s E N d

"DO YOU have anything to say before I spank you?" the father asked his small son when they entered the woodshed.

"Yes, Dad," replied Junior. "Did grandpa spank you when you were a little boy?"

"Yes."

"I see," pondered Junior. "And did great-grandpa spank grandpa when he was a little boy?"

"He certainly did," replied the father.

"Well," said Junior, "don't you think that with my help you could overcome this inherited streak of rowdy sadism?"

AN INDUSTRIAL TYCOON returned home one day to find his six-year-old son sitting on the curb in front of his house. The boy was brooding.

"What's the matter, son?" asked his father.

"Well, if you must know," said the boy bitterly, "I just had a big fight with your wife."

UNCLE GEORGE was sadly disappointed in a volume he bought from a second-hand book store entitled HOW to HUG. When he got home he found it was from an ancient set of encyclopaedia.

A TELEVISION COMEDIAN insists upon doing all his shows "live." Lately he has had recurring dreams that he is indeed "live," but that his audience is on film.

ONE THING that everybody understands about money matters is that it does.

THE SWEET young secretary, fresh out of business school, was asked how she liked her first boss.

"Oh, he's all right," she said. "But he's kind of bigoted."

"How do you mean?"

"He thinks words can only be spelled one way."

BANKRUPTCY is when you put your money in your hip pocket and let your creditors take your shirt.

THE CROWDED BUS was late again, and it was raining. As an impatient passenger climbed aboard, he remarked sarcastically to the driver, "Well, Noah, you finally arrived! Is the ark full?"

"Nope," replied the driver. "We need one more monkey. Come on in!"

# THE BOOK SHELF

## A HORRIFYING STORY

by Brad Lee

IN EVERY WAR BUT ONE. By Eugene Kinkead. W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. New York. 219 pp. \$3.75.

IT is a regrettable and painful truth that many so-called "liberal intellectuals" minimize the threat of Communism to America. In their parlance anti-Communism, not Communism, is the greater danger to our precious liberties. As is their wont they invariably have blind spots regarding Communist subversion or penetration while anti-Communists are castigated again and again for their often futile and vain efforts to awaken Americans into a realization that Communism is a nightmare reality that could happen here. While the liberals worry about the civil rights of Communists the much more important morality of western civilization is breaking down.

That American morality is disintegrating is an implication that one cannot miss in reading Eugene Kinkead's important book, *In Every Way But One*. This work was made possible by the Defense Department which granted Mr. Kinkead permission to report on an intensive five-year study made by the Army of the effect of Commu-

nist indoctrination of men held prisoners of war in Korea.

Mr. Kinkead's findings are shocking, disturbing, and thought-provoking. Never before in history had American captives repudiated their own country. Yet in the Korean War 21 Americans actually chose to stay with the Chinese Communists. Moreover, collaboration of prisoners with the enemy was so widespread that one out of three was known to have aided the Communist cause, thus contributing to the enemy propaganda. Furthermore, this country had a higher prisoner mortality rate in the Korean War than in any previous war. Other ugly details presented are the brutality of prisoners to fellow prisoners and the unbelievable fact that not a single American prisoner escaped during the conflict—again a tremendous contrast with World War II.

Upon digesting these facts, many readers will immediately want to attribute these conditions to "brainwashing," but Mr. Kinkead points out that officials in the Defense Department and in the Army consider "brainwashing" a catch phrase which does not have a precise meaning. The Army

prefers the term "indoctrination," which it defines as "an effort to change a man's viewpoint while he is still a thinking individual by regulating his thoughts and actions."

Those captives whom the Chinese Communists could persuade to attend classes on Communist theory were known as "progressives." Those who resisted the enemy interrogations by giving only their name, rank, service number, and date of birth in accordance with the Geneva Convention of 1949 were labeled "reactionaries" and surprisingly enough were left alone. Those who broke down during interrogation and talked got the full treatment of Communist indoctrination.

The overriding message of the book is the vital need for a renaissance of American morality. This is clearly apparent when Mr. Kinkead quotes the following statement of Hugh M. Milton II, Assistant Secretary of the Army for Manpower and Reserve Forces: "Overcoming Communism is not simply an Army problem . . . It's a truly national problem . . . The Army would like to see every American parent, every American teacher, and every American clergyman work to instill in every one of our children a specific understanding between our way of life and the Communist way of life, and, even more important, work to give every child, in the blunt, old-fashioned spirit, a firm regard for right and an abiding distaste for wrong. The Army's period of training is too brief to make changes in the habits of a lifetime. By the time a young man enters the Army, he should possess a set of sound moral values and the strength of character to live by them."

## AMERICAN SAGA

FLYING TIGER: CHENNAULT OF CHINA.  
By Robert Lee Scott, Jr. Doubleday,  
New York. 286 pp. \$3.95.

THIS IS A STORY of fliers and flying. It is also the saga of one of the greatest soldiers of our times, Claire Chennault.

Of few men can it be said that they deflected the course of history. Chennault did that. Without his spectacular leadership, at the darkest hour of its struggle against Japan, China could easily have collapsed. Had this happened, militaristic Japan might still be ruling in all East Asia. Today's world would be different.

All his life, Chennault was an innovator. He was also a defier of military tradition and traditionalists. His career was marked by a succession of embittered feuds with authority, in most of which he came out winner. Two of these feuds are described without reticence—the Chennault controversies with "Vinegar" Joe Stilwell and with the unpleasant Maj. Gen. Clayton Bissell. All his life Chennault's efforts to create an air force for China were dogged by the sniping and malice of less gifted men of rank.

A few extraordinary facts are revealed by General Scott's book emphasizing Chennault's achievement. One of these is the pitifully small air force which the General commanded while he was racking up his sensational strikes against the Japanese. Thus, his American Volunteer Group (Flying Tigers), between December 18, 1941, and July 4, 1942, never had more than 49 combat planes capable

of operation, and never more than 70 pilots trained to fly them.

But with this meager force, the AVG was officially credited with the destruction of 299 Japanese planes, with 300 more probably destroyed but not authenticated. It killed at least fifteen hundred Japanese airmen, pilots, navigators, gunners and bombardiers. Against these terrific enemy losses, the AVG lost only 15 pilots in action.

How did Chennault do this? The answer is to be found in his extraordinary military imagination. Throughout his career, the Flying Tiger chief was at war with the routine in the army. He was an astute student of tactics. He was the first to recognize that the Lafayette Escadrille concept of World War I—the individual dogfight—was passé. In place of this he insisted upon team fighting—two or more fighter planes attacking the enemy in close coordination. In those days before radar, he recognized the importance of observation. In China, he set up the amazing air warning net which so often confounded the Japanese despite their control of the air.

Chennault was one of the first China hands to realize the deadly danger of Communism. Before he joined the Chinese as adviser in 1938, he had been offered a similar job with an attractive five year contract by Russia and rejected it. He was never deceived by the Yalta mentality in dealing with Red China.

General Scott is admittedly a Chennault partisan. This is a book of appreciation rather than disparagement. General Chennault, despite his denigrators, occupies a secure niche in the

American gallery of heroes. This book explains how he got there.—H. L. V.

## UNPLEASANT TRUTH

by John Lines

PERPETUAL WAR FOR PERPETUAL PEACE. By Harry Elmer Barnes. Caxton, Caldwell, Idaho. 680 pp. \$2.00.

DR. BARNES has performed a badly needed service in bringing between the covers of one book the essential facts about the shameful Roosevelt years which took us into World War II.

The reality has been so twisted and expurgated by the trained seal historians of the Establishment that most of the myths and half-truths of the period have been accepted by Americans as facts. They have passed into textbooks approved by our schools. They have surrounded one of the most discreditable episodes of our history with the halo of the heroic.

We owe it to Dr. Barnes and a little handful of courageous American scholars that this dishonest picture of the years 1939-41 has not been allowed to go unchallenged. Their reward has been the deep freeze of a literary boycott so profound that the busy reader has to hunt for their writings in obscure places to discover them.

Briefly the myth presents Franklin D. Roosevelt as a great and wise patriotic President trying to keep war away from American shores by various forced acts of intervention. The reality, which Dr. Barnes sets forth in his book, is something less noble. The real Roosevelt of this period was a

Janus-faced schemer who, with the advice of the international tricksters who surrounded him, put over one of the most dishonorable frauds upon the American people in our nation's history. Dr. Barnes, and the other authors who are reproduced in this anthology, cite verse, chapter and book to substantiate their revelations.

The final evidence of Roosevelt duplicity was reputedly contained in the 1,000 transcriptions of Roosevelt-Churchill communications which were included in the so-called "Kent documents." To prevent these papers from becoming public, Tyler Kent, an attaché of the American Embassy in London, was railroaded into a British prison and his documents apparently confiscated. Kent himself has never talked since his release. But Dr. Barnes and his fellow-authors have pieced together the story from other sources. It confronts the American people in damning irrefutability.

Some of the other authors who contribute to Dr. Barnes' book are William Henry Chamberlin, Percy L. Greaves, Jr., George A. Lundberg, George Morgenstern, William L. Neumann, Frederick R. Sanborn and Charles Callan Tansill. But probably the strongest chapters of the volume are the first and final ones in which Dr. Barnes sets forth the case against the "historical blackout," and then summarizes all the facts which have been assembled in the volume.

This is exciting and informative reading for any patriotic American. Dr. Barnes published the book several years ago amid a reviewing silence so profound that few interested students of the Roosevelt years have had access to this mine of historic facts. The

MERCURY is happy to bring this challenging book back to public notice.

## AMERICAN ELITE?

WHO. By Cedric A. Larson. McDowell, Obolensky, New York. 390 pp. \$5.00.

IN THE MINDS of most Americans, inclusion in *Who's Who* is a cachet of unique distinction. As nearly as we have such a thing in the United States, the *Who's Who* names are America's intellectual elite. Unlike the *Social Register*, to which one is born, *Who's Who* insists upon some evidence of achievement. As a directory of the higher circles of the American intelligentsia, plus a selection of industry heads and top government officialdom, this biennial has become almost a must for the library table. It is a working reference-book of Americans who have achieved fame.

How many Americans qualify? The first 30 volumes (*Who's Who* was launched in 1899) contained the names of 127,000 Americans. Of these, 77,000 are dead. The number of biographies in the current volume total a little over 50,000. In brief, 2.91 out of every 10,000 Americans make the book. It is a surprisingly high ratio.

"The Marquis editors (who compile the book) are quick to admit that their biographical dictionary undoubtedly has sins of both omission and admission," the author writes. "Still they contend, it is probably as nearly satisfactory a compilation as could humanly be expected."

Out of the 60 year history of the Marquis organization in compiling *Who's Who*, Mr. Larson has confect-

ed a charming book. Living with celebrities, as the editors do, they have had an adventurous time. The author recounts many of the interesting *Who's Who* experiences.

One of the most engaging chapters of his book is entitled, "How to Get Your Name in *Who's Who*". The author points out that some Americans whose names are household words (he cites Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey) never qualified, under the editor's rigid rules for inclusion. He describes some of the subterfuges which aspirants have used to break into the volume. Outright bribes as high as \$5,000 have been offered and refused. The editors have learned to recognize the tricks of the would-be *Who's Who* crashers.

An interesting section recalls some of the incidents when the book has been used as a public opinion sampler. In such instances, a wide divergence between *Who's Who* group thinking and general national public opinion has been revealed.

The reviewer recalls his own experience in the 1936 Presidential campaign when he was asked by a group of Hoover enthusiasts to poll the *Who's Who* names on a possible third Presidential race by the ex-President. The straw vote brought in a surprisingly high pro-Hoover tally. The delighted Hoover friends, emboldened by the figures, proceeded to make ambitious preparations for a Hoover stampede at the convention. Of course, the stampede never materialized. It was another illustration of the unreliability of *Who's Who* names as a gauge of public opinion.

Mr. Larson's book must be read to savor its real charm. As a study of

high level American behaviorism, this very readable book is worth a dozen academic treatises. It is a view of contemporary America through an unusual lens.—H. L. V.

## THE BITER BITTEN

THE UNSPEAKABLE SKIPTON. By Pamela Hansford Johnson. Harcourt Brace, New York. 250 pp. \$3.95.

MISS JOHNSON (Mrs. C. P. Snow) has written a picaresque novel in the modern style which assembles probably the most gruesome cast of characters currently on exhibition. Like Aldous Huxley, who apparently is her mentor, Miss Johnson has the gift of making even pleasure seem repulsive.

Her characters, from the sink of literary and artistic failure, devour each other. Daniel Skipton, a shabby literary has-been, is living in Bruges, Belgium, where he preys upon all the visiting English. Between times, he writes alternate insulting and begging letters to his London publisher. In the end, the author gives him his comeuppance at the hands of a fellow-Englishman more venomous than he.

Miss Johnson's style is engrossing although flawed by a continuous effort to heighten her text with forced and unusual twists of language. Her book is suffused with a dark atmosphere of corruption and predestined doom. Had she introduced even a single character with whom the reader could identify himself, *The Unspeakable Skipton* would have been less depressing. For those who enjoy the macabre, this novel is an experience. It is not for the light of heart.—J. L.

# THE MERCURY FORUM

*Sir:* I am proud of the fine work that your magazine is doing to disseminate the truth to the American people. It is tragic that more of our Americans cannot enjoy this truthful magazine. It is tragic, also, that more well-educated citizens have not demanded that it be placed on all the newsstands.

Please don't surrender. I realize that there are segments of society that will fight you all the way. However, when your type of reporting is lost, we in the South are doomed.

HOWARD C. DAVIS  
Ruston, Louisiana.

*Sir:* Flood Control. How many times have I heard those two words which mean so much? In 1913, after flood waters of the Scioto and smaller rivers of Ohio had brought death and destruction amounting approximately to 150 lives and millions of dollars, prominent citizens again called attention to the simple, comprehensive method advocated generations ago, whereby each river would have a series of dams to hold back flood waters instead of high levees and concrete walls to speed the swelling torrents onto the communities downstream.

During the 46 years that have elapsed since that time, flood control has been a prominent plank in the platforms of both parties. Why then has so little been done to bring this great benefit and security to actual accomplishment? Why delay flood control measures because of budget

limitations? Why not issue non-interest bearing notes to finance each part of the nation-wide project, these notes to be lawful currency, same as the notes of the Federal Reserve Bank at present? If government notes cannot be used for financing essential public improvements, something is radically wrong.

FRED M. BAKER  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

*Sir:* After reading several of your magazines and a few of the back copies, I can no longer wait for the next AMERICAN MERCURY to come on the stands. Here is \$4 for my subscription. Finally, America has a magazine for Americans. Thank you.

MARGARET C. SCHMIDT  
Sarasota, Florida.

*Sir:* What do you mean, keeping up with the Russians? Our educational crisis is getting more and more out of hand, our thinking clouded by Russian material advances. Let's stop.

I say this as a Russian-born American teacher. Trying to imitate only the superficial, we are headed for trouble unless we are also prepared to embrace the Communist philosophy. Let's pause and consider: What we are trying to imitate is an educational crisis worse than our own! Recently the Presidium of the Communist Party's Central Committee decreed the scrapping of the whole educational system, thus giving official recognition to a long-existing problem—overcrowding. Not as we know it, due to

a natural increase in population, but overcrowding due to an abortive attempt at forced mass-education along limited lines. This the Russians countered by denying higher education to the majority of their youngsters under the guise of the work-study program. This program misfired almost as soon as it was put into effect, proving itself impractical, unsound and costly.

What do we mean, keeping up with the Russians? Keeping up by embracing Communism? A chaotic state in education? Let's not panic. Instead, let's try to understand other countries on their own terms, and plan for our children as a democracy, not a dictatorship.

ANATOLY GABELKO  
Seattle, Washington

*Sir:* In ancient Egypt there were the sons of darkness (those that lived for evil) and the Sons of Light (those that sought Wisdom and lived it. Knowledge of What not to do, and What to do).

*The word evil is the word "live" spelled in reverse.* D in ancient Greek denoted downward (H denotes upward). Thus "d" added to evil is devil. Thus downward ends in oblivion as that state where there is no Light.

Ignorance is self chosen, when one ceases the pursuits of right knowledge and Truth. There ignorance begins.

There is no beauty on this earth that compares to the mind that sincerely endeavors to attain Wisdom.

The intellectual ignoramus ever pretend to knowledge (then have millions of answers to every problem and none of them right).

They have existed from the time of Cain and always destroy all civilizations where they gained power, proven by all history.

Today it is con-men-ism and its materialistic conception of history. Truth to them does not exist and is only what they want Truth to be.

They despise themselves (for not being that which they intuitively realize each should be) and they hate everyone else. The con-men-ists hate all that do not agree with them and hate all that do agree with them.

In "Thinking and Destiny" by H. W. Percival, he states that in less than 50 years enough evil has been done to destroy any civilization or nation, and that if it were not for the Good People in any nation that it would be destroyed. Yet such a condition cannot endure forever.

With best wishes and a still Greater  
MERCURY.

EDWARD L. MADDEN  
Santa Monica, California.

*Sir:* Thank you for reprints of "Terrible 1313." We are distributing them, together with mimeographed records from our Alaska press showing "1313 in Alaska".

For almost six years I have been trying to reach Alaskans with truth about fluoridation of water. Your 1956 article by Mrs. Eliot helped, but AMERICAN MERCURY was almost unknown in the Territory then. Now it has far wider circulation and people are looking for it, since you have alerted us to Public Administration Service influences.

MRS. R. H. CRANE  
Spenard, Alaska



# INDEX

VOLUME LXXXVIII

January-June 1959

## A

|                                                                              |              |          |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|----------|
| Adelman, Benjamin<br><i>Lights, Camera, Animals</i>                          | Mar.         | 141      |
| Agee, Barbara<br><i>TV—Intruder in Our House</i>                             | June         | 129      |
| Allan, Alfred K.<br><i>In God We Trust</i>                                   | Feb.         | 113      |
| Allen, Robert Joseph<br><i>Phoenix Lovers Boom on Fancy Education</i>        | Jan.         | 29       |
| Allen, William H.<br><i>Spotlight on Performance</i>                         | Jan.<br>Feb. | 53<br>86 |
|                                                                              | Apr.         | 128      |
|                                                                              | May          | 144      |
|                                                                              | June         | 97       |
| Amenta, Al<br><i>Sharp Ads and Keener Sight</i>                              | Mar.         | 100      |
| American Jewish Committee<br><i>Quotations from American Jewish Yearbook</i> | Feb.         | 103      |
| Anonymous<br><i>Treason in Asia</i>                                          | Jan.         | B.C.     |
| Arkin, Joseph<br><i>When Uncle Sam Examines Your Tax Return</i>              | Jan.         | 43       |
|                                                                              | Feb.         | 35       |
| Autry, Ewart A.<br><i>Rebellion</i>                                          | Mar.         | 117      |

## B

|                                                              |      |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----|
| Baarslag, Karl<br><i>"Old Poison" Nemesis of the Con Men</i> | Mar. | 75  |
| Basye, Dale E.<br><i>Sunnyvale's Peacetime Patriotism</i>    | Mar. | 107 |
| Batchelor, C. D.<br><i>Hungarian Freedom (Cartoon)</i>       | Feb. | 140 |
|                                                              | May  | 139 |
| Battista, O. A.<br><i>The Amazing Ionosphere</i>             | June | 118 |
| Beals, Carleton<br><i>Mexico's Bonanza</i>                   | Jan. | 129 |
| Bellomy, M. D.<br><i>Telling Cells</i>                       | Feb. | 29  |
| Bergstrom, Edward<br><i>Senior Achievers</i>                 | Mar. | 137 |

|                                                                              |      |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----|
| Bernhard, Robert E.<br><i>He Killed His Kidnapers</i>                        | May  | 87  |
| Bible<br><i>The Words of Jesus Christ</i>                                    | June | 117 |
| Birkeland, Gene<br><i>Deliver Us From Evil</i>                               | Mar. | 93  |
| Bishop, Elma Elise<br><i>Arlington: Lovely Bivouac of the Dead</i>           | May  | 93  |
| Bogan, Robert<br><i>Painting Away Air Accidents</i>                          | May  | 65  |
| Bosticco, Mary<br><i>Beyond the Brainstorm</i>                               | Mar. | 85  |
| Boyd, Ellsworth<br><i>A Trophy for Larry</i>                                 | Mar. | 89  |
| Bradt, Robert LeRoy<br><i>Is Our Civil Defense Obsolete?</i>                 | Mar. | 61  |
| Bramhall, Jacques, Jr.<br><i>Where Boys Rule</i>                             | Feb. | 65  |
| Braun, Leopold<br><i>Lessons to Learn From Sputnik</i>                       | Feb. | 73  |
| Book Review:<br><i>How They Warp Young Minds</i>                             | Mar. | 156 |
| Brock, Paul<br><i>It's Good-By to the Caribou</i>                            | Jan. | 82  |
| Bunzel, Claude<br><i>Five Reasons Why Christians Should Oppose Communism</i> | Feb. | 47  |

## C

|                                                                   |      |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----|
| Calderwood, David<br><i>The Bible's Approach to Mental Health</i> | June | 135 |
| Carr, Roland F.<br><i>The Most Publicized Check in the World</i>  | May  | 68  |
| Carroll, George<br><i>Falcons' Nest</i>                           | May  | 23  |
| Castle, Eugene W.<br><i>Berlin: Europe's Hot Spot</i>             | Feb. | 5   |
|                                                                   | Mar. | 10  |
|                                                                   | May  | 38  |
| Book Review:<br><i>Why We Lose in Foreign Relations</i>           | Jan. | 151 |
| Chamberlain, Enola<br><i>The Strangest Orchard</i>                | Feb. | 114 |
| Cheney, Louise<br><i>The Coffee Break That Made History</i>       | Mar. | 60  |

# THE AMERICAN MERCURY

|                                                                        |      |     |                                                                          |      |      |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|------|
| Chesterton, A. K.<br><i>Weinberg Replaces Baruch</i>                   | May  | 132 | Godshall, Bertha<br><i>Penny Profits</i>                                 | Feb. | 73   |
| Coleman, Charles H.<br><i>Drink the Ocean</i>                          | June | 139 | Granite, Tony<br><i>A Family Is When You Make It</i>                     | Mar. | 33   |
| Colladay, Morrison<br><i>Nikola Tesla: Incredible Scientist</i>        | June | 73  | Green, John F. C.<br><i>Live Your Faith Or Lose It</i>                   | June | 143  |
| Crawford, Bruce<br><i>Don't Hate Your Job—Do It Better</i>             | Jan. | 40  | Greenville News<br><i>The NFA Is Wrong</i> (editorial)                   | June | 131  |
| Cvetie, Matt<br><i>The Mental Health Goldbrick</i>                     | Mar. | 123 | Grey, Hilary<br><i>In Memoriam: James V. Forrestal, American Patriot</i> | June | 12   |
| D                                                                      |      |     | Gronbach, John V.<br><i>What's Wrong With Boxing</i>                     | Apr. | 15   |
| Daily News (New York)<br><i>Eyes on the ABA</i> (editorial)            | May  | 138 | Groves, Mrs. Frederic A.<br><i>Call for Rededication</i>                 | Jan. | 81   |
| Danielson, Helga<br><i>When Lydia Darrah Saved the Day</i>             | May  | 79  | H                                                                        |      |      |
| David, Lester<br><i>Arthur Godfrey Blasts Off on Air Power</i>         | May  | 97  | Haeseler, Ann C.<br><i>Berlin Looks to the Future</i>                    | June | 67   |
| Davison, Russell<br><i>On Foot in the Motor Age</i>                    | Jan. | 79  | Hagberg, Gene<br><i>Our Cockeyed Cultural Exchange</i>                   | Jan. | 146  |
| Day, Irene F.<br><i>American Invasion of Switzerland</i>               | June | 102 | Hankins, Jack<br><i>New York's International Airport</i>                 | June | 34   |
| Denzel, Justin F.<br><i>He Solved the Mystery of the Bet</i>           | Apr. | 149 | Hasbrouck, L. M.<br><i>The Next Seven Years</i>                          | Jan. | 140  |
| de Toledano, Ralph<br><i>This We Face</i>                              | Apr. | 38  | Helfer, Harold<br><i>How To Predict Earthquakes</i>                      | May  | 110  |
| Nixon, the Man and His Politics                                        | May  | 5   | Hindman, Jo<br><i>Our Popular Pretzel</i>                                | Jan. | 95   |
| E                                                                      |      |     | Hindman, Jo<br><i>Terrible "1313"</i>                                    | Jan. | 5    |
| Edwards, Willard<br><i>Clear it with COPE</i>                          | Apr. | 70  | KIB: <i>Music Finder of Stolen Goods</i>                                 | Feb. | 89   |
| Evanoff, Vlad<br><i>Have You Seen Any Pink Geese Lately?</i>           | May  | 46  | Reds Play the Circuit Again                                              | Mar. | 37   |
| F                                                                      |      |     | Holmgren, Rod<br><i>Jefferson's Debt</i>                                 | Feb. | 83   |
| Farrington, C. W.<br><i>Stereo</i>                                     | Mar. | 27  | Holzman, Robert S.<br><i>Sally Tompkins</i>                              | Mar. | 127  |
| Feehan, Thomas<br><i>Death on the Lawn</i>                             | May  | 82  | Hood, Clifford F.<br><i>Dollars and Common Sense</i>                     | Feb. | 96   |
| Finger, Carol<br><i>Patriotic Young Americans</i>                      | Apr. | 27  | Horton, Louise<br><i>The Mystery of Ireland's Vote at the UN</i>         | May  | 55   |
| Fruin, Richard L., M.D.<br><i>A Doctor's Case Against Fluoridation</i> | Feb. | 127 | Hudson, Bob<br><i>Watch Out for Sky Cops</i>                             | Mar. | 50   |
| G                                                                      |      |     | Huxley-Blythe, Peter J.<br><i>Modern Christian Martyrs</i>               | Feb. | 23   |
| Garman, W. O. H.<br><i>A Minister Looks at S.A.C.</i>                  | May  | 50  | I                                                                        |      |      |
| Gilbert, Rodney<br><i>Book Reviews:</i>                                |      |     | Indianapolis Star<br><i>Let's Be Free Again</i> (editorial)              | Mar. | B.C. |
| <i>Some Facts for Appeasers</i>                                        | Jan. | 154 | J                                                                        |      |      |
| <i>Some Unforgettable Americans</i>                                    | Feb. | 153 | Jack, A. M.<br><i>Webster's Isn't Webster's Anymore</i>                  | Feb. | 145  |
| Ginder, Richard<br><i>A Bridge Between the Churches</i>                | Feb. | 137 | Jackson, Crystal Kathleen<br><i>How to Outwit Your Architect</i>         | Mar. | 24   |
| <i>The Devil's Empire</i>                                              | Mar. | 109 | Jackson, Howard E.<br><i>Is the Alaska Highway for You?</i>              | June | 39   |
| <i>Footnotes on the Second World War</i>                               | May  | 140 | Jacobson, Harold B.<br><i>Solve Your Teenager's Career Problems</i>      | Mar. | 70   |
|                                                                        |      |     | James, T. F.<br><i>Aspirin: Everybody's Wonder Drug</i>                  | Mar. | 14   |

## INDEX TO VOLUME LXXXVIII

157

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

|                                                  |      |     |                                                                           |      |     |
|--------------------------------------------------|------|-----|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----|
| Paulsen, Steven                                  |      |     | Staples, Elizabeth                                                        |      |     |
| Frankfurter & Brandeis                           | Jan. | 36  | Langston Hughes: Malevolent Force                                         | Jan. | 46  |
| Winston Churchill: The "Bat Boy"                 | Feb. | 120 | Strumeyer, George A.                                                      |      |     |
| Peterman, Cy                                     |      |     | The Ardèche Killers                                                       | Jan. | 23  |
| Beware the Bear Bringing Aid                     | Feb. | 141 | The Newest Oldest Liking Thing                                            | May  | 149 |
| Petrie, John Clarence                            |      |     | Sutton, Walter J., Jr.                                                    |      |     |
| The Making of a Left-Wing Parson                 | Jan. | 87  | The Dubious Origin of the Fourteenth Amendment                            | Apr. | 30  |
| Plumb, Louise                                    |      |     | Sym, Essa                                                                 |      |     |
| Bottle at the Windmill                           | Jan. | 75  | Bring Birds to Your Window                                                | May  | 74  |
| Politicians                                      |      |     |                                                                           |      |     |
| Rockefeller Money Softened China for Communism   | May  | 146 | T                                                                         |      |     |
| Credit Unions—Avenue to Socialism                | June | 94  | Talmadge, Herman E.                                                       |      |     |
| Pritchard, Alfred W.                             |      |     | Senator Talmadge Speaking                                                 | May  | 131 |
| Muss Hypnosis: Soviet Secret Weapon              | Feb. | 108 | Tessendorf, K. C.                                                         |      |     |
|                                                  |      |     | The Bachelor, An Uncritical Study                                         | June | 25  |
| R                                                |      |     | Thomas, Arline                                                            |      |     |
| Raley, Jess                                      |      |     | Horus, the Friendly Falcon                                                | June | 60  |
| Economic Puzzle                                  | Mar. | 90  | Thompson, Dorothy                                                         |      |     |
| Rand, Howard B.                                  |      |     | Special Lane Passed for Zionist Book Review:                              | Jan. | 135 |
| This is the Generation                           | Apr. | 144 | A Look Inside                                                             | Apr. | 156 |
| Rayson, Robert                                   |      |     | Thompson, Robert E.                                                       |      |     |
| Back to the Republic                             | Feb. | 132 | Jimmy Hoffa's Plan for Conquest                                           | Apr. | 47  |
| Read, Leonard E.                                 |      |     | Trivisono, Dorothy E.                                                     |      |     |
| Recipe for a Good Meal                           | Jan. | 65  | That Delicious Trifle, the Truffle                                        | June | 44  |
| Reece, B. Carroll                                |      |     |                                                                           |      |     |
| Your Private War on Communism                    | Mar. | 65  | U                                                                         |      |     |
| Ruby, Naomi                                      |      |     | U.S. Senate Internal Sub-Committee Racketeer & Communist Dominated Unions | Apr. | 78  |
| The Meter Girls                                  | Feb. | 117 |                                                                           |      |     |
| S                                                |      |     | V                                                                         |      |     |
| Sandler, Charles                                 |      |     | Valentyn, Duane                                                           |      |     |
| In Hollywood Even the Food Must Perform          | Jan. | 89  | The Wizardry of Dros                                                      | May  | 85  |
| Schuessler, Raymond                              |      |     | Van Arsolt, Ted                                                           |      |     |
| You Can't Kill an Umpire                         | Apr. | 130 | The Hanford Collection                                                    | June | 127 |
| Schnuyler, George S.                             |      |     | Van Keele, E.                                                             |      |     |
| Khrushchev's African Foothold                    | Mar. | 57  | Red Layers—A Real Shocker                                                 | June | 71  |
| Schwartz, Ronald A.                              |      |     | Vander Zanden, James W.                                                   |      |     |
| Book Review:                                     |      |     | The Ways of Big Daddy                                                     | Apr. | 120 |
| Our School Problem X-Rayed                       | Jan. | 152 | Varney, Harold Lord                                                       |      |     |
| Schweppe, Alfred J.                              |      |     | Princeton's Moral Failure                                                 | Jan. | 57  |
| Court Rewrites the Constitution in Its Own Image | Feb. | 60  | Communism on the March in the Caribbean                                   | Feb. | 37  |
| Settle, T. G. W.                                 |      |     | The Job Reuther Wants                                                     | Apr. | 63  |
| Another Nasser Victory                           | Jan. | 63  | The Red China Lobby                                                       | May  | 27  |
| Smith, Alton J.                                  |      |     | Johns Hopkins Flunks Anti-Communism Test                                  | June | 5   |
| The Weather and You                              | Mar. | 113 | Book Reviews:                                                             |      |     |
| Smith, Myrna                                     |      |     | Ex-Communist Wants to Play Safe                                           | Feb. | 154 |
| Motel Madness                                    | June | 108 | A Great American                                                          | Mar. | 153 |
| Smith, Pauline                                   |      |     | A Plunge Into Corruption                                                  | Mar. | 155 |
| For Reading's Sake                               | May  | 67  | He Ghosted for Clore Luce                                                 | Apr. | 153 |
| Sones, Derek                                     |      |     | When Russia Was Our Friend                                                | Apr. | 155 |
| Canada in Pain                                   | Jan. | 16  | A Book That Shouldn't Be Forgotten                                        | May  | 154 |
| South, Roslyn                                    |      |     | An American Saga                                                          | June | 149 |
| Pity the Childless Couple                        | June | 125 | American Elite?                                                           | June | 151 |
| Spence, Paulsen                                  |      |     |                                                                           |      |     |
| Constitution vs. the Court                       | Jan. | 69  |                                                                           |      |     |
| Spencer, Otha C.                                 |      |     |                                                                           |      |     |
| Nature's Devil                                   | Mar. | 54  |                                                                           |      |     |
| Stanford, Cal                                    |      |     |                                                                           |      |     |
| Republican Debacle in California                 | Apr. | 113 |                                                                           |      |     |

# INDEX TO VOLUME LXXXVIII

|                                                                               |      |      |                                                                                  |                                                     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
| Vassallo, William<br><i>The Phony Age Barrier</i>                             | May  | 76   | Mercury Warned You                                                               | Jan. 125<br>Feb. 70                                 |
| Vicker, Ray<br><i>African Agriculture</i>                                     | Apr. | 134  | Spotlight on Performance<br>—William H. Allen                                    | Jan. 53<br>Feb. 86<br>Apr. 59<br>May 144<br>June 97 |
| W                                                                             |      |      |                                                                                  |                                                     |
| Walsh, Pat<br><i>Erit Dimitri Churohin</i>                                    | May  | 34   | What Is What They Said                                                           | Jan. 51<br>Feb. 93<br>May 61<br>June 145            |
| <i>Alias Comrade Jack Esselwein</i>                                           | June | 85   | Wit's End                                                                        | Mar. 119<br>Apr. 126<br>May 143<br>June 147         |
| Webster's Eulogy of Washington<br><i>Words of Webster</i>                     | Feb. | R.C. | The Book Shelf—Book Reviews                                                      |                                                     |
| Williams, Wheeler<br><i>The Truth About Modern Art</i>                        | Jan. | 98   | Braun, Leopold                                                                   |                                                     |
| Willoughby, Charles A.<br><i>Espionage &amp; The American Communist Party</i> | Jan. | 117  | <i>Braja Washing in the High Schools</i> —E. Merrill Root                        | Mar. 156                                            |
| <i>The Berlin Crisis—A Roosevelt-Eisenhower Legacy</i>                        | May  | 17   | Castle, Eugene W.<br><i>The Ugly American</i> —Wm. J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick | Jan. 151                                            |
| Winans, James<br><i>Story Behind Our Minuteman</i>                            | Feb. | 27   | Gilbert, Rodney<br><i>The Black Book on Red China</i> —Edward Hunter             | Jan. 154                                            |
| Winchester, James H.<br><i>She Put Promptness in Your Passport</i>            | Feb. | 55   | <i>The Famous Five</i> —Holmes Alexander                                         | Feb. 153                                            |
| Yeh, Dr. George K. C.<br><i>The Meaning of People's Communes</i>              | May  | 124  | Larson, Cedric A.<br><i>The Exploding Metropolis</i> —Editors of Fortune         | Feb. 151                                            |
| —Monthly Features—                                                            |      |      |                                                                                  |                                                     |
| Americana                                                                     | Mar. | 49   | Lee, Brad<br><i>Andrew</i> —Kenneth Flagg                                        | Mar. 154                                            |
|                                                                               | Apr. | 34   | <i>In Every War But One</i> —Eugene Kinkead                                      | June 148                                            |
|                                                                               | May  | 37   | Lines, John<br><i>Perpetual War For Perpetual Peace</i> —Harry Elmer Barnes      | June 150                                            |
|                                                                               | June | 47   | <i>The Unspeakable Skipton</i> —Pamela Hanstford Johnson                         | June 152                                            |
| Back Cover<br><i>Treason in Asia</i>                                          | Jan. |      | LoBello, Nino<br><i>The Female Offender</i> —Caesar Lombroso                     | May 155                                             |
| <i>Words of Webster</i>                                                       | Feb. |      | McLaughlin, Richard<br><i>Dr. Zhivago</i> —Boris Pasternak                       | Feb. 150                                            |
| <i>Let's Be Free Again!</i>                                                   | Mar. |      | <i>From the Terrace</i> —John O'Hara                                             | Apr. 154                                            |
| College Forum                                                                 | Jan. | 156  | <i>The Waist-High Culture</i> —Thomas Griffith                                   | May 153                                             |
|                                                                               | Feb. | 156  | Matyas, Charles J.<br><i>Four Years in a Red Hell</i> —Harold W. Rigney, SVD.    | Jan. 153                                            |
| Cracker Barrel Corner                                                         | Jan. | 137  | Schwartz, Ronald A.<br><i>School Needs in the Decade Ahead</i> —Roger A. Freeman | Jan. 152                                            |
|                                                                               | Feb. | 124  | Thompson, Robert<br><i>They Cry for Mercy</i> —Gene Janas                        | Apr. 156                                            |
| Do You Know                                                                   | Jan. | 102  | Varney, Harold Lord<br><i>The Story of An American Communist</i> —John Gates     | Feb. 154                                            |
|                                                                               | Feb. | 44   | <i>Wedemeyer Reports!</i> —Albert C. Wedemeyer                                   | Mar. 153                                            |
|                                                                               | Mar. | 112  | <i>The Visitors</i> —Mary McMinnies                                              | Mar. 154                                            |
|                                                                               | May  | 115  | <i>Mine Enemy Grows Older</i> —Alexander King                                    | Apr. 153                                            |
|                                                                               | June | 65   | <i>Czars and Presidents</i> —Alexander Tarsaidze                                 | Apr. 155                                            |
| Mercury Forum                                                                 | Jan. | 158  | <i>Servants of Apostasy</i> —Carl McIntire                                       | May 154                                             |
|                                                                               | Feb. | 157  | <i>Who</i> —Cedric A. Larson                                                     | June 151                                            |
|                                                                               | Apr. | 157  | <i>Flying Tiger: Chennault of China</i> —Robert Lee Scott, Jr.                   | June 149                                            |
|                                                                               | May  | 157  |                                                                                  |                                                     |
|                                                                               | June | 153  |                                                                                  |                                                     |
| Mercury Memos                                                                 | Mar. | 3    |                                                                                  |                                                     |
|                                                                               | Apr. | 3    |                                                                                  |                                                     |
|                                                                               | May  | 3    |                                                                                  |                                                     |
|                                                                               | June | 3    |                                                                                  |                                                     |
| In the Mercury's Opinion<br>—Russell Maguire<br><i>The Forces of Darkness</i> | Jan. | 110  |                                                                                  |                                                     |
| <i>The Kingdom of God Within You</i>                                          | Feb. | 82   |                                                                                  |                                                     |
| <i>The Police State</i>                                                       | Mar. | 97   |                                                                                  |                                                     |
| <i>The Labor Movement</i>                                                     | Apr. | 56   |                                                                                  |                                                     |
| <i>Concentrated Wealth and Power</i>                                          | May  | 108  |                                                                                  |                                                     |
| <i>The Answer To Our Problems!</i>                                            | June | 33   |                                                                                  |                                                     |

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